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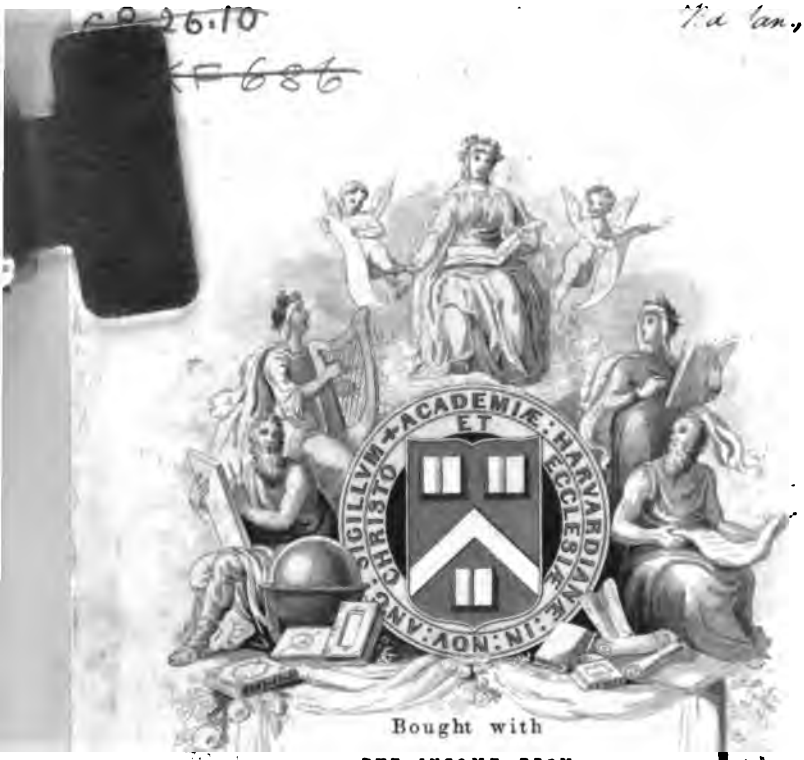

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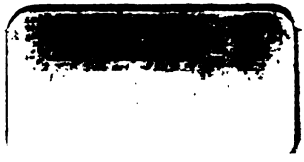

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1860.

ART. I. — MARSH ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Lectures on the English Language. By GEORGE P. MARSH. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

DESPITE the travellers' tales, all true hearts beat most fondly for home. So there is no draught so sweet as that from the Old Oaken Bucket. Let it down into the "well of English undefiled," and it brings us up a sparkling draught, of which the euphuist tourist knows nothing. As Mr. Marsh's pretty motto puts it: —

"What! crave ye wine, when ye have Nilus to drink of?"

And in all matters of language, men of feeling and of sense are of the mind of the Syrian, — that Abana and Pharpar are better than all the rivers of Israel.

Yet it must be confessed that the popular illustration of our language has in many instances fallen into hands wholly unfit for it. What is called English grammar in the schools is apt to give only a prejudice against the name. It proves of no assistance to the student in his use of his own language. It does not even suggest to him the method of studying it, nor so much as tell him what there is to study. True, the school treatises upon it are sometimes abridged from the more elaborate studies of writers of some merit. But in these cases, the abridgment is often made by omitting what is interesting, and of course important, and retaining only that

which the student ought to know without book, and which, because unimportant, is uninteresting. The study of the English language is generally confined, in our best and worst schools alike, to memory-work over such abridgments. To this fact we are disposed to refer the general impression, that the study of our own language is so difficult as to be well-nigh impracticable and impossible.

Bearing this impression in mind, Mr. Marsh has made these lectures pre-eminently popular; adapting them with the most patient care to readers not acquainted with any language but English. While he pleads well for the study of the classical tongues, of Anglo-Saxon, of Sanscrit, and of the best modern Continental languages, he still maintains the ground, that a thorough and even philosophical knowledge of English may be gained by students who have had no such advantages. This position will seem paradoxical perhaps, but it is well sustained, and, as we believe, proved. And although this volume contains, particularly in the notes, a world of illustrations from the author's immense erudition, collected from the study of every available Aryan language this side of Sanscrit, and from those of the Semitic families as well, the book is still wholly intelligible and thoroughly interesting to any person who knows no more of foreign languages than Benjamin Franklin did when he expressed himself in what is almost the best English that was ever written down.

When we speak of Mr. Marsh's immense erudition, we express our ruling feeling whenever we lay down this volume. We are not surprised that one living man should have known all the recondite facts which are here arranged together. The wonder is that at any moment, or in any year of his life, one man can re-collect them and arrange them in their precise places in the study of this grand organized living being which we call the English language. The extent and accuracy of Mr. Marsh's studies were early known in America. Before the Icelandic language had attracted the attention in Europe which it deserved from its early development, from its singular peculiarities, and from its fortunate freedom from influences of Southern tongues during the last six centuries, Mr. Marsh had been engaged upon it. His collection of Icelandic

books, as we remember it near twenty years since, was the largest and best in the world, lacking indeed only a few volumes to make it an absolutely complete exhibition of everything printed in that remarkable literature. Meanwhile, with the strong good sense which has more than once marked the people of Vermont, his neighbors preferred to be represented in the American Congress by this scholar, known already in all the homes of learning, to any advantage which they might derive from sending there one of the partisan Tapers or Tadpoles of the place or day. Nothing is more charming than the worth of learning and letters even in the chaos of Washington. And Mr. Marsh did good work there for every one, in the Congress Library, and in the plans which he and Mr. Choate laid out and carried through for the Smithsonian Library. Although these plans proved too great for this nation or its commonplace rulers to comprehend, and the library-fund has gone the way of most funds at Washington, their value was recognized so long as their authors were there to maintain them. But the government having occasion to employ Mr. Marsh in foreign service, with the feeling perhaps that it would have at least one Foreign Minister who could speak a foreign language, sent him, so thoroughly read in the literature of the North of Europe, to be our representative at Constantinople. "They builded better than they knew," if we are right in supposing that to this fortunate appointment we owe the illustrations drawn from Oriental sources in these Lectures on the English Language.

Mr. Marsh was appointed Professor of the English Language in Columbia College, New York, two or three years ago. An admirable plan was then proposed, which we trust may be loyally carried out until it is an accepted institution of the city of New York. It aimed at elevating this College from that rank of an academy of young men with which most of our colleges are satisfied, by arranging some systems of Lectures to be delivered to men and women from the community at large. The College under this system becomes an essential part of the training which a large city gives to all who live in it. Among the first of these courses — which were called "Post-graduate Lectures" although the word "post-graduate"

was in no dictionary, and they were delivered to many persons who had never graduated at all — were the thirty Lectures on the English Language now before us. We cannot but regard it as singularly fortunate that these new arrangements for education have been so auspiciously begun.

After a valuable Introductory Lecture, which states the general object of the course, Mr. Marsh enters on the discussion, first, of the origin of speech, and then of that of the English language. In this chapter is a great deal of curious information, new to most readers, with regard to the little tribes to whom we are apt to give the indefinite names of Angles and Saxons. We do not, however, dwell on these opening chapters, because we have to call the attention of our readers at some length to the more essential parts of the volume.

It will be remembered that Mr. Marsh addresses "persons of liberal culture, who have not made the English language a matter of particular study, talk, or observation." Early in his course, therefore, he discusses the practical uses of etymology, and the value of different foreign helps to the knowledge of English. Of these foreign helps, of course, the knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin tongues gives by far the most essential part; and here we have this striking comparison of the value of these two: —

"Further study would teach an intelligent foreigner that he had overrated the importance and relative amount of the foreign ingredients; that many of our seemingly insignificant and barbarous consonantal monosyllables are pregnant with the mightiest thoughts and alive with the deepest feeling; that the language of the purposes and the affections, of the will and of the heart, is genuine English born; that the dialect of the market and the fireside is Anglo-Saxon; that the vocabulary of the most impressive and effective pulpit orators has been almost wholly drawn from the same pure source; that the advocate who would convince the technical judge, or dazzle and confuse the jury, speaks Latin; while he who would touch the better sensibilities of his audience, or rouse the multitude to vigorous action, chooses his words from the native speech of our ancient fatherland; that the domestic tongue is the language of passion and persuasion, the foreign, of authority, or of rhetoric and debate; that we may not only frame single sentences, but speak for hours, without employing a single imported word; and finally, that we possess the entire volume

of Divine revelation in the truest, clearest, aptest form in which ingenuity has made it accessible to modern man, and yet with a vocabulary wherein, saving proper names and terms not in their nature translatable, scarce seven words in the hundred are derived from any foreign source."

This chapter closes by the general assertion, that, to an inquirer who understands Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and French, the study of English authors is a better and safer guide than any wider researches in foreign philologies.

Our readers will not be surprised that, when Mr. Marsh comes to the study of early English, he tells us that the complete history of the English language has never been undertaken. The truth is, that his own treatise is a far more efficient essay in that direction than any before attempted.

In the fifth Lecture, we have the first directions towards the study of the crystallization of our language into its present form. In the sixth, the author discusses the proportions of Saxon and of Latin words in various periods of our literature, and by different authors at the present time. Here he gives us the results of some very laborious numerations of his own, which will go far to correct popular impressions respecting the Latin and French proportions of our available English at the present day. This general impression is probably derived from some very scanty computations by Sharon Turner, who gave the percentage of Saxon words in fifteen short extracts from well-known English authors. It has been confirmed in its leading error by the fact that in any dictionary of English a much larger space is occupied by words of Latin origin than in any other book in the English language. The truth is, that our Saxon words represent the essentials of life, while our Latin words generally represent only the accessories; the Saxon words are therefore used in practice ten times, and perhaps a hundred times, as often as the Latin. Trench's rough proportion of the elements of English supposes that out of a hundred English words sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin, five Greek, and the other five would be borrowed from all the other languages from which we have taken words. This may be true, but the sixty per cent of Saxon is used so much more freely than the forty per cent

from other sources, that, in three chapters of John's Gospel, it proves that ninety-six per cent of the words are of Saxon origin. Even in the Epistle to the Romans, where our translators have used so large a proportion of technical ecclesiastical words borrowed into English from the Continental theologians, ninety per cent of the words are still Saxon.

From Mr. Marsh's laborious comparisons, it appears that the best writers of the present day habitually employ a larger proportion of Anglo-Saxon words than the best writers of a hundred years ago. The highest Saxon percentage in writers of our own day is in a poem of Mrs. Browning's and one of Mr. Bryant's, where the proportion of Saxon is ninety-two per cent, — a proportion as high, it may be observed, as that of the English New Testament, which we are apt to recognize as the best English which has ever yet been written. Of Mrs. Browning's poem thus analyzed, of the "romance" words, which we are tempted to call foreigners, a quarter part were forced upon her by her effort to hold to the double rhymes for which, as Mr. Marsh shows, our language is so poorly adapted.

In all of these comparisons between our own use of Saxon and that of the authors of the last century, it is to be remembered that all the arts and sciences which have been developed since their time have been introducing new Latin words into familiar conversation. The steady gain of the Saxon proportion, in face of this accidental and temporary element, is all the more remarkable.

Four Lectures on the Vocabulary of the English Language follow those of which we have spoken. The curious store of information in these chapters cannot be abridged. We are disposed to think that much of it will take most readers by surprise. We do not remember any writer who has given such singular information about the personal habits of different men in the use of language. Let it be remembered that the vocabulary of English is among the most extensive now used by men, embracing nearly one hundred thousand words. How curious then is the range of selection, when we find that out of this immense magazine each man selects his own weapons by a peculiar law which is a part of the essential

difference between him and all other men. Thus with only eight hundred words one can express everything that is expressed in the entire vocabulary of the Italian opera. We confess that this must be considered as the very minimum of human intelligence ranked above the babble of incoherent idiocy. But, rising from this minimum, it seems that ordinary persons of fair intelligence do not use more than three or four thousand words. Even the all-knowing Milton only uses eight thousand, and Shakespeare himself, only fifteen thousand. Such facts certainly set the difficulty of learning the vocabulary of a new language much lower than the ordinary impression does. As to the choice of words, again, men differ as widely as in the number which they employ. "One regards a winter passage around Cape Horn as a very hazardous voyage, another considers it a peculiarly dangerous trip." Mr. Marsh in another place gives us some curious studies on the different professional vocabularies. His chapter on the new scientific nomenclature of Germany deserves the most careful attention of the physical philosophers of all countries.

His occasions have not led him to examine in much detail what we might call partisan vocabularies. Perhaps the proprieties of his position did not permit. But we are tempted to say, that to his studies of these personal dialects, kindred to what the mathematicians would call the "personal constant" of one observer or another, might be added the study of the dialects of sects or parties. Thus, our American politicians have a language of their own, popularly known as the spread-eagle variety. Even in very small parties of the Church we find similar peculiarities. Mr. Punch and other satirists have preserved for posterity the type of the "Bat-Owlet" section of English Churchmen, who are supposed by these humorists to have a good deal to say about lecterns, and trines, and St. Barnabas. What Agassiz studies in the forms of Alps, Lewes demonstrates on the field of his microscope; and so these follies of the movement of the great Church of England have their parallels in the baby-steps of her daughter in America. One sometimes hears here of a nice young lady who, instead of "going to meeting on Fast-day afternoon," as

her mother and grandmother did before her, tells us that she "attends vespers at the *Porrish Charch* on Maundy-Thursday." With such elegances, however, we have little or nothing to do. We speak of this denominational dialect rather to confess that the Unitarians of New England have often exhibited quite a choice type of it. It would be hard to show a necessary connection between Latin radicals in language and liberalism in religion. But such a connection exhibits itself empirically in a great deal of our literature. Our readers will remember men who would have never said, "Jesus went to Jerusalem," always preferring to say in this Unitarian dialect, "The author of our religion proceeded to the metropolis of his nation." It is in no pure "Unitarian" movement that we find such names as a "Home Board" or a "Bible House." The "operations" of our "denomination" are "conducted" by a "Unitarian Association," or on a smaller scale by a "Benevolent Fraternity." Its organs are as shy of the shorter Saxon names; they are the "Christian Examiner," the "Christian Inquirer," the "Christian Register," the "Monthly Journal of the Unitarian Association," or the "Religious Educator." It does not have a "tea-party at the May meetings" but a "collation at the Anniversaries," and the Anniversaries are not held in Boston, but in the "Jerusalem of our faith." Nor does this "denomination," which is too elegant to be called a "body," ever have a "yearly meeting in the Fall," though it always treats itself to an "Autumnal Convention;" fortunate, indeed, that it has not a "Vernal Consociation" or a "Hibernal Conference."

There is a temptation to argue from the choice of words in any such personal dialect something regarding the character of those who use it. But this is quite a mistake. As Mr. Marsh shows, an emancipated nation may inherit a degraded dialect. With a splendid eulogy on the Italy of to-day, he defends her people against Landor's charge of hopeless depravity borrowed from their inherited language.

"A bold and manly and generous and truthful people certainly would not choose to say 'umiliare una supplica,' to humiliate a supplication, for to present a memorial; to style the strength which awes, and the finesse which deceives, alike, 'onestà,' honesty or respecta-

bility; to speak of taking human life by poison, not as a crime, but simply as a mode of facilitating death, 'ajutare la morte'; to employ 'pellegrinos,' foreign, for admirable; to apply to a small garden and a cottage the title of 'un podere,' a power; to call every house with a large door, 'un palazzo,' a palace; a brass ear-ring, 'una gioja,' a joy; a present of a bodkin, 'un regalo,' a royal munificence; an alteration in a picture, 'un pentimenta,' a repentance; a man of honor, 'un uomo di garbo,' a well-dressed man; a lamb's fry, 'una cosa stupenda,' a stupendous thing; or a message sent by his footman to his tailor, through a scullion, 'una ambasciata,' an embassy."

But Mr. Marsh says here, very justly: —

"We must distinguish between cases where words expressive of great ideas, mighty truths, do not at all exist in a language, and those where, as in Italy, the pressure of external or accidental circumstances has compelled the disuse or misapplication of such, and the habitual employment of the baser part of the national vocabulary."

In Italy, he claims that the grand words are found, and that the grand thoughts exist also; that the spark slumbers, which a breath may fan into a flame. We regret that we cannot give more extracts from these chapters, whose range sweeps between the providential adaptation of the Hellenic dialect to the purposes of our religion, and suggestions regarding good taste in talk, really of the first value to all persons of character and intelligence.

There is a passage on the intentional wanton abuse of words by one class of writers in our own time, which deserves the serious attention of all moralists. Mr. Marsh justly says, that the ironical tone used by certain eminent authors in light literature has been more demoralizing than their open attacks upon religion, — than the fatuity with which some writers endow their good people, and the vice which they ascribe to all persons not idiots. He means that habit which speaks of a blackguardly boy as "a promising young gentleman," considering it a good joke thus to name him. Now it is true that in wit there is always a certain element of surprise. So one is surprised when he hears an abandoned villain spoken of as "our respectable friend." So far there is an element of wit in such language, and so far it raises a smile. But it is surprise and smile gained only by sacrifice of the language

itself. Whoever avails himself of this resource to startle or amuse a reader, does just so much towards degrading the vigor of our tongue to some such level as the instances we have just given from the Italian illustrate. A generation trained on such literature has a very different idea of the worth of the great word "gentleman," of the great idea of "honor," or of any other word which has thus been made to dance in its chains for the amusement of a mob. And we may add, indeed, as Mr. Marsh does, that the author who is thus willing to debase his own language, will himself fast lose the sterling distinctions which it should be his pride to maintain, but which it has been his habit to destroy.

Mr. Marsh restores the interjection to the place which it ought to occupy in the study of language, redeeming it from that dark corner behind the door to which it is exiled by most of the familiar grammarians. The treatment of this part of speech introduces the specific study of the noun, adjective, and verb.

It is of course impossible for us to illustrate the range of the Lectures, which in the most thorough manner discuss these parts of speech and the various grammatical inflections. We venture to ask our readers if they are prepared for the probable disappearance in our language of those inflections, which change the radical letter of the verb, in distinguishing between the present and the past tenses. Mr. Marsh says that unless this tendency is checked by an increased familiarity with our earlier literature, the "strong declensions and conjugations," as he calls them, in which the radical letter thus changes, will disappear altogether. Every new English dictionary diminishes the number of irregular verbs. Cobbett has gone so far as to propose to reject from the verb all the strong inflections, so that we should all say, "I readed yesterday," instead of, "I read yesterday." In the discussion of these inflections there come in some considerations, which are not familiar, as we suppose, to many readers, on the distinction between the effects produced by time on written languages and on those not written, and again on the effects produced by a civilized race in any way subjugating a barbarian race. On this subject Mr. Marsh says: —

"I have stated on a former occasion as a generally verified fact, that in the case of the subjugation of a civilized by a barbarian or a less numerous race, the native speech is adopted by the conquerors. How then would a given language probably be modified, by becoming the organ of communication between foreign masters or teachers and their subjects or pupils? We learn the vocabulary of another language readily, its grammatical inflections and phraseological combinations with infinite difficulty. While, therefore, conquerors and missionaries would soon acquire radicals enough to make themselves intelligible, they would slowly, if ever, master the complicated forms of a foreign speech. Their commanding position would give authority even to their imperfect dialect, and especially if they were, as at least the missionary almost universally would be, intellectually superior to the subject race, their mutilated inflections and foreign idioms, bearing the stamp of both physical and mental power and dignity, would become characteristic of elevated and refined speech, and sooner or later supersede the more complicated grammatical machinery of the native tongue. To these influences would be added others of a similar character, derived from the new commercial relations to which conquest usually gives birth, and thus, while the vocabulary might remain comparatively unchanged, the formal characteristics of the syntax might undergo a total revolution."

The study of the Icelandic language, which is that of a civilized people who have not been conquered or colonized in eight centuries, furnishes us some very curious facts in this connection.

With the nineteenth Lecture begins a very interesting discussion of the effect produced by printing upon the English language. In a thousand regards, of course, printing is of value to a language besides the invaluable gift which it is to literature. But, for all this, there is no doubt that the art of printing has injured style, precisely as horse-railroads break up good habits of walking. And any person who has lived in literary habits knows how unavailing is the most gallant stand by any author against the Procrustes rules of the printing-office to which his manuscript is entrusted. Mr. Marsh tells a good story of his own youthful ambition, when in a little poem in the Whig Review he sang of a "Grisly Ghost," to find it printed as if it had been the ghost of a grizzly bear. He tells us also, that the early English printers were men ignorant of

the English language, who set it up almost unknowing of its meaning, so entirely did they differ from the compositors now employed in our first-rate printing-offices; among whom in our experience we have found a larger proportion of men understanding the niceties of English punctuation, orthography, and grammar, than we ever expect to find in either of the so-called learned professions. The utter misunderstanding, by Caxton's workmen, of the copy which they had to set, left its impression, it seems, on the whole English literature of the sixteenth century.

The universality of literature, which springs from the art of printing; produces some intellectual and moral effects, which descend low down in the constitution of society, and materially modify all literary composition. The imagination runs riot in any effort to compare the mental condition of an un-printing and a printing nation, either in separate men or in communities. Between a stereotyped people like the Chinese, and a plastic and versatile people like the old Greeks, how many points of diversity!

"Men are become more deeply imbued with the spirit of a common humanity, and know and participate in each other's intellectual condition. There is a remarkable proof of this in the perpetually repeated instances of concurrent mental action between unconnected individuals. Not only does almost every new mechanical contrivance originate with half a dozen different inventors at the same moment, but the same thing is true of literary creation. If you conceive a striking thought, a beautiful image, an apposite illustration, which you know to be original with yourself, and delay for a twelvemonth to vindicate your priority of claim by putting it on record, you will find a dozen scattered authors simultaneously uttering the same thing. There are in the human mind unfathomable depths, out of which gush unbidden the well-springs of poesy and of thought; there are mines unilluminated even by the lamp of consciousness, where the intellect toils in silent, sleepless seclusion, and sends up, by invisible machinery, the ore of hidden veins to be smelted and refined in the light of open day. The press, which has done so much to reveal man to man, and thereby to promote the reciprocal action of each upon his fellow, has established new sympathies between even these mysterious abysses of our wonderful and fearful being, and thus contributed to bring about a oneness of character which unmistakably manifests itself in oneness of thought and oneness of speech."

In this connection, we are glad to find that we have Mr. Marsh's authority for our own view on the subject of copyright. We shall have occasion at some time to express that view at length in its relations to the question, so little understood, of an international copyright. Authors as a class have been so blinded by a mistaken idea of their own immediate interests, that Mr. Marsh is the first person who, so far as we remember, has gone beyond the most superficial statement of this matter. It was not in his place to discuss it at length, but he gives the following brief comment, which might be made the thesis for substantial consideration of the subject: —

"The law of copyright, though we have evidence in Martial and other writers that ancient authors were sometimes paid by booksellers for their works, is a result of the art of printing, and could be of little value without it. It has rendered no other service to literature than the very doubtful one of furnishing a pecuniary inducement to literary effort. The privilege of copyright was not originally granted as a reward and stimulus to authorship, but as a protection to the printer against a dangerous competition; for it extended as well to editions of the classics as to contemporaneous productions, and of course the benefit to authors was but incidental. In fact, it is but lately that it could have operated at all as a reward to English writers, for until the last century the price of the copyright of original English works was in general hardly as much as the cost of the paper on which they were written. The Continental booksellers seem to have paid more liberally a century previous. At this day it may be doubted whether a single work of permanent value in the literature of any living language owes its existence to the protection afforded by law. Books which are composed only because they will sell are swiftly written, swiftly read, and, as they deserve, swiftly forgotten, while those which are destined to produce a deep and lasting impression scarcely win their way to popular favor and an authoritative position, until the privilege of copyright has expired by legal limitation."

Why does one generation of men pronounce a word differently from the generation of their grandfathers? Why does the French Canadian say *mékier* where the French emigrant said *métier?* Mr. Marsh gives us this instance, and it is only one of a thousand curious hints afforded by the Canadian patois. How is it that, by the same change, the Hawaian says

kanaka, with the guttural, while the Marquesan clings to the dental, and says *tenata?* Why does the old cockney in London say *weal* for *veal*, the old cockney of the North End in Boston say *winegar* for *vinegar*, and the Canadian peasant say *chewal* for *cheval*, all evidently obeying some law of decline, though the St. Regis Canadian was never in Salutation Alley, and the "Bostoneer" of Salutation Alley never heard Bow Bells? Why do all languages, under the wear and tear of time, like to soften their smooth mutes *p* and *t* into the softer sounds *b* and *d*, or even *f* and *th*? Why do vowels change, so that, if you have the latitude and longitude of a man's life, you can tell whether he will say *clerk* or *clark* before he opens his lips? A world of such questions come up as soon as we begin to study language in the philosophical way in which the Abbé taught Edmond Dantes language, in that fortunate imprisonment of the Chateau d'If; — whenever we abandon for that study the study of separate dialects, of which the little-boy schools are so fond. If we will sit at the feet of the mystics of language, and drink in the delicious absurdities of Fabre d'Olivet, for instance, or others of their school, we shall be taught that in the two sounds O and E are all wisdom, — and that by their knowledge of the law of the instrument, they can tell us *a priori* what the savage of Typee means, when, just before cutting them up to put them into his flesh-pot, he sings,

"Womar t'iti enata bacha epoku."

Outside of their treatises, and the celebrated romance which we have cited, we have never met with anybody who had caught this gift of tongues, and could, at sight, in any tongue talk or interpret. But a little way within their extreme claim, we are satisfied that there is a system for the understanding of the general principles of articulation, which can be made an immense help to the student of any of the modern dialects. Mr. Marsh's lecture on the powers of the different English letters, or, as we may almost say, on their history, is a thorough study which looks in this direction. There is a great deal of curious learning in it, which does much to illustrate the supposed anomalies both of our spelling and pronunciation. In

truth, of course, if one only knew enough of law, there is nowhere any anomaly. There is a law to tracing the streets of Boston, as much as to those of Philadelphia. Only very few people know the one, while almost everybody can guess at the other.

There follow three Lectures on Rhyme and subjects connected, as Rhythm, Assonance, and Alliteration. Here is an acknowledgment of the serious weight placed on poetry by the necessities of rhyme, in a language so little fitted for it as English. Many a poetaster has come as far as the recognition of this difficulty, echoing the wail of a young literary friend of ours, who, in his sixth year, sobbed out, "It is hard to make it in poetry;" and many more have recognized it, without daring to say so. Mr. Marsh goes a good deal further, and lets us into some of the secrets by which our best "makers" of to-day relieve the cadences growing every year more familiar to us, of "fountain and mountain," "length and strength," and the rest of the handful of English rhymes. *Handful* the proportion of rhyming words must be called, in proportion to the number of words which one would be glad to use in poetry. It seems that alliteration is, to the general ear, as favorite a figure as it was in those Norse tongues which required it of their bards. John Norris, near two hundred years ago, wrote,

"Like angels' visits, short and bright;"

but nobody remembered his line, excepting Robert Blair, who stole it fifty years after, and dressed it thus: —

"Visits
Like those of angels, short and far between."

The line still did not answer any other purpose than any of the rest of "The Grave" in which he buried it, till Campbell evoked it, — destroyed its sense by making it read,

"Like angel visits, *few* and far between," —

but in so doing gave it the alliterative quality which has made of it a proverb in the lips of everybody. We say "destroyed its sense," because visits which are few must be

far between, and for Campbell's own purpose the idea of *short*, which he threw out, was essential. There is something rather gratifying to our sense of the original resources of our language, when we learn from Mr. Marsh that we are coming back, unconsciously, to the forms of versification which gave their character to the sagas and ballads of our ancestry. He suggests some further advances in this way. There is no rhyme in the following stanzas. Can the reader make out the law of their harmony?

"Passing was the Moorish monarch
Through the city of Granada,
From the portal of Elvira
To the gate of Bivarambla:
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Letters came to say, Alhama
By the Christians now was holden.
On the ground he flung the letters,
Slew the messenger that bore them.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Straightway from his mule alighting,
Then he leaps upon his charger,
Up the Zacatin he gallops,
Comes in haste to the Alhambra.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Having entered the Alhambra,
On the instant gave he orders
That the trumpet should be sounded,
And the silver-throated cornets.
Woe is me, Alhama!"

In this connection, Mr. Marsh glories that it was not an American who set Homer to the tune of Yankee Doodle, but Professor Newman of an English University.

"Maiden Athene thereupon
Courage bestowed and enterprise,
Might in pre-eminence be seen
About his helmet and his shield
In fashion of autumnal star,
Blazeth abroad irradiant,
Such fire around his head she threw,
And urged him to the midmost ranks,
on Diomed Tydides
that he 'mid all the Argives
and earn excelling glory.
unweary fire she kindled,
which, when in ocean washed,
beyond the host of heaven:
and down his shoulders kindled,
where'er the rout was thickest."

The Lectures on Synonymes, Translation, and Idioms, lead naturally to a chapter of very great importance on the English Bible. Mr. Marsh demonstrates the proposition that the language of the Bible resembles that of popular use now as much as it ever did, — perhaps even more. The popular language has described an ellipse around the standard of the English of the Bible, and is indeed nearer now to the vital focus than it was in King James's day. From this central proposition Mr. Marsh proceeds to argue, in face of the immersion people, the "assiduously-cultivate-peace" people,* and the "change-your-mind" people,† first, that no general revision of King James's Version is desirable at the present day; second, that none is possible. It is very curious to see a competent student show how slight are the changes in the English vocabulary since the current version was introduced; and to us it is charming to find, that, of the handful of obsolete words counted by the English scholars in that version, thirty are still used by us here, — and that thus, in the most important exigency of our literature, America shows herself a conservative power in the English language, as she has, indeed, in some of the fundamentals of Saxon social institutions.

The closing chapter of the book, which discusses the influences of America upon the English language, is scholarly and manly. We have, on the whole, it seems, less ground for self-reproach than for self-gratulation in the influence which our nation has had on that tongue which, God be praised, is the mother-tongue of most of us. Nor is this one evidence more of our easy performance of the great office of self-gratulation. The wider the waters flow from the pure "well-head," the deeper the magnificent reservoir in which Providence permits them to clarify, the purer are they and the more vitalizing. The English language of to-day is truer English and stronger than it would have been had it been left to stagnate in the little corner of the world where it first bubbled into existence; if Carver and his men had become Spaniards on the shores

* "Assiduously cultivate peace." Mr. Dickinson's improvement on "Follow after peace."

† "Change your minds, and be baptized." Rev. Warren Sawyer's interpretation of John Baptist.

of the Orinoco, as some of them wanted to do; if the colony of Jamestown had been absorbed by the savages, like the colony of Roanoke, and this continent had thus been left to draw its literature and its language from the island of New Manhattan, its religion and its politics from the Dutch trading company which had settled there. True, we speak English in latitudes far south of Cornwall. We have contracted, therefore, something of the distinct articulation of a southern climate. Again, we read more than any nation except the Japanese, ten times more than our cousins in England. A nation of readers pronounces more deliberately and clearly than a people like the English, of whom a large proportion cannot read at all. So we are said to drawl our words, and protract our vowels. But still, with due loyalty to the sources of our speech, we shall do our full share to keeping the English language in that fixed orbit in which it steadily revolves around its foci. The existence of the North American republic will prove no evil, but one safeguard more, to the preservation of the English tongue.

"Favored, then, by the mighty elective affinities, the powerful harmonic attractions, which subsist between the Americans and the Englishmen as brothers of one blood, one speech, one faith, we may reasonably hope that the Anglican tongue on both sides of the Atlantic, as it grows in flexibility, comprehensiveness, expression, wealth, will also more and more clearly manifest the organic unity of its branches, and that national jealousies, material rivalries, narrow interests, will not disjoin and shatter that great instrument of social advancement, which God made one, as he made one the spirit of the nations that use it."

Art. II. — ANALOGUES OF SATAN.

By James Kendall Hosmer

1. *Comparative Mythology.* By Max Müller, M. A. (Oxford Essays, 1856.) London: John W. Parker and Son.
2. *The Natural History of Man.* By James Cowles Prichard, M. D. London: H. Ballière. 1855.
3. *The History of* Herodotus. By George Rawlinson, M. A. Vols. I. II. III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859–1860.

To deny the existence of the Devil was, in times past of the Christian Church, almost as serious a matter as Atheism. During all the period of the Middle Age, it was deemed as necessary to a good Catholic to believe in Satan as to believe in God, and after the Reformation, in the amended system, this article of faith still retained its old prominence. The adherents of the new order, like those of the old, waged war against the Devil with argument, ridicule, and prayer, and, when these did not avail, with carnal weapons. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Europe went eastward and westward, sowing in many lands the seeds of future nations, side by side with every germinating state she planted her familiar beliefs. The Portuguese colonist in Hindostan, clinging to his old faith, was haunted in his exile by the dark shadow of the Adversary. It went with Spanish adventurers to the Andes and to the unbroken Mississippi wilderness. In imagination, the fathers of New England saw the spectral shape hovering over their scattered settlements; a host of demons were his retinue, and every town and hamlet furnished its quota of witches and wizards, — recruits from the human race to his dreaded legions. To this day, faith in the Devil is a cardinal point in the creed of a vast majority of Christians. There is an intelligent class, however, with whom he has lost his ancient importance, and in some cases has been given up as a mere phantom of superstition, without any real existence. Science has robbed the Devil of many of the circumstances which once conspired to make him terrible. Sulphur and phosphorus were once articles of purely diabolical furniture, but chemistry applies them now to a thousand harmless uses. Geology has stolen his material hell, and dissipated the throng-

ing fiends with which superstition peopled the subterranean caverns. In their place we see beneficent natural forces, busy in building the earth up course upon course, — obedient masons of the Divine Architect. The Devil is now often named in jest; once it was with a shiver of fear.

Plutarch, in the first century of the Christian era, asserted that dualism — or the belief in two personified principles, the one of good, the other of evil, waging perpetual warfare with one another — was the universal belief of antiquity. More recent scholars have followed him in this opinion, as Vossius in the seventeenth century, who advanced the theory that the descendants of Noah supposed two principles of equal or nearly equal power, — one good, the other evil, — and that this opinion, adopted by priests, sages, and legislators, was a part of every Pagan system. It has even been maintained, that every faith, whether ancient or modern, involves dualism more or less distinctly defined. On the other hand, such scholars as Cudworth and Bayle have denied that dualism was ever universally received, and their opinion is fully corroborated by the knowledge we now possess on this subject. It is certain, that neither in ancient nor modern times has the belief been universal, that there is an Evil Spirit opposed to a Good Spirit, to whom the suffering and sin of the world are to be ascribed. Such a spirit is Satan, as he stands in the Christian system. We propose, in this article, to examine the principal religions of the world with reference to this point, — to describe such analogues of the Devil as we may find, and, where no such doctrine appears, to give some account of the theories which supply its place.

In the conception of Satan the two essential elements are, — 1. That he is a being whose nature is evil entirely; 2. That he is opposed to a superior being, whose nature is entirely good. It is plain that, in order to form this conception, some considerable advance in spiritual perception is required. It involves the power of discriminating between moral good and evil, and of appreciating that only pure goodness belongs to the character of the Supreme Being. Among such analogues of Satan as we shall find, the correspondence will be more or less close to the Christian idea, according to the spiritual refinement of the men who entertain the conceptions.

The term "Allophylian" is applied by Prichard to a vast family of nations, which in primeval times, probably from the table-lands of Central Asia, spread themselves far and wide over the surface of the earth, constituting "the primitive layer of population." From this Allophylian stock three forms of civilization were developed in ancient times, designated as Hamitism, Semitism, and the Japetic form. The various nations belonging to these three developed types, as well as those belonging to the primitive type, are marked by peculiarities of character, customs, language, and physical conformation, by means of which the ethnologist is able to distinguish them, and to refer each to its proper class. The Allophylian family, although displaced in many regions, is still spread over a vast portion of the earth's surface. All Northern and Eastern Asiatics, certain wild tribes in the north of Europe, and the Polynesians, are to be classed in this division. The American race, also, is believed to be of Allophylian origin, propagated from a branch which migrated eastward. Moreover, the researches of recent travellers, especially Livingstone, have brought to our knowledge close correspondences between the inhabitants of Central and Southern Africa and Allophylian nations, — tending to show that these wild tribes, though sprung from Hamitic stock, have deteriorated to the primitive barbarism, and in some cases sunk below it. Besides the three forms of civilization noticed as having arisen from the primitive barbarism, there have been other forms, as the Chinese and Japanese, and in the New World the Peruvian and Mexican. These nations, however, retain Allophylian characteristics, and may still be referred, for convenience' sake, to that type. A large proportion of Allophylian races are still in a savage condition, and in this class are included all the most debased tribes of human beings. The various superstitions of this vast family appear to be so many modifications of one primitive faith. Of this faith, the main features are a belief in a Supreme God, to whom it is unusual to offer worship, and a belief in demons, for the most part capricious and cruel, — sometimes the spirits of dead men, sometimes beings of a superior order, — to deprecate whose rage is the main object of savage rites. From some varieties of this rude faith the

idea of God has been pretty much obliterated, and only the demonology remains. In others of a higher class, this idea of the Supreme has become more prominent, and the darker figures grow less distinct. A general resemblance, however, may be traced among them. The rites of the Samoiede magician, of the Tartar Shaman, of the negro fetish-seer, and of the Indian medicine-man, are nearly the same, — a propitiation of demons with bloody sacrifices and dances. The priest excites himself to frenzy, and pretends or supposes himself to be possessed by the demon to which worship is being offered.

Sometimes an antagonism exists between some chief figure in the savage demonology and the dim Supreme in the background of the faith, or there may be some opposition among the subordinate spirits, bearing some resemblance to the warfare between good and evil in the Christian faith. These superstitions always betray the circumstances under which the life of their votaries is passed. To the Samoan-Islander the Devil is a sea-serpent, who upsets his canoe. The cannibal Fijian believes in an evil spirit, who roasts the wicked who are his prey, and has for his most marked characteristic an immense tooth reaching to the top of his head. We can easily understand why many tribes of Western Africa represent the Devil as white. The Greenlander places his evil genius in a luxurious court beneath the sea, where rampant seals guard the throne, — where walruses throng, detained by magic spells, and oil abounds in unlimited quantities. A tribe of Polynesians, several races in America, and the Khonds, a mountain people of India, make the Devil to be feminine. In the Western world Allophylian superstition appears at some time to have attained a high and pure development into a noble faith. There are numerous indications that the aboriginal race of America once existed in a state of refinement, from which it has very far degenerated. The wild Iroquois and Algonquin and the refined sage of the Eastern hemisphere held many points of belief in common. The original nobleness of these systems became overlaid with superstitious accretions gathered during the long-continued deterioration through which their votaries passed. When America was made known to Europeans, the practical faith of its savage tribes was of a

very degraded type, although in the midst of the rudeness could be dimly seen traces of an ancient purity. Even in the case of the partially civilized Mexicans, although from the background of their mythology loomed obscurely a very noble conception of the Supreme God, the foremost tenants of their Pantheon were terrible beings, whose attributes were only fiendish. To this general degradation, however, the Peruvians form an exception. Their faith, communicated by the mysterious Manco Capac, contained features of great beauty. To the Supreme God worship was paid, and every noble characteristic ascribed. To him was opposed "Kupay," a shadowy personification of sin, who was only recognized to be execrated. At the mention of his name, the subject of the Incas spat on the ground to express his abhorrence. In Kupay we may trace a plain counterpart to the refined conception of an evil spirit, as it exists among Christian poets and philosophers.

Of Allophylian nations in the Eastern hemisphere, the Chinese and Japanese were mentioned as having exchanged their primitive barbarism for a degree of civilization. Both these nations have, to a great extent, embraced Buddhism, — a foreign faith which we shall consider in another connection. In "Taoism" — which has some currency in China — and in "Confucianism" we have beliefs which must not be passed without notice. They belong to that class which are exceptions to the general rule of beliefs, in that they contain no dualism. Lao-t-se, the founder of Taoism, and Confucius were nearly contemporary, and flourished, probably, during parts of the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ. Lao-t-se, in the view of Rémusat, was a "genuine philosopher, a judicious moralist, an eloquent divine, a subtile metaphysician." His style, says the same writer, has all the majesty of Plato, and, indeed, in the doctrines of the Chinese sage there is a striking resemblance to Plato, as well as Pythagoras. His system, in its original form, was earnest, soaring, and contemplative. It recognized an evil character in earthly lusts, and aimed to kindle aspirations toward the eternal and unfading. "There is no greater sin," he wrote, "than unregulated desires, nor greater suffering than the pain which is its just pun-

ishment." He believed the soul to be an emanation from the Supreme, and that after death, unless it were wicked, it would be reunited with it. No discussion of the problem of evil is reported in our accounts of this system. Its close resemblance, so far as we know it, to certain Greek systems and those of India, may lead us to infer that its unknown features were also similar, and that in the original Taoism, as in these other beliefs, there was no counterpart of Satan. Into Taoism the aboriginal Shamanism of China has crept, giving rise to the most uncouth and disgusting modifications, so that from its first purity it has degenerated at last into a base superstition.

The most remarkable feature of Confucianism is its thoroughly practical character. The great teacher rarely employed himself in abstract speculation. He admitted the existence of evil, and by admirable moral precepts taught his followers to avoid it. With regard to its origin, he theorized but little. He seems to have thought that both evil and good had their root in the primary Essence or Creator. Physical evil was a shadow necessary to harmony and contrast. As to moral evil, an English writer quotes from Mencius, the disciple of Confucius, the following passage: "Men are universally inclined to virtue, just as water invariably flows downward." By way of qualification it is added: "Water, by beating, may be made to splash over your head, and by forcing, may be made to pass over a mountain; but who would ever say this was the natural tendency of water? It is because violence is applied to it. Thus men can be made vicious, but it is by no means their nature." Wrong-doers are therefore hardly allowed free-will. Man, then, cannot be the cause of moral evil. Neither is there any trace of a belief in an evil spirit, who was its cause. The nearest approach to dualism, in the system of Confucius, is in the theory of the "Yang" and the "Yin." These are the names of the two principles by the union of which the universe was created. The former was the perfect, the latter the imperfect. A different gender was assigned to each; and yet it does not appear that any personality was ascribed to them, and certainly they are not placed in opposition.

Of Hamitic nations, Egypt is the most interesting to us; indeed, it is the only ancient nation of this type concerning which we have much knowledge. In the original mythology of Egypt, as will be presently shown, there is little trace of dualism. The evil spirit of the later system is of foreign origin. The traces of dualism in original Semitic faiths are scarcely more distinct. It does not appear in the remains of the Phœnician system, nor in the mythology of the Assyrians and Babylonians, — a scanty knowledge of which has been painfully gleaned from the inscriptions by Rawlinson and others. In Hebraism it exists, if at all, very obscurely, until borrowed from a Persian source. We may proceed at once, then, to the great family of nations, known variously as the Japetic, Aryan, or Indo-European race.

In our day, Comparative Philology has furnished History with a telescope, through which, piercing far beyond her former ken, she discerns the movements of the early world. In the mountains of Armenia, probably, once dwelt the people from which is descended the great Indo-European race. All records of this period, if any ever existed, have disappeared; but Philology, collating their different languages and dialects, is able to trace unerringly a hundred scattered and varying nations back to a common origin, and even to reconstruct in some measure the ancient Aryan civilization. Our remote grandsires — ancestors at the same time of the Celt and Hindoo, the Persian and the Greek — dwelt together as shepherds and herdsmen, a peaceful nation. Their wealth lay mainly in their flocks and herds, to the animals of which they gave substantially the same names which we employ to-day. With the axe, the vigorous Aryan shepherd cleared the mountain-side, or, armed with the sword, faced enemies and wild beasts. He had the plough to till his clearing, and in a comfortable house, barred securely against the weather and hostile intrusion, the housewife at her loom spun the produce of the flocks. With the neighboring town or village they held easy communication by the high-road, or, if the shepherd chose, he could launch his boat on the stream, and make his way with the oar and rudder. They possessed a well-organized family life, a political structure somewhat elaborate, and

they distinguished the more prominent members of the state by conventional titles of honor. They exhibited a considerable degree of cultivation in their language and philosophy, and had social and religious institutions of an elevated type. The Indo-European race at length began to flow forth from its original seat, in different lines of migration. One proceeded eastward, and established a colony on the banks of the Indus; others went northward and westward. The Allophylian tribes, for the most part debased and given over to rude and sensual superstitions, everywhere gave way before the more vigorous and intelligent invaders. The Western and Northern emigrants finally possessed themselves of nearly the whole of Europe. Again, in the fifteenth century of our own era, the swelling Aryan tide broke its way across the Atlantic barrier, and in the New World is repeating the history of the Old, by sweeping from the face of the earth the Allophylian aborigines of America, as it exterminated kindred peoples in the East.

The fortunes of Indo-European nations have been various. Some have disappeared, some have sunk into deep barbarism; in some has been developed the civilization of Greece and Rome, of France and England. Of their religious systems, many are well understood; others, superseded by some foreign faith, are less thoroughly known; and part have passed away with the tribes who professed them, leaving no trace behind.

Beginning with the rudest of these systems, which are yet more refined than the Allophylian superstitions, we find in the Celtic mythology no trace of dualism. We know it chiefly through Roman reports, which are so meagre as to give us hardly any true idea concerning it. Of the faith of the Lithuanians we know more. They long resisted the encroachments of Christianity and civilization, but succumbed at last to the prowess of the Teutonic knights. Their language has endured to this day, and Müller asserts the dialect of the Lithuanian recruit at Berlin to be more like the Sanscrit of the Vedas, than French is like Italian. The old Lithuanian mythology bears plain traces of its Eastern origin. They worshipped a Triad, the first God of which presided over the firmament and thunder. Before his sacred oak the eternal fire was kept

burning. "Pikollos," the third God, whose symbol was three skulls, was the cause of death and all evil. The rude painters and poets of the forest represented him as a pale and gray-bearded old man.

A more elaborate system was that of the Wends and the Slavonians, which was professed in its purest form on the Isle of Rügen and the coasts of the Baltic. Here a more refined dualism is traceable, in which the good principle was identified with light, the evil with darkness. To the first, "the White God," was opposed a wicked spirit known as "Zernebog," represented under the figure of a lion, to whom appeasing sacrifices were offered. In the background of this system looms the almost ever-present shadow of a great Supreme God, — dim, unapproachable, and unworshipped.

We have full knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology. It bears an Eastern birth-mark, but is pervaded everywhere with the rude and vigorous spirit of the race which professed it. The sublime "All-father" yields the foreground, as usual, in this case to a group of fantastic divinities, restless and enterprising as their Sea-king worshippers. The contest between the two principles is a prominent feature of the system, and involves every member of the pantheon. Of the regular Gods, or Aesir, Odin was the chief, to whom was ascribed every virtue of which the Norsemen had an idea. This rude, but in the main noble personage, with his subordinates, is opposed by the evil race of frost-giants, who people a dismal region bordering upon the home of the Gods. Chief of this evil race is "Utgardelok," who, however, plays a much less conspicuous part than "Loki." Loki and Utgardelok were probably at first identical, but in the Norse system, as we know it, the conceptions are sharply distinguished, and sometimes even opposed. Loki is the most busy and prominent actor in the mythology. Though classed among the Aesir, he is yet the son of a frost-giant, and the cause of evil. How near was his resemblance to the Devil may be inferred from the fact, that the converted Norsemen transferred the name Loki to the evil spirit of their new faith. The numerous legends of this grotesque spirit are pervaded with what may be the *naïveté* of a simple race, or perhaps a grim humor. He is

handsome, agile, and crafty, — a scandal to the Gods, and the traducer of Gods and men. He delights in bringing his fellow-Aesir into awkward positions, and then extricating them by his superior skill. When the Aesir are dispirited, Loki, like a jester, is sent for to perform ludicrous antics. He has many children, to some of whom he stands as father, to others as mother. He was believed to scatter evil as a sower scatters grain; and in Jutland, when the peasants saw in the air a tremulous, wavy motion, they said Loki was sowing his oats. In one of his legends, which may serve as a specimen, he cuts off the beautiful hair of Sif, the wife of the god Thor. Thor threatens to break all his bones if he does not make good her loss with hair of gold. This Loki manages to accomplish, and then in his pride wagers his head with the dwarf Brock that he cannot make anything so precious. Brock tries and succeeds, but Loki refuses to surrender his head, and slips away. When captured, after long pursuit, he overcomes his captors by his eloquence, and escapes with no heavier penalty than having his mouth sewed up. After a variety of adventures, his career at last comes to a close. Through his wiles Balder is slain, the favorite of the Gods. Loki accomplishes many dexterous escapes, but is captured at length disguised as a salmon. He is bound to a rock, and a venomous snake placed above his head, whose poison drips toward his face. By his side Sigyn,* his spouse, watches continually, and interposes a cup to catch the drops as they fall. When the cup is full she turns to empty it, and meanwhile the venom drips upon his face, which makes him shake the earth in his agony. Thus will he lie bound until Ragnarok, — the destruction of the world. In this restless and fantastic conception we may discern many correspondences to the dark figure so prominent in the faith of the descendants of the Norsemen.

To the Greeks, Homer and Hesiod occupied a relation similar to that in which the Bible stands to Christendom. Throughout Grecian history, we may observe an anxiety in most of the wiser men to reconcile speculations and discoveries with these venerated documents.

* It seems a piece of injustice, that from the name of this faithful wife we should derive our English term *sin*.

In the case of this Hellenic scripture, however, it was only the ignorant who ascribed to it much authority. The philosophy of Greece, in its earlier period, was full of latent scepticism, and sometimes, in some vehement Xenophanes, denounced the popular faith in bitter terms. Plutarch attributes a belief in dualism to all the more prominent of the Greek sages, but certainly without reason, if we are to understand by dualism two antagonistic personal principles. The Pythagoreans, indeed, asserted a principle of resistance in the universe, and ascribed to it falsehood and deceit; but they referred both this and an opposite principle back to one essence, the ground of all things. It does not appear that personality was attributed to either. The Ionians believed in a certain living energy, which produced from itself all mundane phenomena, called by one fire, by another air, by another water. Sorrow and Vice, as well as Joy and Virtue, had their root in this. Plato is nowhere more obscure than in treating of the origin of evil. Most generally it appears to be referred to "original matter," the basis of the sensible world. Plato employs various expressions to designate this basis. It is "the nurse," "the receptacle," sometimes simply τόδε, or τοῦτο, sometimes "the other" (θάτερον). It is not earth, air, fire, or water, but, according to the Timæus, "an invisible *species* (εἶδος), a formless, universal receiver, which in the most obscure way receives the immanence of the intelligible." From this "matter" the divine intelligence shaped the universe. Plato, however, speaks with great vacillation of the relation between this "Corporeal" and the "Intelligent." At one time the former is a hinderance to the Intelligent, again it is its servile instrument; now it is a concurrent cause of good, now the ground of all evil; now purely negative, and, again, the positive substratum which supports all higher intellectual development. The "Phædrus" contains a splendid allegory, in which Plato describes the anterior state of the soul, and its fall, through which it became involved in the miseries of the earthly lot; but no evil spirit is mentioned as the agent of the fall. In the "Laws," indeed, Plato appears to speak of an "evil soul," as elsewhere, perhaps; but the expression is probably figurative, and ought

not to be understood as indicating a belief, on his part, in an antagonistic wicked spirit. Aristotle, in contrast with Plato's vagueness, distinguishes and clearly opposes the Corporeal and the Forming principles, but does not make the former personal. The Stoics, although striving to reconcile the existence of evil with a supreme and good God, were driven to admit that "Necessity" had much to do with the ordering of the world; and at length, among the later Stoics, we find Seneca believing that God has no power to change matter, and that this was the cause of evil. Nowhere among the Greek sages, until a late period, shall we find a counterpart of Satan. Empedocles, indeed, distinguished the "demons" of the Hesiodic mythology into beneficent and maleficent classes, and this distinction was afterwards adopted by Plato, Chrysippus, and others; but the two classes of demons occupied no definite position of antagonism to any Supreme Power, — indeed, they were, the bad as well as the good, ministers of that Power. When at last, at a late date, a personal evil principle, employed in thwarting the good, does appear, it is no native growth, but an exotic from the East.

The æsthetic faculty with the Greeks was developed to the highest degree. Their temples and statues have never been surpassed, and Art returns again and again to copy what she cannot excel. But though in her poets and artists the sense of beauty was so refined, if we class them with regard to their spiritual perceptions we must place them in a low grade. Superior power, not moral excellence, is the characteristic of their Deities, and in their religion there are scarcely any traces of the moral antagonism which the systems of other enlightened nations contain. In their mythology, it is only after the most careful search that any such warfare can be found as the opposition between Satan and Deity. The Furies who punished the wicked are the servants of the Gods. Plato and Persephone, though chief in the infernal regions, are honored companions of the Olympian Deities. Prometheus, the antagonist of Zeus, is the friend and benefactor of man. The nature of Hecate and the Lamiæ is rather spectral or goblin-like than diabolical. Zeus is represented as the dispenser of physical evil as well as good. In a beautiful Hesiodic fable, the

whole train of human miseries is made to flow from Pandora. Can we find in her a counterpart of Satan? In poems of a late date, indeed, Pandora is drawn as a fearful being, with many diabolical features; but in the original myth she is the beautiful masterpiece of heavenly skill, employed by the Gods themselves as an engine of mischief. We must not leave the subject without noticing the recent theory of Mr. Gladstone. In the view of this accomplished scholar, the Homeric mythology is partly a development of certain ancient traditions, true, and transmitted from some primeval epoch. Among these traditions is that of the "Evil One," which originally had the following forms: — 1. A rebellion of great angels and powers against the Supreme Being, the defeat of the rebels, and their being cast into the abyss. 2. The going forth of a power who tempts men to their destruction. In Homer this tradition is just discernible, modified as follows. The idea of the rebellion appears in several detached and conflicting forms. The story of the Titans is its most pointed representation. The legend of Otus and Ephialtes is another fragment; also that of the giants, ruled over and afterwards exterminated by Eurymedon for insolence towards the Gods. Still another fragment appears in the myth of Neptune heading a rebellion against Zeus. From these antagonisms, the moral element in the original idea has entirely disappeared. The spiritual perceptions of the Greek had become so far obscured, that goodness had been eliminated from the conception of the Supreme, until the deities were morally on a lower level than the heroes. The negation of the divine goodness also had ceased to be interesting or intelligible. The second idea, the more subtile one, of an influence acting directly upon the spirit of man, and aiming a blow at the Deity through his creatures, can also be indistinctly traced. In Ἄτη we have the evil influence acting by deceit. The best English rendering of Ate is "the temptress." She wishes and suggests all evil to mortals, but does not seem to have the power of injuring men except through their own volition. Vigorous and nimble, she ranges over the whole earth for mischief. She even has the power of tempting Deity, for at the birth of Heracles she induces Zeus to take an oath, by which, through the craft of

Hera, the power intended for Heracles is transferred to Eurystheus. Zeus hurls her from Olympus, and thenceforward she can only tempt men. Among the dispersed fragments of the tradition of the Evil One in Homer, Ate, in Gladstone's view, comes nearest to presenting a general outline.

The Pantheon of Rome, empty of all original conceptions, but finding room within its elastic pale for the gods of all other systems, was peopled with a numerous company of divinities derived from Etruria, Latium, and Greece, and in later times from Egypt and the East. Some of the adopted systems lost all independent existence, and only survived as component parts in the ever-swelling mythology of the world's mistress. Such were the systems of the old Italian states, once rivals of Rome, but absorbed one by one in her spreading greatness. Of such derivation was the god "Vejovis," distinguished by Aulus Gellius from Jupiter, and held to be a hurtful God, whose worship was mere deprecation. The God "Anxurus" was of the same origin, and sometimes identified with him. Temples were also erected, and worship paid, to various vices and evil passions. With the introduction of Oriental ideas a more and more distinct dualism came to prevail, until at length the Christian Church rose upon the ruins of the Pagan temple.

Thus far we have been occupied with the Western branch of the great Indo-European family. The Eastern branch of the Aryans, as was stated, formed a colony on the Indus, and at length — certainly as early as the fifteenth century before Christ — again becomes restless. In the faint light of tradition, we may behold the progenitors of the modern Hindoos, with martial fire in their breasts and chanting the hymns of the Vedas, descending with resistless sweep into the Indian peninsula, and exterminating or driving into the mountains the numerous Allophylian tribes. From this race sprung the systems of Brahminism and Buddhism. These systems are still far from being understood. They originated among a people possessing singular taste and ability for metaphysical speculation, and are to the last degree complicated and obscure. Moreover, both systems since their origin have undergone great modification. Buddhism in particular, expelled from

India, but still flourishing in Ceylon and in Northern and Eastern Asia, has been so far colored by the superstitions of the nations by which it has been professed, that often its first complexion has been entirely overlaid and lost. It is one thing to the Chinese Bonze, — quite another thing to the Lamas of Thibet. The priest of the Nepaulese faith differs from both, and all three would feel themselves lost in a temple of Ceylon. So far, however, as we can judge, whatever doubt may exist as to many points of these Eastern systems, it is vain to search among them for a counterpart of Satan. The basis of all the Indian systems is, that the visible world and all in it is but a transient emanation from an underlying essence, without real or permanent existence. However the divisions and subdivisions of Eastern faiths may vary, here at least they appear to agree; and also in this other point, that this mortal life is a condition of misery from which it is desirable to escape. The end proposed by all is the liberation of the soul from its evils into "Nirvana," a state of unconsciousness and virtual annihilation. As to the source of this misery, according to the "Vedantists," or more orthodox sect among the Hindoos, "Every one has his lot according to his merits in a previous stage of the universe, which is eternal and had no beginning in time." The Vedantist labors to reconcile his theory of the Divine goodness with the existence of evil in the world as follows. He assumes, according to Colebrooke, "the past eternity of the universe, and the infinite renewal of worlds, into which every individual being has brought the predisposition contracted by him in earlier states, and so retrospectively without beginning or limit." The Buddhists also entertain the same theory, that evil is the result of sin in a former stage of existence. The following solution of the problem also appears among the Indian sages, — that the perfect state is one of complete quiescence. This was the original condition of the Deity. In creation, however, he was forced to forsake this state for one of activity, which is evil. Hence all creation is evil, and filled with misery and sin. The "Sankya" philosopher teaches that the underlying essence of the universe is Pracriti, — a fluid of most subtile, irresoluble character, but material. From this even the world of spirit and intelligence

was developed. This element, in giving rise to the Universe, operates by three principles, "goodness," "foulness," and "darkness." In the world of human beings, "foulness" is the predominating quality, and hence pain and vice.

To the faith of the Vedas and of Buddhism cumbrous mythologies have been attached. Popular Brahminism, at first sight, seems to be nothing but the terrible dream of debased imaginations. Of the three hundred and thirty million gods which the Hindoo pantheon is said to contain, a large number appear to be possessed of the most diabolical characteristics; yet, if we examine carefully, we shall find nothing corresponding with the essential elements in the conception of Satan. Siva the destroyer is at the same time the preserver. The goblin host of "Rakshasas," "Yakshas," and "Bhutas" are the children and ministers of the superior gods. A resemblance has been thought to exist between the fabled warfare of the Sooras and Assooras and the Miltonic combat between Satan and the powers of light; but the correspondence vanishes on examination. In the Hindoo myth, the combatants on both sides are sprung from a subordinate deity, and stand in equal favor with him. Bali, chief of the Assooras, the alleged counterpart of Satan, excites the enmity of certain subordinate deities by his extreme piety and virtue. When at length Bali is overcome and slain, so great is his purity, that from the parts of his body the various gems are derived. His eyes become sapphires and amethysts, his blood rubies, his marrow emeralds, the flesh crystal, the tongue coral, the teeth pearls. His soul is transferred to Paradise, and the poet adds, that thus will good men be rewarded for their virtue.

The corruption which Buddhism has undergone is greater even than that of Braminism. Upon the noble faith which the venerable Sakya Muni put forth in the gazelle grove near Benares, has been grafted the most complete and systematic demonology on the face of the earth. Earth, air, and sea are haunted by swarms of uncouth and hideous shapes. Yet Buddhist sages especially instruct their pupils, if the question is asked, "Is any powerful spirit the cause of evil?" to answer in the negative, that evil is due solely to the mischievous and corrupted temper of man. The demons of Buddhism are the

progeny and servants of the superior gods, or if they are ever represented otherwise, they are corruptions caught from the Allophylian superstitions which Buddhism superseded.

We now come to that part of our subject most interesting to the Christian inquirer. While one branch of the Aryan colony on the banks of the Indus advanced southward with conquering march, another branch, it is supposed, went back upon the footsteps of their ancestors, to found the great power of the Medes and Persians. Certain ancient Persian poems preserve the tradition of this exodus. The Zend and Sanscrit languages both contain indications of a violent religious feud existing between the two divisions of the Aryan colony. Sir Henry Rawlinson believes that this very heresy of dualism may have been the cause of the rupture. Here, probably, then was the Devil born; the valley of the Indus was his cradle, and the black shadow of the Himalayas hung above it, like a type of the gloomy presence which was henceforth to darken the faith of many nations. In moral sensibility, perhaps no nation of the ancient world is so conspicuous as the Persian. Good and evil among them were discriminated with a precision almost Christian. Nor did they shine in noble theory alone, for in practice Persia was one of the least compromising, if not indeed the most truthful, nation of antiquity. Their religion bears evidences of this moral and spiritual elevation. It abounds in rich and splendid poetry, and, what is far higher, its tone is morally pure to a remarkable degree. We have some means of judging of this faith in its most ancient form. The elemental worship which is found combined with it when it emerges at last into full historic light, is probably of Allophylian origin, a foreign ritual engrafted on the simple dualism of the primitive faith. The following is an outline of the developed form of this faith, as it was professed during the period of the ancient glory of Persia. Underlying the universe was one Supreme Intelligence, from whom emanated primeval light. This omnipotent and all-embracing conception was but dimly recognized, and some scholars contend it does not appear at all in the Persian system until a later date. A more prominent conception was Ormuzd, the god

of the firmanent, and the personified principle of goodness and truth. Ormuzd created a vast hierarchy of angels, at the head of which he established himself. Ahriman, the prince of darkness, was not originally of an evil nature, but, becoming jealous of the first-born, was forced to flee to the realm of shadows. Between the two principal spirits stood as mediator a subordinate one, Mithras. Ahriman at length returned to the regions of light, and, again becoming envious, resolved to oppose Ormuzd at every point. He placed himself, therefore, at the head of a hierarchy of evil angels, with grades corresponding to those in the kingdom of Ormuzd, so that the good spirit might be everywhere thwarted. At length Ormuzd and Ahriman in conjunction formed the material world. The good spirit created a bull, to be the symbol of all life upon earth. Ahriman slew him, and from his flesh were derived the numerous animals and plants, and at length the first human pair. To these free-will was given, and celestial happiness promised as the reward of obedience to Ormuzd. Through the wiles of the evil spirit, however, they were seduced, and Ahriman gained the ascendency upon earth.

Modified forms of this venerable faith still exist among the Yezidis in Asiatic Turkey, and the Parsees of Western India. In the hands of the former, it has become devil-worship, but not of a revolting type. The Yezidis are described as a brave, kind, and industrious race, though made crafty by oppression. They recognize the existence of a supreme and good being, but do not offer him worship. The evil spirit they hold in the deepest awe, never mentioning his name, and carefully abstaining even from words which have a similar sound. They believe him to be chief of the angelic host, and that he is now suffering punishment for rebellion, but he is still powerful, and will some day be restored. He must be conciliated, for now he can inflict evil, and some day will grant benefits.

The Parsees of India are a most interesting race, as being probably, outside the Christian world, the most elevated people on the face of the globe. In the Persian system as professed among them, the conception of Ormuzd has become developed into the Supreme God, against whose sway rebelled the subordinate spirit Ahriman. A list of the virtues inculcated by

this faith will indicate the moral elevation of its votaries. They are obedience, industry, hospitality, alms-deeds, chastity, and truthfulness. The conception of Ahriman is almost identical with the evil spirit of the Christian system. As to moral evil, Satan is hardly darker than his Parsee analogue, and the conceptions of the Supreme in both systems are almost parallel in glory and excellence.

The Persian Ahriman was adopted into the later religion and philosophy of Greece and Rome; he appears in the Egyptian system, and, becoming established in Judaism, in a modified form, was transferred to Christianity and Mohammedanism, and has been to this day a most prominent and active figure in the belief of millions of men.

When the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt was discovered, it was expected we should soon have the most thorough knowledge concerning her mysterious people; but these anticipations have not been fully realized. In regard to their religion, although we may study the grotesque forms of their gods, and the minutest details of their elaborate ritual, the ideas which underlie the symbols and sacrifices are but obscurely known. While, in general, Egyptian institutions were unchanging, the religion appears to have undergone repeated metamorphoses. The belief has prevailed that a dualism existed in the Egyptian system, from early times, similar to that in the faith of nations farther east. Plutarch has been the chief authority for this opinion; but, though the Greek sage may have given in the main a true report of the system as it existed in his time, no such clearly-defined dualism as he describes was contained in the ancient faith. Scholars even who wrote before the modern discoveries had become convinced of this, as Cudworth, who regards Typhon, the alleged Satan of Egypt, as not a "substantial evil principle," but simply "a type of the confusion and hurly-burly of the world, which, however, is not without divine providence." Jablonski, once a high authority, although following Plutarch, declares he can find no reason in the genuine fables of Egypt for representing Typhon as such an evil and horrid monster. Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes it was not until a change produced probably by Asiatic influence, that dualism appeared distinctly in the Egyptian belief.

Avoiding the complications of this difficult subject, it seems plain that, throughout the historic period, the Osiride group of deities was worshipped everywhere throughout Egypt. The more enlightened Egyptians were probably pantheists; but they either concealed their belief, or accommodated it to the popular faith by making the numerous deities personified attributes of the Supreme. Before the period of Asiatic influence, indeed, we may trace a conception identified with sin in the snake-giant, "Aphophis," but this figure was distinct from Typhon, and had little prominence. Typhon was the brother of Osiris, and at first all honor and worship were paid to him as a deity. Cudworth is right, probably, in making him represent "the confusion and hurly-burly of the world," under divine ordination. No opposition existed between him and Osiris, although the latter was the type of harmony and order. So nearly equal were these divinities in the esteem of their worshippers, that their names were sometimes interchanged, and Typhon, in company with the other gods, is represented pouring from a vase the symbols of life and power over a king. But in the sixth century before Christ comes Cambyses, with his host. Gradually, in the old mythology, the names and forms of the ancient gods, like vessels pretty much emptied of their former meaning, are refilled with the new Persian wine. Osiris, raised to a position of unrivalled majesty, becomes "the enlightened," "the fructifier,"—"light of the world" and "lord of life." He gathers up into himself all the choicer attributes of the other male divinities, while Isis, his feminine counterpart, in like manner absorbs the goddesses. Typhon, with his spouse Nephthys, is placed at last in direct antagonism to the benevolent divinities. He becomes combined with Aphophis, the snake-giant, and in the guise of a serpent is represented on the monuments as crushed by Osiris, or Horus, his child and champion. He is held to be the author of all disease, impotence, and death, and animals especially hated are made sacred to him. In the last form of the Osirian myth, Osiris is identified with the fertilizing Nile, and Isis with the land of Egypt. Typhon is the sea, which swallows up the life-giving river, or, more commonly, the burning pestilential wind from the desert; while Nephthys, becoming the desert itself, com-

pletes the dark antagonism, which is at last the central idea of the popular religion. On certain festival days Typhon was ridiculed and execrated. His symbol was a human form surmounted by the head of some fabulous animal. He became an utter outcast from the company of gods, his statues were broken, his images erased from the temple walls, and he stands forth in the end in the darkest colors, as the malignant enemy of gods and men.

We have no space to discuss at length the debated question of the Oriental derivation of the Jewish Satan.* In ancient Hebraism only the faintest traces, if any, are to be discerned of a belief in the Evil One. The doctrine of the Devil began to appear near the time of the Captivity at Babylon, and at the time of Christ had become a very prominent feature of the Jewish faith. From being the antagonist of a co-ordinate spirit, Ahriman becomes, when transferred to Judaism, the foe of the Supreme Jehovah. "Satan" and "Diabolos," which originally bore a general signification, became in time specific terms, applicable only to the Evil One, and employed as his usual designations. The Gentile gods were held to be either Satan himself or some of his subordinate demons; hence the appellations of Syrian deities are often applied to him as well as his ordinary titles.

We have traced in various religious systems conceptions bearing a resemblance to the Devil. Although every faith does not contain an anologue of Satan, we have seen that some such theory is yet the most usual solution of the problem of evil. In dark procession pass a hundred uncouth phantoms from savage superstitions, together with the Kupays and Ahrimans, the Typhons and Lokis, of more elevated beliefs. To this list we must add the name of "Eblis," the gloomy Devil of Mohammedanism, which, however, is only the Satan of Christianity transferred and newly designated.

In the Christian world the conception of the Devil appears in innumerable shapes, in poems, in the creeds of different sects, in the superstitions of various ages and races, in the speculations of philosophers. Every mind, indeed, gives him

* See Christian Examiner, Vol. LXVI. No. 213.

a peculiar coloring, according to its bent and degree of development. To the ignorant peasant, or the wild proselyte from barbarism, he is rude as the bad Manito. To the cultivated sage he is a refined and subtle spirit. The Celt, baptized into Christianity, but followed and haunted by phantoms from his forsaken creed, blends Druidic superstitions with the black spirit of his new faith. The converted Polynesian, still clinging to wild traditions, establishes this phantom of Eastern birth as the hero of many a heathen legend. The Oriental idea becomes amalgamated with the malignant sprites and giants of the old German mythology. With increasing refinement of intellect and spirit, there comes a keener discrimination between the good and the bad. More and more lurid and definite upon the image gather the lights of moral evil. He flits from century to century, now haunting the cell of the scared monk, now fighting with the bold reformer, until at length he is taken up by master minds, and Milton celebrates his baleful glory at the head of innumerable shadowy minions, and among the conceptions of a still more subtile brain looms the mocking spectre Mephistopheles.

Art. III. — TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

1. *Correspondence between Napoleon III. and Pope Pius IX.*
2. *Correspondence between Victor Emanuel II. and Pope Pius IX.*
3. *L'Encyclique et quelques Appréciations dont elle a été l'Object. — Lettre de l'Evêque de Nîmes au Clergé de son Diocèse.* Nîmes: A. Giraud. 1860.
4. *Le Pape et Point de Congrès.* Par J. Blanc. Montpellier: Dentu. 1860.
5. SS. D. N. PII. PP. IX. *Contra S. R. Ecclesiæ, ejusdemque Temporalis Potestatis Adversarios Bulla Excommunicationis.* Romæ. MDCCCLX.

From the beginning of this year down to this day, more than three hundred books and pamphlets have been published, all more or less bearing on the question of the tem-

poral power of the Pope; to which number if we add the five or six hundred that followed close on the publication of About's work, we have the enormous amount of nearly one thousand books and tracts on the same subject since we called to it the attention of our readers less than a year ago. Nor, strange as it may seem, has the *Roman Question* advanced a single step towards its solution. The contending parties never meet each other, nor, indeed, can they meet, on a common ground, owing to the fact that the principles they start from are reciprocally rejected as false by their opponents. The advocates of the Church, for instance, insist on the necessity of the temporal power; but that necessity is strongly denied by the liberal party. The friends of the Pope profess to believe that he *must* have a state of his own, — where he *must* be as free and absolute as ever prince was, — which state *must* be precisely in the midst of Italy, with Rome for its capital. The friends of Italy are unable to see why and how such things *must* be. On the contrary, they contend that the Church has suffered from being encumbered by temporal dominion; they affirm that the spiritual authority has been impaired and totally destroyed, from the moment it was united in the same person with temporal power. Again, the former deny any right of the people to choose their own rulers, or even to take any concern in political and civil affairs; whilst the latter acknowledge that right as the only source of legitimate authority, and discard the so-called doctrine of the divine right of princes. Each party, in its own way, produces arguments which cannot be answered by the other, so that the settlement of the question must be left to events alone.

All nationality, all creeds, and all classes of people are represented in these politico-theological discussions, though, as it was to be expected, by far the larger number of the champions on either side are of the Roman Catholic persuasion. We do not, of course, pretend to have read them all. We will so far abate our claim to omniscience as to confess that of many we have only seen the names advertised. Others we began to read, but had no patience to go on, so intolerant and so bad was the spirit in which they were written. Several scores, on both sides, we have read with pleasure, on account

of the ability with which the subject is treated, and the forbearance evinced by their authors towards their respective opponents. We have felt, however, and still feel grieved, deeply grieved, in finding that the works written in behalf of the Church, especially those written by bishops and other ecclesiastics, cannot be reckoned among those of which we say this. An utter disregard of historical truth, a supreme contempt for liberal principles as well as for the rights of man, a revolting self-conceit, as if of persons who have just found the infallibility lost by the Pope, are the distinctive characteristics of such productions. Their authors seem to have forgotten the beautiful saying of Fénélon in answer to certain arguments of Bossuet: "My friend, insults are no arguments." These masters of Israel have yet to learn that charity suffereth long, is not puffed up, and doth not behave itself unseemly. We hope that among the works we have not read there may be many dictated by a more Christian spirit, not for the sake of the cause they support, but for the honor of the ministry in which all Christendom is interested. Even a bad cause does not gain anything by untruthfulness and uncharitableness; and that of the Pope, though one of the very worst, might have endured a little longer, had not its advocates ruined it by their writings.

Prominent among the defences of the Pope for the characteristics above mentioned, two letters of Pope Pius IX. must be enumerated. We do not speak of his *Encyclica* to the Archbishops and Bishops all over the world. He may be justified for writing it, on the ground of his being the head of the Church, and therefore obliged to say something mournful in losing an important part of the state to which that same Church claims to have inalienable, everlasting, divine rights. "Such events cannot be brought about by a just and wise Providence, that intends to humble the proud and exalt the humble. They are necessarily the work of a handful of wicked men, an insignificant *faction*, which will be blown away after a short while by the breath of divine anger." This is the assertion of that *Encyclica*, and we have no desire to say anything about it. God reigns! and He will judge the cause of the poor and oppressed against the mighty that oppresses

them in his name. On that letter we offer no criticism. The letters we speak of were written in answer to the respectful representations of the Emperor of France and the King of Northern Italy. In them, not only are facts denied that are known and admitted by all parties, but facts are asserted which are equally known to have been invented by the enemies of the liberal cause in Italy. State papers and other historical documents are never taken notice of when the temporal interests of the Roman See are concerned. The charges that are made against the papal government and its officers are merely answered with recriminations, unbecoming any man who has any sense of self-respect, not to say of him who claims to represent the Deity on earth. The rights and the demands of the Italians are sneered at, and flatly denied; and all those who stand by them, no matter what their character or position is, high and low, are threatened with Divine vengeance. We feel that we are hearing a peevish little boy, who is not able to get back his toys, and tries to frighten his playmate by telling him, "My mother will whip you." Who can read the Pope's reply to King Victor Emanuel's letter without being both pained and disgusted at the revolting spectacle of an old man, occupying such a position, who heaps insult upon insult on the head of one of the noblest princes, merely because he refuses to be a traitor to his own country, — because he does everything in his power to save the Italian Church, as well as the religion of his ancestors, from utter degradation and impending destruction!

For, certainly, if there is in the heart of Victor Emanuel anything like affection for the religious institutions of his country, no other way is left to him of saving them, but the determinate and wise one he has just now pursued. Called by his position to the double and arduous task of restoring Italy to herself, and awakening the Italians to a sense of their dignity, he must remove all those obstacles which he knows will delay or prevent the accomplishment of his mission. The temporal power of the Popes is the greatest of these obstacles to both the regeneration of the country and the redemption of its inhabitants. It was the opinion of Machiavelli that Italy owes her degradation as a nation to the fact of the Pope being one

of her princes. Her political nullity, her civil dissensions and servitude, the corruption of her Church, and the superstitious credulity as well as the religious indifference of her people, all are the legitimate consequence of the same fact. Not that we deny several Popes the glory of having done good service to Italy, and at times of having stood alone for and by her against almost all Europe. But we maintain that they have been exceptions; that most of the Popes have sacrificed their country to their ambition and thirst of power; that the interests of Christianity and of the Christian peoples have constantly been made subservient to their temporal power. We maintain that even those few who loved religion and their country would have accomplished a thousand times more for the advantage of both, had they not been the kings of an Italian state. The very spiritual supremacy they claim over the consciences of all men would not have been so constantly disputed and so triumphantly denied, had the Popes never used it to carry on their ambitious designs. The judgment of the Popes themselves concerning their predecessors might be brought as witness against the propriety of their being kings. How many of the Bishops of Rome have been canonized since the Roman See was exchanged for a throne, and the episcopal mitre for a triple crown? Why did the Church number among her saints all that occupied the Roman See before that period? Why has this honor been denied to almost all those that came afterward? Here is a significant fact, when we consider that the catalogue of the papal saints has been yearly increasing, and how little is required to confer upon a dead man the honors of the papal apotheosis. From the moment the Bishops of Rome assumed for themselves the title of Supreme Pontiffs of Christendom, from that moment they felt the necessity of temporal power to further their plans. They obtained it in times when a powerful emperor or king was supposed to possess the right of dividing the world, and handing it over to whomsoever he pleased. Of course they recognized such a right, and called it divine. Woe unto him that should dare to think otherwise! The blessed Apostle Peter, whose patrimony the Roman state was declared, would not have his right put in question! His indignation has ever since fallen heavy upon

the head of the unbeliever! And his successors, not in the apostleship, but in the patrimony, have forgotten feeding the lambs, absorbed as they were in watching over poor Peter's interests and claims.

The conduct of Pius VII. affords the most striking illustration of the deplorable effects the temporal power exerts on the independence of the Church and the liberty of her ministers. It was in order to preserve his petty kingdom, that Pius VII. enslaved the churches of France and Italy to Napoleon I. By granting him the right of appointing bishops and pastors, he changed the priests into government officers, and, to use the words of Father Ventura, into *Commissarii di Polizia in sottana.* By consenting to their being paid out of the public treasury, he reduced them to the necessity of looking on the throne for inspiration, rather than to Heaven, or its natural interpreter, the people. Nor was he a weak man. As soon as he had been dethroned and sent away an exile from his state, he showed moral courage enough to resist all Napoleonic pretensions. He felt as if a great burden had been taken from his shoulders. The fear of losing his dominions no longer haunted him, and the hope of re-acquiring them had vanished. Therefore he was free, and acted from that moment as it became a man who believed himself intrusted with the interests of the whole Church. If he did occasionally yield to the demands of the Emperor, it was not from fear, but ignorance of the true state of things, and want of advisers. No Pope has ever appeared so great as Pius did after he ceased being a king. But alas! he was restored upon the fatal throne, and his courage, his freedom, his independence were at once succeeded by cunning and deceit, by flattery and submission to the wishes of European despots. No prince has been more absolute, and less disposed to acknowledge any right of the people, than the seventh Pius after his restoration to the Roman States. It was he that revived the Society of the Jesuits, against the opinion and the requests of all the good, thus destroying with a stroke of his pen what had been accomplished by one of the noblest among his predecessors, the virtuous Clemens XIV., and cost him his life in the ac-

complishment. It was Pius VII. that denied the inhabitants of the Legations the privileges they had enjoyed ever since the Popes had subjected them to their sway, thus giving cause to that just and uninterrupted opposition of the people to the government, which has only been answered by bloodshed and wholesale murder. It was he, in short, who encouraged and blessed the formation and the proceedings of that league known under the blasphemous appellation of *Holy Alliance*, which, in the name of God, and under the pretence of protecting Christianity, has committed more crimes, and alienated more souls from religion, than any association of wicked men, or any error purposely taught and spread among the people.

Now, as the king of Northern Italy could not fail to know all this, how could he consistently act otherwise than he did? How could he answer the call of nearly two millions of Italian Christians, but by taking them under his protection, and giving them the benefit of a liberal government, as he had done in regard to their fellow-countrymen who were groaning under the yoke of other tyrants? Was he to abandon them in their distress, merely because their oppressor was a priest who calls himself their *tender father*, and the Vicar of Christ on earth? Was he to rely on the word of the Bishop of Rome, who always promises to satisfy the desires and the wants of his subjects when threatened with the loss of the temporal power, and who never keeps his word after all danger is over? Victor Emanuel is both too humane and too Christian to do such things. As an Italian prince, he fully knows and appreciates the part he is called upon to act during the present struggle. As a Christian prince, he feels the necessity of depriving the Popes of a power which they have seldom used for good, and which has been the only cause of the enormous corruption of the Italian churches. In few words, he is convinced that no permanent reform, moral or civil, religious or political, can be carried on so long as one of the Italian bishops exerts temporal authority on any part of the peninsula. Hence his determination to accept the responsibility of uniting in a single state those provinces which have been the Pope's, as

well as those which have been the Dukes' or the Emperor's. And in giving his consent to the decree of the people, he has acted with a moderation that has gained for him the esteem and admiration of all — friends and foes, Protestants and Catholics — who were not blinded by prejudice, or interested in the former state of things. If any charge may be brought against him, it certainly is not lack of respect for the Pope in his capacity of "the Head of a Church." It is the unjust ruler of an Italian state, with his anti-Italian policy; it is the priest who sacrifices the freedom and lives of the people to keep himself on a throne upon which he has no longer any claim; it is the greatest and most ungenerous foe of the union, independence, and liberty of Italy, — and not the pastor of a church, or the bishop of a diocese, whom Victor Emanuel has opposed, and will, we trust, oppose till the regeneration of that classical country is accomplished. Of course, if we judge him by the narrow rules of the advocates of the temporal power, or by the illiberal principles of popish theologians, we shall find him at fault. But who can, that is not one of those advocates or theologians? Who else now ventures to refuse a nation the right of choosing a ruler, and a man that of accepting the charge?

Several of the writers in behalf of the Pope recognize that right as to any other nation, but utterly deny it as to the inhabitants of the Papal States. They claim the so-called States of the Church as the property of the Catholic world, and refuse the people thereof all interference with its government and legislation. Moreover, it is affirmed that such a small proportion of the Catholics as are subject in temporal matters to the *Apostolic See* ought not assert rights calculated to impair the influence and authority of the Church, even if they really possessed them. "Let the Italians," exclaims the Bishop of Orleans, "let the Italians be satisfied with the glory of giving the world a spiritual chief, and the Almighty a Vicar on earth. They should not carry their ambitious pretensions beyond that." Where these most reverend gentlemen, and their patrons, the Counts Montalembert, Brignole-Sales, Solaro della Margherita, and so forth, — where they found out these double rules and measures, is

more than anybody can say. Their opinion in this case, as well as in many others, stands for proofs and documents, and a few high-sounding phrases without meaning are quoted as incontrovertible principles, which nothing on earth or in heaven can withstand. "The two powers, spiritual and temporal, must be confounded together in the Roman states, that they may be separated everywhere else." "The temporal power of the Popes is intimately connected with the glory of Catholicism, as it is with the liberty and independence of Italy." "Ages have done this [united the temporal power with the spiritual], and have done right." Such and similar aphorisms, uttered in a moment of excitement by Odillon Barrot, or by Louis Napoleon, in order to lull the priests to sleep, — such senseless aphorisms are repeated as unanswerable arguments in almost all the publications we have read in behalf of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman bishops. And with these they expect to persuade poor Italy to give up all her dearest rights, and to stifle all her holiest aspirations, contented with the honor of having a Pope-king sitting next her heart. "Read your Gioberti," they say to the Italians, "and you will be satisfied that the greatness of your country exclusively depends on the temporal power of the Pope." It is true that Gioberti was of that opinion. But he fashioned a Pope to his own fancy, and created such a clergy to stand by him as never existed or is likely to exist. Besides, he expected the Church to change her principle; to constitute herself the advocate of every kind of freedom, from that of the press to that of conscience; to proclaim and defend the right of all nations to take charge of their own interests and affairs; to establish so broad a creed as to remove every obstacle to the union of all Christian churches around the Bishop of Rome. In his magnificent dream, published under the title of *Primato d'Italia* (The Supremacy of Italy), he anticipates with a great deal of satisfaction that glorious time, and rejoices at the thought of Italy being once more the mistress of all nations, the lawgiver of the world.

Without sharing all the opinions of a man whom we esteem as one of the purest and most elevated minds, and whom we loved as one of our steadiest friends, — without sharing his

opinions on this subject, we may be permitted to say what we think about this matter. We believe with him, and with many others, even among Protestants, that it would be very desirable to have all Christians united in love, and not ashamed of each other. We believe with him, and with all bishops of Christendom, that around no other centre could so many churches be gathered, as the one already recognized by more than one half of the Christian world. We believe with him, and with all Popish writers, that the independence of such a *man-centre* would be absolutely necessary for the fulfilment of his duties towards the Christian body. But we also believe that no Christian denomination would gather around a priest-king claiming to be above all, and using his temporal power in order to arrogate such a spiritual authority as Christ himself never assumed over his disciples. As for his independence, we consider it as utterly irreconcilable with any form of worldly jurisdiction, and we point to history for the unfortunate effects of their union. O, if the Bishops of Rome could only understand their position! If they could appreciate the importance of a spontaneous and free union of the Christian churches! They would resign the government of a state which is nothing but an encumbrance to the apostolic ministry; they would abandon all pretensions to a spiritual supremacy which in fact is but nominal, and find themselves really the venerated representatives of the one Catholic Church. The true friends of the Pope are not those who urge upon him the duty of not yielding to the desire of the Italian nation; nor are the best ministers of the Gospel those who flatter his pride by incessantly repeating in his ears, *Prima Sedes a nemine judicatur*,—"The first See cannot be judged by any one." A man who finds himself elevated to the high position of supreme pastor in a Church counting over one hundred and fifty millions of souls, and who besides claims a real though indirect jurisdiction over all men, whatever may be their religious belief,—such a man is necessarily made a spectacle to all nations and tongues, and should expect to see his movements closely watched, and his actions most severely judged. As he cannot produce documents testifying to his pretensions of being the Vicar of Christ and the representative

of God on earth, it is natural that men who respect themselves as well as their fathers' religion should look at his works, and by them decide whether he is what he pretends to be. We are neither in China nor Japan. To demand of civilized nations that they should not criticise the acts of a prince merely because he says he is to be subject to no one, is certainly to demand more than Europe or America can grant in the decline of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. All endeavors to prevent men from beholding the light that shines around about them must fail, nor is it in the interests of the priesthood to come out with the ridiculous pretension of being exempted from observation and censure.

Let the Bishop of Rome spontaneously descend before he is hurled down from the high seat he has usurped; let him mingle with the disciples of Christ, whatever be their name, and become the least among them; let him give up his claims to infallibility, and entreat his brethren not only to advise him, but to judge his every act, — and then some hope may be entertained of seeing the Roman See to stand above all other Sees in the world. The beautiful dream of Gioberti may then be realized, and the longing even of many a Protestant for a centre of union and unity satisfied. The day, however, when the Pope will be prevailed upon to do so much is yet far, and nothing can be said of the probability of its coming till his temporal power is done with. It has been the temporal power which has caused error, superstition, dissension, schism, and crime, to dishonor, corrupt, rend, and prostitute the Church; and the chief remedy for all these evils consists in the abdication of it. We say *abdication*, not surrender, nor overthrow. For if the Popes were to lose their States only in consequence of a revolution in Italy, or a revolt in Rome, even if then they submit to the necessity of events, and give up the useless practice of protesting against and excommunicating everybody, then the idea of their taking advantage from their position to uphold the supremacy of the Roman See would be preposterous. Two thirds of the Italians, and fully one half of the Catholics, could not be persuaded to acknowledge as the head of the Church a man who, by his obstinacy and thirst for power, had caused the slaughter of

thousands of his fellow-Christians and countrymen, and plunged his country into all the horrors of a revolution. This would be true, especially at this time, when the Pope and his advisers have committed wrongs so many, so great, so evident and manifest, as to excite pity rather than indignation when they attempt to justify or deny them. We gladly believe that Pius IX. is moved by the most conscientious motives, and really thinks to do his duty in the interest of the Church and of religion; but we doubt very much whether his counsellors are animated by the same spirit, or care either for religion or Church. Natural goodness and purity of motive may be sufficient to justify the man, but will never justify the prince and the chief pastor of so large a portion of Christendom. All the curses uttered of late against the Liberal party, — that is to say, the best men and women of Italy, — all these curses may return on the head of their author, and prove the most effectual cause of his destruction. God does not settle accounts at the end of the week, but the time will certainly come when the law of retribution must take effect. The Pope bitterly complains of the ingratitude of his *children*, and stands before the Catholic world as the victim. But he does not say how that ingratitude was preceded by patience, and long-suffering, and disappointments, and outrages received, and tortures suffered, on the part of the people, — by deceit, unkept promises, unheard-of insults, cruelty to beggar description, and treason, on the side of his government. The oppressed, the murdered ones, are represented as deserving their fate; but bare assertions cannot belie facts which are known to everybody that can read, and does not go to the enemies of his country for information. We hope that the inhabitants of the Papal States will endure a little longer, and when they rise and have subdued their oppressors will make use of the victory with moderation, and be magnanimous towards the fallen. We tremble, however, knowing that Providence deprives nations of their reason at times, as it does individuals, that they may avenge their wrongs without being accountable for the act, — thus employing them as instruments of Divine justice upon those that deem themselves not amenable to the justice of men. The bloody scenes of the first French Revolution might be repeated in Rome, and the obstinacy of a bishop would then cost thou-

sands of priests their lives. So far the Romans have allowed their regard for the Supreme Pontiff to overrule their indignation at the enormities perpetrated by the prince and his government. They have respected the rather morbid feelings of several Catholic nations, which, not knowing by experience what priestly government means, ascribe to the ambition of a *few Liberals* the general sentiment of the whole peninsula. How long will that respect prevent the explosion of their for so many years compressed wrath? Do they really owe to their Catholic brethren of other countries the sacrifice of whatever man holds dear and sacred on this earth? Will they not rise and make their ecclesiastical oppressors feel the consequences of that principle upon which the religion *they* teach is founded: *Without shedding of blood there is no remission.*

These remarks may appear too strong and our fears groundless to any one that reads history to no purpose, or thinks that human nature has entirely changed. The noble attitude assumed by the people, both in France and Italy, towards their trembling fugitive rulers during the revolutions of 1848, may lead to the conclusion that there is nothing more to be feared. But if we think of the new and manifold crimes committed against the nation by the Papal Court during these last twelve years, we will not deem it impossible that the time may have come when strict and terrible account will be demanded. Who knows but the expedition of Garibaldi to Southern Italy is not the signal for the oppressed to rise in their might, and summarily put an end to a scandal which has already lasted too long? Can Pius IX. answer for the safety of his clergy? Can he prevent the Romans from rising by his bulls of excommunication, or even by the army he musters out of the scum of Austria and Ireland? Romans know no fear. Rather than bear any longer with the temporal power of the Popes, they are determined, like the Samson of the Jews, to bury themselves under its ruins. *E' troppo tardi*, — "It is now too late," — is their motto. No promises, no reforms, no concessions, will they accept or listen to. Abdication, absolute, unconditional abdication of all claims to an Italian state, is the only means to avoid bloodshed, and keep the Italians from declaring they do not recognize the Pope as the Head of their Church.

A. 76. Hedge.

Art. IV. — THE BROAD CHURCH.

1. *Le Troisième Jubilé Séculaire de l'Église Réformée de France. Sermon, par* Ath. Coquerel Fils. Paris. 1859.
2. "*The Unitarian Position.*" *A Letter addressed to the Rev. I. F. MacDonald, by the* Rev. James Martineau. London. 1859.
3. *The Unity of Christ's Church. A Discourse delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, March* 4, 1860. By George E. Ellis. Charlestown. 1860.
4. *The Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association.* July, 1860. Vol. I. No. 7. Boston. 1860.

Here are four recent pamphlets, which we name where we might name scores. They are recent exhibitions, in quarters widely separate, of the certainty that the unity of the Church is to be attained by some broader philosophy, and some organizations more comprehensive, than those which led each sect to expect that in the end its rod should swallow all other rods, and that its uniform should be worn over all other uniforms. The possibility of the diversities of administration where there is one spirit begins to make itself felt. What is better is, that not only is this tolerated as a possibility, but announced as a necessity. The leaders acknowledge that there must be some foothold broader and more certain than that held by any religious body which stands on quivering tiptoe upon the top pinnacle of its dogma, and cries out to other bodies to boast that they are not so high. M. Coquerel warns his Reforming friends of the dangers of their position in France. Mr. Martineau, in this tract, and in the discussion which followed it, pointed out very clearly to the Unitarians of England the danger of any Procrustes policy. Dr. Ellis, in one of a series of Discourses, which has very properly been rescued from the obscurity of manuscript, shows in America the grounds of the vital unity of the Church. More than this, — in the Anniversary exercises of the American Unitarian Association there is evidence enough that these are not the accidental statements of strong men speaking for a minority of the Unitarians, but that the catholic view taken in these discussions may be regarded as the received view of the Unitarian fellowship.

The Christian Examiner, for several years, has felt bound, for good and sufficient reasons, to deviate from the custom of printing in its pages the annual "Conciones ad Clerum." But at the earnest desire, expressed by a unanimous vote, of the audience who listened to it, we insert the following discourse, read at "the Ministerial Conference" by the President of the Unitarian Association; since the subject of it is one of such central interest, and the views it contains would be likely to find a place in our pages in some other form. — Eds. Examiner.

THE BROAD CHURCH.

"And they shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." *

We all know how utterly and astonishingly this prediction was verified in the first centuries of the Christian Church, which is what is here meant by the kingdom of God. Fifty days after the death of Christ, in whose tomb it was seemingly extinct, and whose resurrection was then the private persuasion only of a few friends, the soul of that kingdom burst forth again with irrepressible vehemence at Jerusalem. It swept the city with a rushing mighty wind from heaven, and a demonstration of fiery tongues, inaugurating the new heavens and the new earth of the Christian ages. Three thousand souls sat down in the kingdom, by invitation of Peter, that day. East, west, north, and south were all represented. "For there were dwelling at Jerusalem at that time Jewish proselytes out of every nation under heaven," providentially gathered to the feast of the tribes; — Parthians, Medes, Elamites, from the east; people from the parts of Libya about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Cappadocians, Phrygians, from the west and the north; and dwellers in Mesopotamia from the south. When this rushing mighty wind struck them, it lodged a seed of the kingdom in their souls, which they took with them to their proper homes, and sowed in their several lands, where it grew to be a heavenly plantation, a spiritual oasis amid the perish-

* Luke xiii. 29.

ing polytheisms of the Empire, and the droning synagogues of the Dispersion.

These plantations were replenished and reinforced from time to time by missionaries, apostolic and other, from the old centre and the neighbor lands. Paul went to Arabia and Asia Minor and Greece and Italy, some say to Spain, — to what was then the uttermost verge of the West. Thomas, according to tradition, went to the uttermost verge of the East. Philip, by mediation of a household officer of the Queen of Meroe, whom he baptized on the road to Gaza, planted the word far down in the South. Others, most likely disciples of Paul, carried it to Britain, high up in the North. The plantations grew, and flourished, and spread. The Empire writhed under them, and made desperate efforts to throw them off; and no wonder, for they rode the Empire as a green and lusty parasite rides some huge bole of a thousand rings, the monarch of the forest, which, vast and robust as it is, must finally succumb to the stealthy encroachment.

The plantations grew and spread till they ran together into a kingdom of God, which covered the earth, the known and travelled earth of that time. Cosmas, the great navigator of the sixth century, found Christianity established in Malabar; he found Christian churches and bishops in Ceylon, whose "spicy breezes" had pleaded, and not in vain, with the saints aforetime, as they pleaded in saintly Heber's day, for missionary effort. Already from uttermost China, jealous then as now of her own productions, the Emperor Justinian had received, through Christian missionaries, the secret of the silk-worm; and thus, as sceptic Gibbon confesses, a Christian mission had accomplished what secular commerce had labored in vain to effect, — the introduction of the silk culture into Europe. There were Christians at the mouth of the Ganges, Christians in "distant Aden," Christians in Ormuz, and in Abyssinia. Saracen hordes from the heart of the great desert had listened to St. Simeon from the top of his prison column, and received the Gospel at his hands. In Persia, Christian bishops had overthrown the temples of the sun. On the slopes of the Caucasus, a Georgian king and queen, themselves instructed by a Christian slave, had succeeded in evangelizing their people. Mean-

while, at the other extremity, Ireland, converted by holy Patrick as early as the fifth century, was known as the "Island of Saints," the school of Christian Europe, and a centre of spiritual light. The savage Goth was tamed into a peaceful confessor of the Gospel of peace, and, German-like, must have the word in his native tongue. Learned Jerome, in his cell at Bethlehem, translating the Bible into Latin, is astonished by a message from two Goths inquiring the true meaning of certain passages in the Psalms. "Who would believe," he says, "that the barbarian tongue of the Goth would inquire concerning the sense of the Hebrew original, and that, while the Greeks were sleeping, the Germans would be investigating the Word of God." A very significant fact it is, that the first translation of the Scriptures into German, the language of a rising world and of modern thought, was contemporary with the first authoritative translation into Latin, the language of medieval thought and a dying world.

So mightily grew the Word and prevailed, and so it was that geographically east and west, and north and south, sat down in the kingdom of God. And in our day, though other religions may number more disciples, there is none so widely diffused as the Christian, — none that can vie with it in geographical extent, — none which embraces so many latitudes and longitudes, and differing nationalities. A few meridians include the boasted millions of Hinduism and of Islamism. When daylight dies along the waves of the Caspian, it disappears to all the worshippers of Buddha; when "sets the sun on Afric's shore, that instant all is night" to the followers of Mohammed; but Christendom is a kingdom on which the sun never sets, where east and west, and north and south, sit down together, and earth's extremities join hands.

But the prophecy of our Lord has another meaning and fulfilment besides the geographical one we have been discussing. The kingdom of God has other distinctions and relations, divergences and approximations, than those of space. The spiritual horizon has its polarities as well as the material. There are cardinal points of the spirit, as decided in their peculiarities as east and west, and north and south, and, like these

divisions of the compass, organic constituents of the spiritual world, necessary each to its orbed completeness and indispensable to its very being. Viewing the prophecy in this light, it expresses the spiritual completeness of the kingdom of God, or the Christian Church, as well as its geographical extent. East, west, north, south, may be regarded as typifying different tendencies and qualities of the spirit; — the east, stability, conservatism; the west, mobility, progress; the north, internal activity, — the inner life, idealism, mysticism; the south, exterior productiveness, ritualism, symbolism, ecclesiastical organization.

All these tendencies and types of spirit were represented in the primitive Church, — the Church of the Apostles. We find them all in the New Testament. The element of stability — the conservative element — was impersonated in Peter, and still more decidedly in James, first Bishop of Jerusalem, — in general, we may say, by that first Jerusalem church, which adhered so strongly to the Old Covenant, to Moses and Mosaism, that in fact it was only a Jewish sect, — a synagogue, differing from other synagogues only in the one tenet that Jesus was the Christ. The antagonist principle of progress, how perfectly it was incarnated in Paul, the daring innovator, founder of cosmopolitan Christianity, who burst the bonds of Judaism, cut loose from the moorings of the Old Covenant, and carried the New to the Gentile West.

If we look for traces, in this age, of the idealistic, mystical spirit, we find them clear and decided in the Gospel and First Epistle of John, whose author thought more of the invisible Church than of the visible, and less of the Jewish historical Christ than he did of the eternal Christ, the Divine Word incarnated in him, whose God was not the Jehovah of the Jews, but light and love, and who in his inwardness and ideality is the prototype of the mystics and quietists of later time.

Finally, the ritual and symbolical side of religion was also represented in the primitive Church and in the New Testament. The Epistle to the Hebrews finds in all the ceremonial of Judaism the foretype of Christian sanctities, and the Book of Revelation under the figure of the New Jerusalem contemplates a Christian church which is something more than the

spiritual fellowship of believers, — a close organization, a compact, corporate institution, with the powers and functions pertaining to such a body.

What is true of the primitive Church and the undeveloped Christianity of the apostolic age, how much rather is it true of every subsequent age of the Church! When Eastern and Western Christendom divided in the irreconcilable antagonism of their views and claims, in spite of the geographical separation, the spiritual compass remained unimpaired and complete. The Western Church, with which our Protestant Christendom more immediately connects itself, had still its spiritual east and west, its north and south. Through all the period of the Middle Age these types are present, and these tendencies at work. Take the culmination of the Roman hierarchy. The period of the greatest consolidation and seeming uniformity was also that of the greatest internal divergency. If conservatism reigned undisputed on the seven hills, reform was triumphant in the gorges of the Jura and the valleys of Provence; if ritualism was rampant in one quarter, idealism had reached its climax in another. Peter the Venerable is oracle here, Peter de Brueys is oracle there. The mighty Innocent in his pride of place is constrained to approve the beggar from Assisi, whose ominous career he would fain have suppressed, but that policy finds the popular preacher less dangerous within the Church than out of it. While Thomas Aquinas is seeking to perpetuate the past, and to fix the sum of theology in inexpugnable and irrevocable dogmas, Raymond and Oliva and others are proclaiming the "Everlasting Gospel" of human progress, and announcing a new age and a new dispensation of the Holy Spirit.

If now we come to the world of our own time, to the Protestant Christendom of to-day, we find there also — regarding Protestantism externally and historically as one movement — a complete church, in which east and west and north and south are all represented. Protestant Christendom is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains of immovable Orthodoxy, on the west by the River of Free Inquiry, on the north by the White Sea of mysticism, on the south by the Gulf of Prelacy, which divides it from the Church of Rome. In other words,

Calvinism at one extremity, and Universalism at the other, Quakerism and Spiritism on this hand, and Episcopacy on that, define this spiritual kingdom and attest its completeness. But though Protestantism as a whole, externally and historically considered, exhibits this compass and variety, it is one of the evils of Protestantism that, internally and practically, it is not a whole, but a chaos of disunited, independent states, having no ecclesiastical fellowship with each other. The Protestant Christian, however catholic his own temper and views, is practically shut up within the fold of a sect which, if liberal, is excluded by all the rest, and which, if illiberal, excludes them. If a native of the east, it is not lawful for him to sit down with them of the west; if he come from the west, he is an offence to the saints of the east; if inclined to the north, he is cut off from the sympathies of the south; if reared in the south, he is early imbued with a holy horror of the north. The only way to obviate this evil in each particular communion is by individual tolerance to strive for completeness within that fold. Each sect should seek, so far as practicable, to be a catholic complete church. A sect is then in a healthy state when a due admixture of conservatism and liberality, of speculation and activity, of idealism and formalism, answering the condition and satisfying the necessities of different minds, supplies all the elements of ecclesiastical edification, and completes the spiritual horizon. East, west, north, and south must unite in every kingdom of God, and every sect is in theory such a kingdom.

I. Every church must have its east. The east is the region of steadfastness, of perpetuity. The terrestrial east, the geographical east, the old Asian world, has had historically this character, — the home of aboriginal, imperishable light, of eternal dominion and unchangeable custom. Every church must have its conservative side, its point of resistance, its fixed fact, its morning sun of unchangeable verity, — something eternal, immutable, sufficing. And what should that be but the Christ, God's Christ and our Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the spiritual sun of our human world? Fundamental and indispensable to every true church is the idea of Christ, not the moral teacher and philosopher, a Jew-

ish Socrates or Confucius, but Christ the Son of man and the Son of God, impersonation of the divine-human, never as a name and a sanctity to be set aside or superseded, however the doctrines and views connected with that name may change and disappear with the course of time. In fact, that name is the only one of a veritable, historical personage, that has had the power to organize history, — not the history of this or that tribe, but the world's history, — to thread the nations and the ages on the string of an idea, and to bind them in œcumenical relations to the throne of God. It was this that laid hold of the New World, and — what commerce and conquest could not do — attached it to the Old, and gave to these States the spiritual results of the past without the tedium of its processes. No name has spanned such chasms and schisms of thought and life. None carries with it such pledge of perpetuity. What changes may yet pass upon society, what revolutions, political, ecclesiastical, moral, may toss, and convulse, and remodel the Church and the world, surpasses the sagacity of man to predict. But of this be sure, — this, even amid the darkness and the deeps, the uncertainty, perplexity, and agony of time, through which humanity is now groping its perilous way, we may venture to affirm, — that the name of Christ and its sacred import will surmount all and survive. All the tempests that sweep society will not pluck the idea of divine humanity incarnate in Christ from the soul of man and the path of history. So long as the sun which makes our natural day shall rise in the east and hasten on to the west, that diviner sun which makes our soul's day will continue to rise on each successive generation and accompany each to their rest.

Other ideas there are, necessarily connected with that of Christ, — ideas of man's nature and calling and destiny, of reconciliation and atonement in Christ, — ideas underlying, but by no means identical with, the dogmas of the sects, which are also original constituents of the Gospel, and therefore necessary elements in a true Christian church. These are that fixed and unchangeable which every church is bound to respect, and in virtue of which every church must have its conservative side, its cardinal east, the eye of its horizon, the salient principle and starting-point of its spiritual life.

II. Then, secondly, each church must have its west. The west, in our interpretation of this Scripture, stands for mobility, variety, progress. Our own west, this young continent, with its rapid and amazing growths, its spreading populations, its ever multiplying ways of communication, its endless traffic, and its shifting customs, suggests this use of the term, type as it is of mobile and progressive life. Every church should be flexile and plastic enough in doctrine and discipline to allow of growth; it must not assume to have all truth and all knowledge in its traditions, to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," nor think to confine the action of the mind, to limit the progress of inquiry, and to tie Christianity forever to its creed. Christianity, though bound to a given idea and to certain immutable truths, is not, for the rest, a fixture, but a movement and a growth; not a divinely established system of views and institutions and immutable forms of thought and life, but a flowing demonstration of the spirit in such forms and aspects and embodiments as each successive age required, or was fitted to apprehend and to profit by, — a series of evolutions in which truths and principles unchangeable in their essence are variously expressed to differing minds in different times, — a progressive revelation of God in Christ. That such is the true and providential character and destiny of our religion is evident in the writings of the New Testament, when we compare the statement of Christianity in the first chapters of the Acts with the statement of it in the Epistles to the Corinthians and the First Epistle of John. We see there the immense stride which the Church made in the age of the Apostles, and in their hands, from Jewish Christianity to universal Christianity, from a national polity to a humanitarian faith. The march thus inaugurated did not stop for nearly a thousand years, and then only slackened in the darkness and storm of the feudal night. It has never really stopped to this day; when in one organization it found itself hampered and brought to a stand, it burst into schism and resumed the movement in a new. The Holy Spirit, whose body is the Church, does not bind itself to uniformity of doctrine or rite, but adapts itself to different minds and times. The spirit is one; but there are differences of administrations and diversities of gifts, divergent views and

dissentient tongues, one Lord and many confessions, unity in variety. This is the method and law of the Church universal, and each particular church and connection should respect in this the mind of the Spirit, not seek to impose a uniform system of belief, not insist on a single solution of every question, but open itself to free discussion, tolerate dissenting views, allow full scope to philosophic speculation within the limits of the Christian idea, and maintain an open and liberal west, as well as a close and steadfast east.

III. And further, every church must have its north. The north I have designated as the region of idealism, which, in religion, soon turns to mysticism. The terrestrial north, with its atmospheric peculiarities, its magnetic mysteries and auroral splendors, indicating as it were a nearer commerce with the skies, may seem to warrant this designation. The Puritan genius of our American churches has no affinity and little patience with what is called mysticism, inclining rather to literal interpretations and surface views. But mysticism is a very important element in religion, a feeling after God, "if haply we may find him." It is that by which religion lays hold of the invisible and enters into fuller, that is, more conscious and intimate, communion with the spiritual and heavenly world. Without it there is danger that the Church will lose the consciousness of God, and become a distant province of God's kingdom, — an outlying colony, governed by deputies, instead of that kingdom itself, with God in Christ for its present and conscious home-government and head. When the Church in ages past had become that, or was threatening to become it; when the Roman hierarchical polity had slipped its holdings, cut itself off from the invisible by its earthliness and secularity, and set itself up for an independent kingdom, with Rome for its heaven and a pope for its God, there arose in the order of Providence the great mystics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the new fathers, not inferior to the old, who restored the Church to the fellowship and communion of the Holy Spirit. Who can read with attention the Gospel of John, and not see how a tincture of mysticism deepens and quickens and intensifies what is best and holiest in religion! How much more profound the Christianity there, than that of

the other Gospels! How much more intimate the author's communion with the soul of Christ, and his appreciation of Christian truth! The other Evangelists give us a prophet, the fourth gives us the Word made flesh. If we were to strike from the library of Christian literature the writings which could best be spared, they would be the folios of systematic theology, the Bodies of Divinity, so called, — those weary compilations in which massive and useless dogmatic edifices are reared on the oldness of the letter, with no apparent apprehension in the writers of the deeper import which the letter conceals. But if we were to select from the writings of the Church the works which we would not willingly let die, the works to be preserved and handed down, they would be those mystic compositions of the Roman and Protestant communions, which, though little read by the flighty readers of this time, are felt to be given by inspiration of God, and to be invaluable for suggestion and reproof and "instruction in righteousness," — the writings of Anselm and Thomas à Kempis and Tauler and Fenelon and Jacob Boehme and William Law, — inexhaustible treasuries of fructifying thought and celestial monitors of heart and life. Something of mysticism is inseparable from devotion. Every prayer which we breathe, which is not a formal offering or a begging for temporal good, but a genuine aspiration, a gushing up of the deep heart, a yearning after God, is a mystical act, and, if analyzed and referred to the fundamental principle involved in it, will be found to point to mystical theories of man and God. I say, then, that mysticism in this sense is a necessary element of religion, and can never be wanting in a true church. It is this that keeps the heavens open and God near, and the soul awake, nature holy, the word significant, and life divine. Every church that is sound and flourishing will welcome gladly and cherish kindly this mystic northern light, whose very eccentricities and dancing meteors, the sportive gleams and wild corruscations which seem so unpractical, confess at least a sublime aspiration, prophetic, it may be, of a better life, when heaven and earth shall meet in eternal day.

IV. Finally, the Church must have its south. A church

requires a ritual, requires symbols and sacraments, — something outward as the exponent and medium of ecclesiastical life. The teeming and exuberant south, with its tropical luxuriance, fertile of forms, abounding in varied and organic life, may serve to typify this side of religion and the Church, — its organism, — by which term I comprehend whatever pertains to worship and communion and corporate action. The necessity of organization to a church, the necessity of ritual or something corresponding thereto in the way of worship, and of some description, however simple, of ecclesiastical polity, is proved — if the nature of things and the laws of life are not sufficient for that purpose — by the case of the first, the aboriginal church, and the example of the Apostles. Jesus prescribed no form that we know, and none was needed so long as the Master himself was present, the fountain-head and lord of life, to fill and to bind the Church of his disciples. Its organization was then spontaneous, life from the living source pervading the whole, a flowing articulation from moment to moment of thought and love. But no sooner was the Master withdrawn than his followers began to organize at once both worship and life, and we find them in those first days joining in litanies, choosing officers, assigning functions, establishing a commonwealth, and holding councils. The Holy Spirit which was poured upon them took to itself an organic body, and became articulate in forms and rites. And from that time to this, formal worship, liturgical devotion, and ecclesiastical organization have been co-ordinate, or nearly so, with the Christian name. Whatever exceptions there may be but confirm the rule. If any movement of dissent from the doctrine and practice of a given church has failed to organize devotion and action, it has passed away, or is passing; it has been absorbed, or is destined to be absorbed, by other sects, in which the vital principle is more energetic and organific. A church without a ritual, without symbols and sacraments and a corporate organism, as a permanent institution, is an impossibility, a contradiction in terms. The religious sentiment, it is true, is spontaneous and eternal; in one form or another it will always exist where man exists; but this spontaneous religion, unfixed and uncertain, may so degenerate as to be-

come an evil rather than a good. There is no absolute religion for man, but only particular, given religions. And any particular religion, as the Christian, for example, preserves its identity by means of symbols, without which what is Christian this year may turn to heathen the next. Religion craves expression, — a permanent religion a stated expression, a common religion a common worship and common rites. In other words, religion requires a church for its exponent, and a church requires a ritual for its medium, and a corporate organism for its conservation. The individual may feel no want of symbol or sacraments, and no satisfaction in them. It is because the religious sentiment in him is imperfectly developed, or not of the genuine Christian type. And though the individual may do without them, a church cannot. A fatal weakness inheres in the church that wants or neglects them; its doom is writ, its dissolution is sure. A true church with other requirements and belongings will have and cherish this southern side of ritual worship, this southern principle of organic life; and however its antecedents and its exigencies may forbid the tropical luxuriance of the Church of Rome, where ritual runs to mummery and organization to despotism, it will reverence at least and hold fast whatever in the way of symbol and rite belongs by tradition to its proper constitution.

These four, represented by and representing the fourfold completeness of the spiritual horizon, east, west, north, and south, stability and progress, ideal and ritual, are the cardinal constituents of a true church. To which we must add, as the complement and crown of the whole, the Charity which binds and pervades and harmonizes all, — that supreme grace of the Christian dispensation, love manifest in works of social reform, in ministrations to the poor and suffering, in health to the sick, and light to them that sit in darkness, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. The church in which these elements unite is a broad church, though numbering its disciples not by millions, but by hundreds or by tens. A holy catholic church it is, though the smallest sect in Christendom, and excommunicated by all the rest. I believe in the Broad Church thus defined. According to the creed of the Fathers, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," — not that which

consists in masses and indulgences, in manipulations and genuflexions, and infallibility and a breaden God, but that which consists in faith and progress and devotion and love. Let each church labor in its place and kind to develop and assert this catholicity, and the boundary lines which divide the sects shall be washed clean out in the gracious life that shall flood them all, and fuse them all into one prevailing kingdom of God, whose unshut gates shall exclude none that desire to enter, and where east and west and north and south shall meet in peace and join in praise.

Art. V. — WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR.

"*Woman's Right to Labor,*" *or Low Wages and Hard Work. In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November*, 1859. By Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.

We have already signified our interest in these spirited Lectures, and our satisfaction with the way in which the author has performed her work. Here is not only a mass of facts, showing the evils to which women are already subjected in our large cities, but there is a mass of practical suggestion, meeting the terrible question, "What are you going to do about it?" before which most philanthropists stumble and fall. We learn that the book will probably go to a new edition soon, — and to that edition we wish to call attention by a few extracts which our space did not permit in January.

We will say, very frankly, at the outset, that we are glad we have these three arrows tied together, instead of the quiver-full of twelve, from which Mrs. Dall discharged them.

"More than two years ago, I conceived the thought of twelve lectures, to be written concerning Woman; to embrace, in four series of three each, all that I felt moved to say in relation to her interests. No one knew better than myself, that they would be only 'twelve baskets of fragments gathered up;' but I could not distrust the Divine Love

which still feeds the multitudes, who wander in the desert, with 'five loaves and two small fishes.'

"Nine of these lectures have now been offered to my audiences. In the first three, I stated Woman's claim to a civil position, and asked that power should be given her, under a professedly republican government, to protect herself. In them I thus stated the argument on which I should proceed: 'The right to education — that is, the right to the eduction or drawing-out of all the faculties God has given — *involves* the right to a choice of vocation; that is, the right to a choice of the end to which those faculties shall be trained. The choice of vocation necessarily *involves* the protection of that vocation, — the right to decide how far legislative action shall control it; in one word, the right to the elective franchise.'

"Proceeding upon this logical formula, I delivered, in 1858, a course of lectures stating 'Woman's Claim to Education;' and this season I have condensed my thoughts upon the freedom of vocations into the three following lectures. There are still to be completed three lectures on 'Woman's Civil Disabilities.' I should prefer to unite the twelve lectures in a single publication; but reasons of imperative force have induced me to hurry the printing of these 'Essays on Labor.'" — *Preface*, pp. v., vi.

This list of the four series, of three each, suggests the hackneyed quotation, which applies to almost everything,

> "Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosæ
> Addiderant, rutili tris ignis et alitis austri."

It originally described the materials of Jupiter's thunderbolts, and, as we remember the off-hand translation of a Phi-Beta dinner table, may be read thus: —

> "Three parts were raging fire and three were whelming flood,
> But three were thirsty cloud and three were empty wind."

The three lectures before us, on Women's Right to Labor, and those which are to come on their Civil Disability before the Law, involve questions of first-rate practical importance. The more they are discussed, the better for all parties, and the sooner will daylight come. These are the fire questions and the water questions. But on the other hand, — while the whole question of the right of suffrage is where it is, — no one principle regarding it so settled, but that in every Congress, Parliament, and Convention its principles are discussed

anew, — we confess to some satisfaction at any check of the discussions about its details. We are glad in this case that any "reasons of imperative force" have held back a plea for extending to women a duty, the grounds of which for anybody are, as yet, left very vague and undetermined.

We may say nearly the same thing of Mrs. Dall's plea for more book-learning for women, which we should have had in the education lectures. Take the States of this country which make any provision for "education," and the women get, for their sins, a great deal more of it than the men. Indeed, one of the most serious difficulties in the questions regarding the place of women, with us, is that resulting from the fact, that, while most boys go to work at fifteen and leave school, most girls keep at school some years longer. Till we have adjusted all the follies which spring out of this want of adaptation, we may well shrink from any plans which propose more book-learning for the girls, — more massacres of more innocents. We have such reasons for calling the education lectures and the suffrage lectures "the thirsty cloud" "and the empty wind" of the thunderbolt.

The three lectures before us are spirited, practical, very exciting and entertaining. The first is entitled, rather melodramatically, "Death or Dishonor;" the second, "Verify your Credentials;" the third, "The Opening of the Gates." Of the first we quote the conclusion, because it states the result of the argument, and will prepare our readers for the second and the third.

"I have shown you that a very large number of women are compelled to self-support; that the old idea, that all men support all women, is an absurd fiction; and, if you require other evidence than mine, you may find it in the English courts, under the working of the new Divorce Bill. Nearly all the women who have applied for divorces have proved that the subsistence of the family depended upon them. Out of six million of British women over twenty-one years of age, one half are industrial in their mode of life, and more than two millions are self-supporting in their industry, like men. Put this fact fully before your eyes.

"Driven to self-support, you have seen, also, that low wages and comparatively few and over-crowded avenues of labor compel women

to vicious courses for their daily bread. The streets of Paris, London, Edinburgh, New York, and Boston tell us the same painful story; and in glaring, crimson letters rises everywhere the question, — 'Death or dishonor?' I have shown you that there is encouragement for moral effort, because these women escape from vice as fast as they find work to do. 'Have they strength for the conflict?' you ask, 'or desire to enter such fields?' Find your answer in what they have done from the earliest ages, with the foot of Confucius and Vishnu, of capital and interest, upon their necks. In the lovely lives of Bertha and Ann Gurney, and the powerful attraction of Sarah Scofield, you have found pleasanter pictures whereon to rest your eyes. Let no man taunt woman with inability to labor, till the coal-mines and the metal-works, the rotting cocoons and fuzzing-cards, give up their dead; till he shares with her, equally at least, the perils of manufactures and the press of the market. As partners, they must test and prove their comparative power." — pp. 57 – 59.

The second lecture points out to women themselves the necessity of a training more efficient than they generally choose to receive; the truth is, that in their choice made in early life is the greatest difficulty in this difficult question. Why are not more women engravers, painters, printers, or, if you please, sailors or farmers, or, yet again, clerks, physicians, lawyers, or ministers? The prime answer to this question is, that at the age of twelve or thirteen, when for most men the choice of a calling in life is practically made, most girls, and the parents of most girls, have other dreams than those which involve a seven years' apprenticeship to any vocation. At thirty years old, it is perfectly true that there is many a woman who wishes she were trained in some calling which requires years of preliminary drill and drudgery, but she is too late in her choice. At this age she enters into competition with the boys, who have always known that they must earn their living, and who begin at fourteen their training for it. The inevitable consequence is, that the women who want work are forced into those lines of life which need only short apprenticeships, and it is their competition with each other in these few walks which brings down so ruinously the rates of their wages. Mrs. Dall understands this as no other writer whom we have met with. From among her illustrations we copy the following passages: —

"It was one of the most distinguished of our female merchants — Martha Buckminster Curtis — who planted, in Framingham, the first potatoes ever set in New England; and you will start to hear that our dear and honored friend Ann Bent entered on her business career so long ago as 1784, at the age of sixteen. She first entered a crockery-ware and dry-goods firm; but, at the age of twenty-one, established herself in Washington, north of Summer Street, where we remember her. She soon became the centre of a happy home, where sisters, cousins, nieces, and young friends received her affectionate care. The intimacy which linked her name to that of Mary Ware is fresh in all our minds. What admirable health she contrived to keep we may judge from the fact, that she dined at one brother's table on Thanksgiving Day for over fifty years. She was the valued friend of Channing and Gannett; and her character magnified her office, ennobled her condition, gave dignity to labor, and won the love and respect of all the worthy. Less than two years ago, at the age of ninety, she left us; but I wished to mention both her and Miss Kinsley in this connection, because they were the first women in our society to confer a merchantable value upon taste.

"Instead of importing largely themselves, they bought of the New York importers the privilege of selection, and always took the prettiest and nicest pieces out of every case. As they paid for this privilege themselves, so they charged their customers for it, by asking a little more on each yard of goods than the common dealer.

"I know nothing for which it is pleasanter to pay than for taste. When time is precious (and to all serious people it soon becomes so), it is a comfort to go to one counter, sure that in ten minutes you can purchase what it would take a whole morning to winnow from the countless shelves of the town.

"Scientific pursuits cannot be said to be fairly opened to women here. The two ladies employed on the Coast Survey were employed by special favor, and probably on account of near relationship to the gentleman who had charge of the department of latitudes and longitudes. Their work is done at home. Some years ago, Congress made an appropriation for an American Nautical Almanac, and Lieutenant Davis was appointed to take charge of it. Three ladies were at one time employed upon the lunar tables. Lieutenant Davis told one of them that he preferred the women's work, because it was quite as accurate, and much more neat, than the men's. In 1854, Maria Mitchell was employed in computing for this almanac, with the same salary that would be given to a man. I may say, in this connection, that a great many extra female clerks have been employed in Washington for

many years. The work has generally been obtained by women who had lost a husband or a father in the service of his country; and, I am proud to say, such women have usually been paid the same wages as men. During Mr. Fillmore's administration, two women wrote for the Treasury, on salaries of twelve hundred and fifteen hundred dollars a year; but the succeeding administration reformed this abuse, and very few are now at work." — pp. 93 – 97.

If Mrs. Dall will drive up her young friends of thirteen and fourteen to begin then to "verify their credentials," she will have struck at the root of the whole difficulty.

In "The Opening of the Gates," — the third lecture, — she points out, in a feminine and practical way, the points where they may make a beginning. She adapts her suggestions to the city of Boston, where she delivers them; but they will be found equally applicable in every large city of America. She acknowledges that she is discussing evils which belong to town life chiefly; but she shows distinctly that they have their close relations with the condition and position of women in the social order of our farming regions.

If the women who are pale and nervous because they "want a mission," will give some personal experiment to some of the suggestions made here, they will be more like to forget their difficulties than they will in the fetichism which worships any neighboring minister, — or in the desperation that drives them through one "season" more of gay social life, — or in any course of reading, which can be laid down by the nearest accessible philosopher. It is refreshing to step out from the accustomed discussions on the possibilities of the sex, to something which savors as much of Araby the blest as Mrs. Dall's discussions of fig-paste and candied fruits. And we will close our specimens of her agreeable book by this tempting morsel for the sweet teeth which remain to our readers.

"When I mentioned wood-carving to women, I was thinking, in part, of the immense annual demand for Christmas presents. In this connection, also, I should like to direct the attention of our rural women to the art of preserving and candying fruit. 'But that is nothing new,' you will say. 'Did not your Massachusetts census for 1845 enumerate certain picklers and preservers?' Yes; but those women were merely in the employ of men carrying on large estab-

lishments. What I would suggest is a domestic manufacture to compete with French candies, and to occupy the minds of our farmers' wives and daughters, to the exclusion of shirt-fronts and shoe-binding.

"Every one of us, probably, fills more than one little stocking, on Christmas night, with candied fruit. If we belong to the 'first families,' and wish to do the thing handsomely, this fruit has cost from seventy-five cents to a dollar a pound; we knowing, all the while, that better could be produced for half or two thirds the money. Last year, I purchased one pound of this candy, and examined it with practical reference to this question. Plums, peaches, cherries, apples, and pears, all tasted alike, and had evidently been boiled in the same syrup. Apple and quince marmalades alone had any flavor. Now our farmers' daughters could cook these fruits so as to preserve their flavor, could candy them and pack them into boxes, quite as well as the French *men;* and so a new and important domestic industry might arise. The experiment would be largely profitable as soon as all risk of mistake were over; and perishable fruit at a distance from market could be used in this way. A few years ago, we had a rare conserve from Constantinople and Smyrna, called fig-paste. Now we have a mixture of gum Arabic and flour, flavored with essences; made for the most part at Westboro, and called by the same name. Yes, we actually have fig-paste, spicy with winter-green and black-birch! Now, what is to prevent our farmers' daughters from making this? — from putting up fruits in air-tight cans, and drying a great many kinds of vegetables that cannot be had now for love or money? Who can get Lima beans or dried sweet-corn, that does not dry them from his own garden?

"Do not let our medical friends feel too indignant if I recommend to these same women the manufacture of pickles. The use of pickles, like the use of wine, may be a questionable thing; but, like liquors, they are a large article of trade: and, if we must have them, why not have them made of wholesome fruit, in good cider-vinegar, with a touch of the grandmotherly seasoning that we all remember, rather than of stinted gherkins, soured by vitriol and greened by copper? There are many sweet sauces, too, — made of fruit, stewed with vinegar, spice, and sugar, — which cannot be obtained in shops, and would meet a good market. How easy the whole matter is, may be guessed from this fact, that, sitting once at a Southern table, — the table of a genial grand-nephew of George Washington, who bore his name, — I was offered twenty-five kinds of candied fruit, all made by the delicate hands of his wife; and seven varieties in form and flavor, from the common tomato." — pp. 137 – 140.

Art. VI. — JOHN CALVIN.

1. *Leaders of the Reformation.* (Art. *John Calvin.*) By John Tulloch, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.
2. *The Life and Times of John Calvin.* By Paul Henry, D. D. Translated from the German by Henry Stebbings, D. D., F. R. S. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1854.
3. *The Life of John Calvin.* By Thomas H. Dyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1850.
4. *History of the Life, Works, and Doctrines of John Calvin.* By J. M. V. Audin. Translated from the French by Rev. John McGill. Baltimore: John Murphy.
5. *Westminster Review.* (Art. *Calvin at Geneva.*) No. 137. July, 1858.

Ample materials for a true understanding and just appreciation of the labors and merits of Calvin are now before the American reader. Henry's Life is a rich *placer*, rather than available metal. It contains ore which will amply reward the careful miner. He has given us two huge, ill-arranged, and not very readable volumes, full of the results of patient research, and bearing everywhere the marks of two very different sentiments, — a genuine love of truth and a thoroughness of idolatry for his hero not common even in biographers. The result is, that you have for the most part the real facts, from which you may form your own judgment; and you have also extravagant theories and special pleadings, from whose influence you must sedulously guard yourself. Dyer's work, on the contrary, is clear, methodical, quite interesting, and, though neither so full nor profound as the former, apparently free from the influence of prejudice. Audin gives us the Romish view. His book is abusive without being vigorous; bitter and not witty; full of the parade of original research, yet carrying no conviction. Its chief value consists in furnishing an antidote to Henry's undue adulation. Tulloch's article is a popular sketch, on the whole marked by a candid and liberal spirit, but from its brevity necessarily omitting the consideration of some points of largest interest and importance. The article in the Westminster Review, entitled "Calvin at

Geneva," is a very ingenious attempt to prove that Calvin's destruction of liberty at Geneva was the salvation of liberty in Western Europe. Overstating the value of the Reformer's really great influence, and apparently overlooking other forces which existed independently of him and would have worked out their results had he never lived, the author draws from the acknowledged premise that theological dissent providentially widened into political rebellion, the enormous and questionable inference that Calvin was the great bulwark of freedom, against which the waves of tyranny beat in vain. For those who wish to study Calvin's own words, we have the excellent edition of his great work, published by the Presbyterian Board of Education, and translations of all or most of his Commentaries. So that without reference to the more minute works in French and Latin, the English reader possesses the means of forming an intelligent judgment concerning the character and work of the great Reformer.

The time of Calvin's appearance was auspicious. The Reformation had passed through its first stage. A great spiritual movement had been successfully inaugurated. What the age now wanted most was a man who could give a spiritual direction to the discordant energies and aspirations of the times. Emphatically that man was John Calvin. Differ as we may in our estimate of his character and works, no one can doubt his ability to give wide and permanent sway to his own ideas of truth. A man bold in the fields of theological inquiry rather than in the actual conflict of man with man; by nature a recluse; his proper weapon the pen, and not the sword or the eloquent tongue; lacking the fiery courage which impelled Luther to go forward when the bravest might well draw back; lacking too the kindling warmth and genial sympathies of the Saxon,—he yet had qualities which especially fitted him to meet and satisfy the great religious demand of the age. Not indeed a great original discoverer in the realms of truth, he was gifted with a mind vigorous, precise, and logical, and which shrank from no deduction of his reason, however terrible; with a persistent will which nothing could daunt or turn; and, above all, with that power of classification,

which out of the fragmentary thoughts of more creative minds builds up a system logically coherent. He put in clear light, and bound together with strong bands of argument, and marshalled in battle array, the ideas which men were blindly cherishing, and which were shaking to their foundations the strong walls of church and state; and so his private life penetrates into and becomes a part of the public life.

Of the early days of John Calvin we know but little. That he was born at Noyon, Picardy, July 10, 1509; that his father, Gerhard Calvin, was a man of severe character and more than ordinary probity and intelligence; that his mother was profoundly religious after the fashion of her Church, and sought zealously to impress her Catholic piety upon her son, praying with him, often beneath the open sky; — these few, scanty hints comprise all we know of the parentage and childhood of this remarkable man. He owed his education to the bounty of the noble De Mommor family of Picardy. By their kindness he was saved from the hardships incident to a poor student's experience. Under their roof he was domesticated. With their sons he went to Paris to pursue his studies. From their patronage he received early preferment. At first, he was destined for the Church, and indeed was appointed chaplain of the cathedral of Noyon at the early age of twelve years, and a little later began to preach, — a fact which he records with boyish exultation. But the portentous aspect of theological affairs and the parental ambition awakened by his extraordinary mental vigor conspired to work an entire change in his father's purpose, and, in obedience to the paternal command, he abruptly quitted the study of theology and entered a school of law at Orleans. Here he made such progress in his new vocation, that, when the question of the legality of the marriage of Henry VIII. was submitted to the learned bodies of Europe, Calvin, then only twenty-one, was personally consulted, and gave a written opinion favorable to the monarch's wishes. His later career as legislator at Geneva proves that this legal training was not lost upon him. Nay, the marks of that training may be found written deep in a character, whose prevailing tendency and weakness was a disposition to limit the range of thought, and to confine the warm, gushing, re-

ligious sentiments, which are in their very nature liberal and expansive, within the narrow bounds of technical precedents and dogmatic creeds.

In these student years the characteristics of his later life appear sharply defined. A stern censor of morals in the schools, as afterwards at Geneva, he rebuked with unsparing severity the vices of his comrades. A bitter enemy declares that his fellow-students at Orleans called him "Monsieur Accusatif," scornfully saying, "John knows how to decline as far as the Accusative case." He was always laborious. Withdrawing from society, maintaining the most abstemious habits, devoting his days and the larger portion of his nights to arduous and systematic study, he reaped the natural fruits of such a course, — exact erudition and a shattered physical frame.

Biographers have not failed to notice the wide difference between the youthful experience of Calvin and that of his great compeer, Luther. While young Martin, in the hut of the poor miner, was early inured to hardship; or in the village school, brutally beaten by a savage pedagogue, was painfully acquiring the rudiments of knowledge; or begging from house to house; or singing in hamlets and villages for bread, — Calvin, received into a noble family and enjoying a tender and even aristocratic nurture, wandered at will through the fertile fields of knowledge. This experience had its influence. It gave him those scholarly habits and that nice adjustment and balance of the faculties so essential to the dialectician. It could not give him that glorious nature of Luther's, in sympathy with all humanity. It could not give him those tumultuous passions, those gentle, home affections, nor that lyric fire and eloquence, which made Luther in the presence of men the mightiest of the sons of God. Courage he had; but not that courage which courts danger, not that courage which rides and controls the turbulent waves of popular agitation. His courage sprang rather from an inflexible will ruling a timid nature. In obedience to that will he could encounter any danger, and with unflinching vigor compel a whole city to bend to his fixed purpose. But not of choice. To the last, his recluse habits and aristocratic refinement clung to him. His true field was his study; his natural companions were books.

At the age of twenty-one he stood to the worldly eye in an enviable position. At a period when most young men are looking forward to the future with anxiety and doubt, his success was secure. He had a mind of rare clearness and force. His legal attainments were acknowledged. He was sure of patronage. Yet even then influences were at work which were to call him away from the peaceful triumphs of a prosperous legal career to stormier scenes and a more transcendent success. The Romanist, Audin, says, that as early as the age of fourteen he had read the pestilent works of Luther, and lost the repose of faith. But of this there is no proof. Certain it is, however, that at the age of nineteen he met Pierre Robert Olivetain, a relative, a translator of the Holy Scriptures, and a Protestant, who did much to unsettle his faith in Catholicism. And at Bourges, whither he went from Orleans, he was confirmed in the new doctrine and diverted from the study of the law by the arguments and counsels of Melchior Wolmar, the Greek Professor. "Do you know," said he to his pupil one evening as they were taking their usual walk, "that your father has mistaken your vocation? It will do for Alciata to preach law, and for me to spout Greek; but give yourself up to theology, the mistress of the sciences." Calvin recognized the wisdom of the advice. It is probable that before the death of his father he preached secretly. It is certain that immediately after that event he abandoned his legal studies, came to Paris, and gave himself wholly to the ministry, preaching with great zeal to the few Protestants who gathered by stealth for worship in that city.

In 1533 Calvin for the first time brought upon himself the open displeasure of the French authorities. The occasion was this. Nicholas Cap, Rector of the Sorbonne, was to have preached a sermon before the theological faculty of that University on a regular feast-day. Having a leaning toward Protestantism, and perhaps distrusting his own very limited abilities, he employed Calvin to prepare his discourse. That discourse covertly attacked the Catholic Church. The result may be imagined. The Sorbonne was in arms. The aid of the temporal power was invoked. Cap fled to Basle. The

order was given for the arrest of Calvin, whose complicity was suspected. He escaped, as some will have it, by letting himself down from his window by a sheet, and assuming a vine-dresser's frock; and in this disguise, a bag upon his back and a hoe upon his shoulder, taking the road to Noyon; — or, as others, with more probability, assert, by the powerful interposition of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, sister of the king.

For two years he lived the life of a fugitive, through all his wanderings and amid the surging waves of persecution holding fast his faith, quietly extending his influence, pursuing his studies, putting his last touches to his great work, and waiting for the place which Providence was even then preparing for him.

It was during these years of exile that he published the work by which he is most widely known, his Institutes of the Christian Religion. Dedicated to Francis I. in an epistle of such power that it has been included in the list of the Three Remarkable Prefaces, its object was to supply the French Protestants with a systematic manual of doctrine, while at the same time, by a publication of the real opinions of the Reformers, it furnished a refutation of the slanderous accusations of the Papists. Calvin was already widely known, but this work raised him at once to a commanding position. It was not, indeed, on its first appearance, either in fulness or systematic arrangement, what it afterwards became. But its subsequent modifications were changes in form, not in substance; and it is the boast of his admirers, that after the age of twenty-five he never materially changed an opinion. Says Beza, his intimate friend and eulogist, "The doctrine which he held at the first he held to the last." A fact which marks not only his early maturity, but also that characteristic mental rigidity which never permitted him to reopen a question for fresh inquiry, or to see that there could be any ground, either in reason or conscience, for an opinion differing from his own.

It is not our intention to analyze the contents of this book. It is known to all theologians as a body of divinity, comprehensive in its plan, systematic in its construction, logically coherent, full in its illustrations, and whose corner-stone is the doctrine of Predestination, which Calvin has stated with

terrible conciseness, when he says: "In conformity, therefore, to the clear doctrine of Scripture, we assert that, by an eternal and immutable counsel, God hath once for all determined both whom he would admit to salvation, and whom he would condemn to destruction." "For they are not all created with a similar destiny; but eternal life is foreordained for some, and eternal damnation for others." What constitutes a striking peculiarity, and, we had almost said, charm of the work, is the calm, perspicuous language, as far removed from passion and extravagance on the one hand as from timidity and vagueness on the other, with which the author propounds and elucidates doctrines, from which every natural instinct revolts, which lay the axe to the root of every principle of justice, which make God virtually the author of evil and plainly responsible for its continuance, and which destroy all reasonable inducements to struggle against depravity, whether native or acquired. It is instructive to see these terrible and dishonoring views of God and his dealings with men stripped of all sentimental glosses and disguises, and standing forth in their true character. No better remedy can be prescribed to a desponding Liberal Christian than a perusal of Calvin's Institutes. Let such a one take down this book of old divinity, peruse its pages, comprehend its ideas, and then take courage and acknowledge that the world does move. Here is what half a century since was the spiritual food of our churches, as much the milk for babes as it was the meat for strong men. How is it now? Very truly does Tulloch declare, that "the old *Institutio Christianæ Religionis* no longer satisfies, and a new *Institutio* can never replace it. A second Calvin in theology is impossible." Freedom and progress are now the laws of religious life, and will remain so. Some eyes may turn fondly backward, some hearts and pens may desperately resist the current; but they cannot stay it. The fearful and unbelieving may flee the Liberal ranks, and take shelter beneath the shadow of the past; — like the Arctic navigator, they may hope to secure their position by anchoring to vast fields of ice, but meanwhile those very fields, impelled by an irresistible undercurrent, are drifting from their old moorings into temperate climes, to be dissolved by southern breezes and the rays of the sun's full orb.

What gave the Institutes their immediate influence was the fact that they furnished the first systematic expression of the thoughts which were burning in the hearts of those champions of the Reformation. But the book explains its own success. It has rare merits. Calvin apprehended his own position, and he dared to accept the logical consequences of his own premises; and, to crown all, he knew how to present with crystal clearness his exact thought. Of the views of that school of religious philosophy to which he gave the name, no abler exposition has ever appeared.

The time had now come when Calvin's life-work was to assume a definite shape. In the summer of 1536, in the second year of his exile, he visited secretly the home of his childhood, and, having disposed of his little patrimony, bade a final adieu to his native land. His purpose was to go to Basle. But the invasion of Lorraine by the Emperor Charles V. forced him to take a circuitous southern route. In the prosecution of this journey he reached Geneva, proposing to tarry there one night. But his presence was made known to William Farel, who had already preached the doctrines of the Reformation in that city, but whose hot and impulsive character made him unequal to the consolidation of his own work. Farel entreated Calvin to remain and assist him. Calvin replied that "he could not bind himself to one church, for by so doing he should have no time for his own improvement, and that he was not one of those who could be forever giving out and never receiving in." Whereupon Farel, assuming the attitude of an ancient prophet, exclaimed, "Now I declare unto you in the name of Almighty God, to you who only put forth your studies as a pretence, that if you will not help us to carry on the work of God, the curse of God will rest upon you, for you will be seeking your own honor rather than that of Christ." Calvin has himself recorded the impression made by this fearful expostulation. "I was kept at Geneva," he says, "not properly by any express exhortation or request, but rather by the terrible threatenings of William Farel, which were as if God had seized me by his awful hand from heaven." He withdrew his objections, was elected

teacher of theology and preacher, and rose at once to paramount influence.

Geneva, which was henceforth to be the scene of Calvin's labors, was perhaps the most favorable spot for the exercise of his peculiar influence. Situated on the western extremity of the beautiful lake of the same name, just outside the boundary of France, it gave the Reformer all the advantages, while it freed him from all the perils, of a residence in his native country. Nominally a fief of the Empire, and for many years under the sway of a bishop and the Dukes of Savoy, it had three years before, by its own prowess, and by the help of the Canton of Berne, achieved a real independence, and given in an open adhesion to the Reformed faith. In form, its government was republican; in fact, an oligarchy. Its officers were four syndics, — to whom the order and discipline of the city were confided, — an executive council of twenty-five, and a general council of two hundred. In theory, all important questions were under the direct control of the citizens. But as, in practice, nothing came before the citizens which had not received the sanction of the council of two hundred, and as that body undertook only such business as the council of twenty-five approved, it is easy to see in whose hands the real authority was vested. But, as the executive council consisted of the four syndics, chosen annually by the people, of the four retiring syndics, the city treasurer, and sixteen persons elected by the council of two hundred, it might be thought perhaps that this arrangement would practically limit its power. But when we consider that the syndics could be selected only from a meagre list of eight names, submitted to the people by the executive council itself, and that the remaining sixteen members could be elected only from a list of thirty prepared also by the same body, and that the members of the council of two hundred were in fact creatures of the executive council, being nominated and chosen by it, we readily perceive that the barriers to its power were likely to be sufficiently feeble. Indeed, with some limitations growing out of the impossibility of overriding entirely the will of a people trained by long conflicts to freedom, the authority of the executive council was absolute.

What sway it was to rule Geneva. We must bear these facts in

mind if we would understand how Calvin acquired his all-controlling influence.

His position was one of great difficulty. At first he had been received with open arms; but soon a bitter opposition arose. This was due in part to the unsettled condition of affairs, but more to the essential repulsion which existed between the rigid nature of Calvin and the free disposition of the native Genevans. These seem to have been a gay, volatile people, who loved not to look on the stern side of life; who were fond of music and dancing, fond of dress and show; who did not object to a play or cards, nor, it is to be feared, to wine and revelry and the grosser vices. To such a people came John Calvin, a man who despised all these things, — who considered them to be heinous sins; a man of grave manners and austere character, engaged in a work to which he felt everything else must bow. A conflict was inevitable. The nominal causes of discontent were, that the clergy refused to their flock permission to erect in the churches baptismal fonts, to celebrate four feast-days in the year, and to eat unleavened bread at the communion, privileges which were enjoyed by the churches in the neighboring Canton of Berne. The real cause was a desire to throw off that stern church discipline which Calvin would impose upon them; — a discipline which must have pressed with intolerable severity upon such a people; which forbade all dancing and cards, all masquerades and plays; which would have no pomp and festivities at marriages; which doomed the bride herself to imprisonment, if she dared to wear on her wedding-day flowing tresses; and which must have made the whole week seem to the light-hearted Genevese a long Puritan Sabbath. On the points at issue Calvin, with his usual inflexibility, declined all concession. The citizens sought the advice of Berne. The authorities of that town addressed to Calvin and his colleagues a letter, couched in courteous language, recommending conciliation. The advice was spurned. Whereupon the Genevan council passed an order enjoining submission. The preachers refused to obey. The council directly ordered them to administer communion with unleavened bread. They flatly declared that they would not administer the communion at

all to so disorderly and licentious a people. Forbidden to preach, they despised the order, and delivered discourses reflecting severely upon the authorities. At once there was a tumult. Swords were drawn, and the lives of the preachers threatened. The next morning the council commanded them to leave the city within three days. They departed, Calvin saying, "Very well, it is better to serve God than man." At once the fonts were raised, the feasts kept, the unleavened bread eaten, and even greater license of manners prevailed. Rigid as was Calvin's nature, it is idle to suppose that he made a stand at such cost on matters which he himself confessed to be immaterial. Underneath them he saw greater questions;—whether the temporal authorities should interfere in matters of church discipline; and whether too he should relinquish those purposes dear to his heart, and which proposed nothing less than to build at Geneva a Christian commonwealth, based on his own narrow and austere conceptions. On such questions, it was not in the heart of Calvin to bend.

During the three years of his banishment he resided at Strasburg, where he accepted a call as assistant minister. They were busy years, and, so far as his real influence was concerned, not lost years. He devoted himself assiduously to literary labors. He attended the Diets at Frankfort, Worms, and Ratisbon, and came into personal contact with the leaders of the Reformation, and suffered nothing by a comparison of his mind and powers with theirs. At Worms Melancthon conferred upon him the appropriate title of "the theologian." While residing at Strasburg Calvin was married. A biographer has said that "Calvin in love was a peculiar phase in history." And it must be confessed that his feelings were not of that ecstatic kind which takes captive the judgment. On the contrary, he seems to have had a keen eye to his own comfort. In a letter to Farel he says: "I beseech you to bear in mind what I seek in a wife. I am not one of your mad kind of lovers, who doats even upon faults, when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health." If, however, Calvin had few of the transports of a

lover, he manifested what was better, the fidelity and care of a true Christian husband. Of his domestic life we have but few glimpses, but those few are altogether favorable to his character. He ever exhibited a grave affection and kindness, befitting well his serious and reserved character. For years after the death of his wife he deplored her loss with a sober grief, which proved the sincerity and depth of his regard. He had but one son, who died in infancy. His enemies taunted him with his childless state. His answer is pathetic in its simplicity: "Baldwin reproaches me as childless. God gave me a little son; He took him away again."

The way was now opening for his return to Geneva. What ensued in that city after his departure furnishes perhaps the best defence of his course. Released from his stern discipline, a madness seems to have possessed the people. Not only did they return to their old frivolous life; not only did they restore the innocent amusements, the music and the dance, the masquerades and the plays, the gay marriage festivities and similar pleasures; but they plunged more deeply than ever into vice. The streets resounded with blasphemy and indecent songs; and so far did this license go, that persons paraded the streets stark naked, keeping step to martial music. The successors of Calvin, men of moderate talents and not unstained reputations, were powerless. Two, disgusted and disheartened, threw up their commissions. Things went from bad to worse. The city was torn by dissensions. The rival factions met in the streets in bloody conflict. At last a leader of the Artichokes — so the party opposed to Calvin named itself — killed his adversary, and was doomed to death. Another, accused of sedition, in an attempt to escape the officers of justice, jumped from a window and broke his neck. Two more, suspected of treason, fled the city. These things broke the power of the party, until finally the citizens, sick of tumult, sick of violence and impudent lust, ready to bear anything rather than this scourge of sedition and vice, with one consent turned to Calvin for relief.

Calvin came back to Geneva with unfeigned reluctance. We have seen that, though he had an unbending will, his natural disposition was timid, and his tastes such as made

him shrink from scenes of tumult. He plainly foresaw the conflict which his rigid principles made inevitable. "Pardon me," he says, in a frank letter to Farel, "if I do not willingly throw myself again into that whirlpool. When I remember what has passed, I cannot help shuddering at the thought of being compelled to renew the old conflicts." Not until he had received three invitations, and not until he had been subjected to the angry expostulations of his brethren, could he resolve to return.

He came back a conqueror. Not a point had he conceded. Not a word of conciliation had he breathed. He came with his power increased, and with a determination to use that power with no sparing hand. He came, resolved to bend the inconstant Genevans to his will; to root out their gay, vicious life; and to build them up after that stern model which his tastes, his habits, and his conscience alike approved. He established an iron despotism, which not only repressed all free opinion, but took cognizance of daily actions, and even unguarded words. He lost no time in attempting to put into practice his theories of church and state government. Within three days of his return to Geneva he had represented to the council that there was "a necessity for a scheme of discipline agreeable to the word of God and the practice of the ancient Church." What he desired was not progress, but consolidation; not a polity which should encourage fresh inquiry and new advances in the knowledge of truth, but one which should organize and perpetuate those opinions to which he himself had attained, and which he implicitly believed to be in each and every particular a faithful transcript of God's laws. To achieve this end, he sought to establish on an enduring basis a church and state, closely connected in aim, in spirit, and in measures. A church, which in its own province should be strictly independent of the state; but whose mandates should be supported by the civil power. A state, which should not confine itself to matters of temporal interest, to the regulation of social relations, and to the repression of crime and dangerous immorality; but which should punish with unsparing severity the errors of opinion, the private vices, and the in-

dulgence of those innocent customs and recreations which were condemned by the spiritual authorities.

He carried triumphantly through the councils his schemes of church polity. The duties of the church and state were carefully discriminated, and the secular power as carefully excluded from all interference in ecclesiastical matters. The control of the church rested in a consistory, composed of six ministers and twelve laymen, chosen by the council of twenty-five from a list prepared by the clergy. It is a striking evidence of the power of Calvin, that, without any election, he assumed and kept during life the presidency of this body. The power of the consistory extended only to the reprimanding and excommunication of the offenders. If they continued obstinate, they were handed over to the temporal power to receive a punishment, which under Calvin's influence was almost as inevitable as destiny.

Having finished his ecclesiastical labors, he was next called by the council to revise the laws of the state. The direct tendency of his labors was to take the power out of the hands of the people, and to concentrate it in the council of twenty-five. For instance, it had been no uncommon thing to originate business in great public meetings; now nothing was to be transacted there, or even at the meetings of the council of two hundred, which had not first been sanctioned by the all-powerful council of twenty-five. Previous to his coming, these citizens' meetings could be called at the request of any member of the council of two hundred; now, such a request was of itself considered to be an evidence of a seditious spirit. The influence of Calvin was felt, too, in the increasing severity of the laws, whose rigor grew every year more intolerable, and whose widening application threatened to take from the citizens all freedom even in the minutiæ and most private interests of life. That influence was nearly omnipresent, as well as all-powerful, at Geneva. "One reads," says his admiring biographer and eulogist, "with astonishment, essays in his handwriting on questions of pure administration, on all kinds of matters of police, on modes of protection from fire, as well as instructions for the inspectors of buildings, for the artillery superintendent, and for the keepers of the watch-towers."

And he adds, "If Calvin therefore considered a new law necessary, he appeared before the council and demanded it in the name of the consistory;" so that in a literal, rather than a figurative sense, it has been said that "he was the main-spring of the Genevese republic, which set all its wheels in motion."

That such an authority was not attained without opposition may be readily believed. For years a powerful party struggled desperately against his increasing authority, sometimes with a prospect of success, but generally overmatched by his superior genius and perseverance. At length, in 1556, rising against him, four of its members were executed, the rest banished, their property confiscated, and the mention of their return made a capital offence. What were the real character and principles of this party it is not easy to determine with any definiteness. Their enemies have written their history; and the title of Libertines, with which those enemies stigmatized them, yet clings to their memory. That all those uneasy and reckless spirits, who hated Calvin's yoke because he repressed their vicious inclinations, contributed to swell the numbers of the party, is probable. That a few entered its ranks whose opinions struck at the root of all religious faith, and all personal virtue, and even of all social safety, is also probable. But that the leaders as a body were men of intelligence, rectitude, and noble aims, — men who sighed for rational freedom and for a just influence in civic affairs, — is still more evident. They had risked their fortunes and their lives in a conflict with the Church and with the Dukes of Savoy, to deliver themselves from the burden of superstition and the chains of despotism. And it is not wonderful, that they did not submit easily to a government which robbed them at the same time of personal freedom and of that public consideration which naturally belonged to men who had birth, wealth, culture, and a career spent in their city's service, to recommend them. They sought, not unbridled license, but liberty of thought and speech. Henry, in the midst of a glowing eulogy of Calvin, makes the remarkable admission, that "the Libertines desired nothing but emancipation from

the despotism of Savoy and the establishment of free institutions." What naturally awakened their fears was the fact that Geneva was virtually coming again under a foreign yoke. Refugees from every quarter, driven from their homes by religious persecution, fled thither. They were welcomed by Calvin and his colleagues. Peculiar privileges were conferred upon them. As soon as possible they received the rights of citizenship, as many as three hundred having been enrolled in one day. These men, from gratitude, from interest, and from the sympathy of common opinions, allied themselves closely to Calvin, and warmly supported him in all his measures. Quite early their numbers were sufficiently great to arouse the jealousy of the native Genevese. In the end they so increased as to enable him to drive into exile those who had fought to achieve the freedom of the city, and who had occupied the highest places of trust and influence. The Libertines may have erred in judgment in some of their measures; but in their aspirations for rational freedom, and in their struggles to maintain it, they deserve the sympathy of every liberal mind, and the more, that in that contest they perilled and lost everything.

It is becoming the fashion to speak of John Calvin as a champion of political liberty. Indeed, one of our prominent reformers, one whose whole life has been marked by a rare devotion to the cause of human rights, has taken occasion to use language which has the force of a eulogy on Calvin as the creator or defender of Republicanism. If by this it is meant, that he asserted some principles, which, freed from his general system, and received and interpreted by more liberal minds, and advanced by more enlightened spirits, have yielded the good fruit of personal and political freedom, we allow, though with some doubts, that the position may have foundation in fact. If it is meant that his "Spartan discipline" trained up men who were ready to hurl themselves against kings and nobles, church and state, rather than yield one iota of their convictions; and that thus, amid the chaos of civil war and the wreck of institutions and powers, God's providence evolved, by their instrumentality, the grand principles of personal and national enfranchisement, we shall not deny it.

Nay, we go further, and say, that, inasmuch as the Reformation itself was an uprising against the old and the established order, it was natural for the noble and the privileged to array themselves on one side, while the common people arrayed themselves on the other, often passing from theological rebellion to political rebellion. But, as Hallam has justly remarked, "it is a fallacious view of the Reformation to fancy that it sprung from any notions of political liberty." Still further, as Calvinism was a more radical departure from Romanism than the system established by Luther, this tendency to which we have adverted was likely to be where it prevailed more distinct and influential. But to maintain that Calvinism has always been on the side of freedom, or, with Buckle, that "Calvinism is always democratic and Arminianism aristocratic," is to maintain what is not true. In Holland, for generations, it was not the Calvinists, but the Arminians, who struggled for republican liberty. In Holland it was the Calvinists, allied to Maurice of Nassau, who put to death Barneveldt, whose unstained character and freedom from all suspicion of selfish aims, and whose fifty years of undeviating attachment to the principles of political and religious liberty and untiring labor for their advancement, made him the very impersonation of rational patriotism. It is in New England, where Arminianism and the spirit of Liberal Christianity have wrought most powerfully on religious opinions, on literature and social life, that the spirit of democracy rises highest and the hatred of oppression is most profound and vehement. It is in the South, whose theology bears the decided impress of Calvinism, that aristocracy the proudest and slavery the most cruel are cherished institutions. Certainly there is no necessary alliance between the rigid formula and the principles of human equality and freedom. Especially to affirm that Calvin himself was by conviction a republican, or that he felt one throb of sympathy for human freedom in any large and generous sense, is to affirm that which has not the shadow of a foundation in fact. He of all men would have repelled it as an aspersion. By nature he was a despot; by taste, a monarchist; by conviction, an oligarchist. In fact, he established an unmitigated despotism. When he had fin-

ished his work at Geneva, he left her citizens but little either of political, religious, or personal freedom. In his Institutes he maintains the divine right of kings and the duty of passive obedience. In his chapter on Civil Government he thus expresses his views: "It has happened in almost all ages that some princes, regardless of everything to which they ought to have directed their attention, give themselves up to their pleasures in indolent exemption from every care; others, absorbed in their own interest, expose for sale all laws, privileges, rights, and judgments; others plunder the public of wealth, which they afterwards lavish in mad prodigality; others commit flagrant outrages, pillaging houses, violating virgins and matrons, and murdering infants. Many cannot be persuaded that such ought to be acknowledged as princes, whom as far as possible they ought to obey." "But if we direct our attention to the word of God, it will carry us much further: even to submit to the government, not only of those princes who discharge their duty to us with becoming integrity and fidelity, but of all who possess the sovereignty, even though they perform none of the duties of their function." Again: "If we have this constantly present to our eyes and impressed upon our hearts, that the most iniquitous kings are placed upon their thrones by the same decree by which the authority of all kings is established, those seditious thoughts will never enter our minds, that a king is to be treated according to his merit, and that it is not reasonable for us to be subject to a king who does not on his part perform toward us those duties which his office requires." Language could hardly convey a more complete assertion of the divine right of kings, and the duty of passive obedience on the part of the governed. Any oppression, however intolerable, might find a shelter beneath so broad an apology. Charles I. and Strafford, and not Vane and Hampden, the Cavaliers, and not the Roundheads, are the true exponents of such a doctrine. The legitimate tendency of such language was early perceived. Sir Dudley Digges, the fit representative of a father who was a smooth patriot under James I., and as smooth a courtier under his son, in a work entitled "The Unlawfulnesse of Subjects taking up Armes against their Soveraigne, in what

Case soever," quotes Calvin to sustain his servile arguments. And Calvin's admiring biographer frankly acknowledges that he had no love for the republican form of government, and makes it a reason for eulogy that he did not, like Knox, give to Protestantism a political tendency. It is true that Calvin limits his general position so far as regards religious opinions and duties. But even here he so carefully guards his statement, that no oppression, however intolerable, or crime, however monstrous, would justify either active resistance or secret plots. So that if any one believes, that, in theory or in fact, Calvin was a champion of freedom, he must do it in opposition to the testimony both of the Reformer's words and his practice.

Consider for a moment what his practice was, for in that we have an ample illustration of the spirit and meaning of the theory. The government, civil and ecclesiastical, which he established at Geneva, or which was established there under his influence, realizes, in a broader sense than the author used it, what Hallam has said, that "the Reformation was but a change of masters." We have already seen that, so far as Calvin meddled with the framework of the government, he did so only that he might take the control of affairs out of the hands of the many and place it in the hands of the few. And the regulations which those few enacted were of the most vexatious and tyrannical nature, violating the rights of conscience and the right of private judgment in matters of a purely personal nature. Here are a few of them. He who absented himself from church was fined. If one was sick three days and failed to give notice to the ministers, he was liable to be punished. Dancing, cards, masquerades, and the wearing of tresses or clothing not according to the church pattern, were met by imprisonment or the scourge; the pleasant vices of the Genevans, by death. In 1546 one Chapuis was imprisoned four days, because he persisted in calling his child Claude, instead of Abraham as the minister required; and because he said that he would rather that his child went fifteen years unchristened than accept the name. Ami Perrin, who more than once filled the highest offices of the state, had been active in securing Calvin's recall. The wife and father-in-law

of this man were imprisoned for dancing. To a remonstrance against this degrading treatment, Calvin broadly intimated, that they might seek a home elsewhere if they pleased, but while at Geneva would have to submit to such regulations; an answer which, coming from a foreigner to those who had been largely instrumental in securing the city's freedom, and from one who had derived from them much of the very power by which he crushed them, must have been sufficiently galling. And what made the yoke of Genevan bondage yet more bitter was the system of espionage which caught up and reported every unguarded word or act.

The most remarkable feature, however, of Genevan administration was the severity with which any disrespect to Calvin was punished. Berthelier was excommunicated, because he said that he thought that he was as good a man as Calvin. A lady of Ferrara for a similar offence was forced to beg pardon of God and man, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours on pain of being beheaded. And these are not solitary instances, but the like were of almost daily occurrence. The culmination of this form of tyranny was seen in the case of Pierre Ameaux, himself a member of the council of two hundred. This man at a party in his own house, under the influence of wine, was foolish enough to say "that Calvin was a wicked man, and only a Picard." For this offence he was arrested and lay in jail two months; when, confessing his fault, and upon the payment of a fine amounting to sixty dollars, he was released. Whereupon Calvin, deeply incensed, came before the council, attended by the clergy, and demanded a revision of the sentence, saying, "there was an end of all discipline, if matters were thus dealt with." Ameaux was re-arrested, forced to make the *amende honorable*, marching through the town in his shirt, with bare head, torch in hand, and concluding by falling on his knees and expressing his contrition. Are we reading the annals of some irresponsible Oriental despotism? Even the inflexible Frederic of Prussia was willing that his subjects should say what they pleased, while he did what he pleased.

But the despotic character of Genevan policy was most clearly displayed in its treatment of religious opinions. In

this respect no liberty was allowed. To fall away from the state religion was to lose the rights of citizenship and to assume the character of a criminal. Calvin's view, no doubt conscientiously adopted, was, that whoever opposed God's truth deserved punishment, and might be justly removed by banishment, and if necessary by death. His mind, which never knew the doubts and changes which disturb the experience of most, considered all opinions differing from his own to be the offspring of impudence or petulance or madness. "If any man should call in question," says he, "the existence of Plato, or Aristotle, or Cicero, who would deny that such madness ought to receive corporal punishment?" "Those who despise the honor of God must be punished with the sword," is his axiom. Such were the principles on which he acted; and the history of Geneva for twenty-five years was a commentary on these views.

Look at some of the results of this entire abrogation of free inquiry. Jerome Bolsec had fled from Paris on account of religious opinions, and established himself as a physician at Geneva. He seems to have been a man of character and some intellectual force; and succeeded at any rate in securing the confidence of the leading citizens and of Calvin himself. Soon, however, he expressed in private doubts of the doctrine of predestination. He was admonished, but remained unconvinced. He crowned his offence by a public declaration of his opinions. Taking advantage of a custom, which permitted even laymen to make remarks upon religious discourses, he rose in the church of St. Andrew, after a sermon on the doctrine of Election, and put the following very pertinent questions: "How can you believe that God has determined the lot of every man before his birth, destining this one to sin and punishment, and that one to virtue and eternal reward? Would you make God, the eternal and righteous one, a senseless tyrant? Would you rob virtue of its glory, free vice from its shame, and the wicked from the terrors of conscience?" For this he was brought before the council, and, refusing to retract, was banished. Calvin's own recorded words make it at least probable that only the interposition of the ministers of Berne saved Bolsec from the penalty of death, or at least that of

imprisonment for life; and this, too, when apparently on all points, except the dark and mysterious question of God's decrees, he was in perfect agreement with the Genevan church.

The second case is still more interesting. Sebastian Castellio, at the request of Calvin, came to Geneva, and became rector of the high school. He was a man of profound culture, a scholar among scholars, with a devotion to learning which neither misfortune, poverty, nor hunger could cool, — a man of a gentle temper and a liberality which raised him high above his age. This man in an evil day left the serene walks of literature to enter the theological arena. He maintained that Solomon's Song was an amatory poem, and not deserving a place in the Canon; especially adverting to the seventh chapter. He added to his offence by doubting the truth of that horrible dogma of Calvin's by which he asserts that Jesus not only suffered corporeally on the cross, but went down into hell, and there in his soul endured the dreadful torments of condemned spirits. Calvin angrily expostulated with him; and he retorted with warmth, severely reflecting upon the selfish and unjust course of Calvin and his colleagues. The council unceremoniously banished him. The closing scenes of Castellio's life are full of sadness. Poverty came upon him like an armed man. With eight children to support by his pen, he was forced to go with the poor of Basle to the side of the river, hook in hand, to fish up, if might be, driftwood to warm his desolate home. But all was unavailing. He perished of cold and hunger. Living in an age when the true principles of religious freedom were not so much as dreamed of by most, he needs no higher eulogium than has been bestowed upon him by an enthusiastic defender of Calvin in the guise of criticism: "Castellio continued all his life through the same noble but absurd defender of unlimited toleration." The language with which he replies to the attacks of his opponent and persecutor, who had not hesitated to heap upon him opprobrious epithets, and who had not respected even his misery, but had distorted that unhappy necessity which drove him to depend upon the river's bounty into thefts, is full of gentleness and dignity. "Were I as truly all these things as I really am not, yet it ill becomes so learned a man as yourself, the

teacher of so many others, to degrade so excellent an intellect by so foul and sordid abuse."

We shrink from the mention of the case of Michael Servetus. Every true friend of Calvin, every one who believes that he had some of the elements of the highest greatness and virtue, must wish that this foul spot could be erased from the record of the great Reformer's life. We shall not recall the details of the mournful and too familiar story. It concerns us here, not as it illustrates the unchristian temper and deep malignity of Calvin's spirit, but only as it bears on his claim to be regarded as the friend of liberty. It was never pretended that the noble Spaniard had in any way offended against the laws of Geneva. The heresies with which he was charged had been committed under another jurisdiction, and by a subject of the Church of Rome. The unfortunate man was a fugitive from the holds of the Inquisition, seeking shelter in a Protestant city from Romish persecution, when he fell into the hands of a new inquisitor, as remorseless as any who had wielded that office in the elder Church, and infinitely less justifiable.

Calvin's best defence is, that he acted in accordance with the spirit of the age, and that he did no more than many others would have done had they stood in his place. Whether this plea, in itself true, altogether explains his course, or whether his convictions of duty were made more ardent by personal dislike of one who had denied his authority, attacked his opinions, ridiculed his arguments, and doubted his character, we shall not undertake to decide.

The facts to which we have adverted prove incontestably that Calvin was neither in theory nor practice an intelligent supporter of freedom, whether political, religious, or personal. He had no sympathy with the human yearning for untrammelled liberty of thought and action; especially he had little faith in the masses, and by nature was intolerant of opposition. To call him a champion of liberty, or the father of republicanism, is simply to give the reins to the wildest vagaries of fancy, or to the largest license of eulogy. Yet we need not be harsh to the memory of the man. With him, as with many another, the private purpose and the public policy must be divided. Though we cannot place one who was so poorly en-

dowed on the side of his sympathies, and so largely endowed with severity and pride of opinion, in the first rank of Christian manhood, every candid mind must allow that it was from honest conviction that he sustained his doctrines by the scourge and the stake. We can readily understand how Calvin, whose conservative mind never felt the lust of theological roving, whose untempted experience bred but little charity for others' faults, should trample down with grim satisfaction the light and frivolous Genevans, and the lawless theologians, who put in peril his dearest notions of religious truth and church polity. So did those terrible Commonwealth men, before whom went down the delights of life, and under whose iron tramp kings and nobles and prelates alike were ground to the dust. But, whatever we may think of the man, and whatever apology we may find for his manifest faults, we cannot put out of sight his system, his inexorable system, a system which, so far as religious freedom was concerned, was not at all in advance of that Romanism which it superseded, — which, in respect to personal and civil rights, may vie with the most thorough despotism of modern or ancient times. If rational liberty in these later days has made any advance, it is not by help of John Calvin, but in spite of him; and his nominal followers, who have often been in the van of the good fight for man and his privileges, have really discarded the opinions of him by whose name they are known.

It would be unjust to deny that Calvin's career at Geneva had a fairer side, or to doubt that his despotism, intolerable as it was to any free mind, had its compensations. That it was a despotism which had its origin in intense religious convictions, that it was the despotism of a man of pure morals, not to say ascetic habits, is sufficient proof that it could not have been a base and vulgar despotism. Its aims may have been false, its measures unjust, its demands vexatious, and altogether inconsistent with the exercise of private rights; it may have denied all culture to one side of human nature, but it could not have fostered weakness or encouraged vice. If we could allow that a system can ever be permanently a blessing which runs counter to that Divine order by which human virtue must be the result of free choice and a voluntary practice of goodness, then

we might allow that in many respects his sway was beneficial to the native Genevans. This, at least, it did accomplish: it wrought an outward reform. While it destroyed their freedom, and abridged their pleasures, and despised the graces and the arts, it also scourged with unrelenting severity their vices; it enforced an unnatural sobriety, but at the same time gave to their lives more gravity, more vigor, and perhaps more worth. The old Geneva, whose genial life seemed in keeping with the merry Rhone that dances through its streets, was replaced by a new Geneva, whose stern and immovable life was patterned from the cold and icy Alpine peaks which overfrown it. From this stronghold, with none to dispute his sway, surrounded by a social life congenial alike to his feelings and convictions, Calvin toiled through his few remaining years with untiring assiduity, by word and by pen, for the extension of his influence, and the dissemination of his doctrinal views and theocratic order. Thither from every quarter came the exiles in the cause of religion, — men whose indomitable wills and fixed convictions had enabled them to dare the vengeance of power, men originally cast in iron moulds, and whose experience of hardship and oppression had shorn from them the gentler qualities, only to add concentrated energy, and who were thus fitted to receive from Genevan discipline, what it was eminently fitted to impart, fresh intensity of faith, a sterner interpretation of life, and courage hardened to adamant by its Christian fatalism and ascetic training. It would be exaggeration to assert that Calvin moulded these men and sent them forth with his stamp upon them to do his work; for they came to him in the maturity of their strength, with characters brought by a similar experience into sympathy with his own. But he deepened what was already profound, and confirmed what indeed was not wavering. To say what in substance has often been said, that he created the Puritan character, would be equally an exaggeration. That character, like his own, in its virtues and its defects, in its stubborn hardihood and its remorseless severity, in its clear apprehension of heavenly things and its unjust depreciation of earthly things, was a proper result of the intellectual and spiritual struggles, the antagonisms, the perils and the persecutions of the times.

But he of all others consolidated the elements of that character, gave it a definite expression, and so provided for its permanent and increased efficiency. Whether, on the whole, this influence was for man's final good; whether this organized Protestant crusade against free inquiry was a benefit to humanity; or whether it had been better that these great questions, from which man cannot forever shrink, had been then and there pursued to their legitimate conclusions, — are idle questions, — questions which every one will answer according to his private prejudices. This point alone is settled, that among the mightiest of the forces which have affected modern history Calvin takes his place.

The hour was at hand which must come alike to the strong and the weak. His constitution, never vigorous, had been sapped in early life by devotion to study; in later years by manifold labors and the fierce conflicts amid which his maturer years were spent. In 1561 he was forced to sit while preaching. In 1564 this weakness had so increased, that on the 6th of February he preached his last discourse. But he gave himself no rest, persisting to the end, against every remonstrance, in dictating to an amanuensis, saying, "Would you have the Lord find me idle?" On the 27th of March he was carried to the council-chamber; and with bared head and faltering voice thanked them for all their favors, saying, "I feel this is the last time I shall appear in this place." Yet he lingered another month, and on the 28th of April, with unwonted tenderness, gave his last charges to his fellow-laborers. His sufferings, still prolonged, though acute and agonizing, he bore with uncomplaining fortitude, only at intervals lifting his eyes to heaven, and murmuring, "How long, O Lord?" On the 27th of May peacefully he resigned his soul to that God to whose service, with stern and awful sincerity, he had given his best strength.

It is plain to see what constituted the groundwork of his character. He had a dogmatic rather than a catholic nature. He had none of that tendency which deliberates long, and determines only when every side has been duly examined, every point considered, and every difficulty weighed. Espousing the opinions which his prejudices or reason recommended,

he applied to their defence all the resources of an affluent learning and an acute and powerful logic, until his ideas deepened into convictions rigid and unalterable, and a contrary opinion seemed not so much intellectual error as moral perversity; and when we add to this dogmatic mind a will despotic and remorseless, which would not spare himself and which would not spare those who stood in his path, we have all we need to explain what is painful in his career. To his mind, his own ideas were but the earthly expressions of the Divine ideas; and he who doubted or opposed them was wilfully blind or obstinately rebellious, and worthy of any severity of punishment. In reading the annals of his conflicts one looks in vain for the marks of that doubt or hesitation or pity which in the hour of victory spares the vanquished foe. Nor did he spare himself. Called as he felt himself to be by a voice from heaven to do God's work, he abandoned his legal studies just as they promised their highest rewards. With a frail body, full of disease and anguish, he undertook superhuman labors. Sick or well, at home or in exile, in safety or in peril, he did his work. By his literary labors, enough for one life, by his correspondence, so wide that it seemed a sufficient task for one mind, by his weighty counsels and arguments at the solemn deliberations of the Reformers, by his heavy cares as head of the church and adviser of the state, by his manifold parochial labors and his incessant preaching of the word, he proved that, while granting no freedom to others, he asked for himself no rest.

Of his mental resources there can be but one opinion. With a mind of wonderful fecundity, prompt, vigorous, acute and logical, and expanded by a varied culture, — with a style pointed, perspicuous, and weighty, equally good for attack or defence or illustration of a solemn theme, — he maintained the place of a great intellectual leader in an age profuse of great men. Cold and harsh, with a nature deficient in kindly sympathy, he inspires no sympathy in others. It is one of the most striking things about his history, that not one anecdote illustrative of his private and domestic life has been preserved; nothing that lets you into the heart of the man, no glimpse of the inner genuine self. He had nothing of Luther's genial

humor, his quaint rough talk and gushing affection; no touching revelations of the foibles, doubts, struggles, triumphs of a great but tried spirit, all warm from the throbbing heart. Nothing of this in Calvin. All hope and fear, all joy and anguish, are concealed behind the sober and formal drapery of public life. Yet perhaps we do him in this respect imperfect justice. Within a narrow circle of friendship he seems to have displayed warm and even tender feelings, and to have attached men to him. Beza, a man of large powers, cherished for him a respect which bordered on idolatry. And few things could be more touching than the sight of Farel in his old age, just trembling on the verge of the grave, insisting upon coming to Geneva to look once more into Calvin's face, and to grasp once more Calvin's hand. In some of his familiar letters, in his counsels to the erring, in his condolence with the suffering, there is found a grave sincerity and honest kindness, revealing another aspect of his character which we regret that we are not permitted to contemplate more frequently.

He was a man of godly sincerity; a very stern man; a man utterly regardless of what we call human rights; a most unlovely man in some respects, but not a man devoted to selfish aims, as appears from his honorable poverty and stainless purity of life; a man of great virtues and great faults, — faults which in part were the errors of the time, in part the excess of an austere nature and bodily disease, in part, too, springing from the frailties and passions of our common humanity; a great man, whose power for good or evil was larger than belongs to ordinary manhood, and whose signature was written with an iron hand upon his age. As we gaze upon the features which art has preserved, — those features worn by disease, ploughed by thought and care, and on every lineament bearing the traces of an inflexible will, — if we cannot feel sympathy, we feel respect. We cannot call him saint, we cannot sympathize with the opinions for whose diffusion he labored, or approve the methods by which he sought to compel assent; we must hope that his influence will continue to grow less in the future, as in the past; but while remembering his reverence toward God, his allegiance to conscience, his fidelity in labor, his moral purity, we can with the Church Universal rejoice in his virtues.

Art. VII. — INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

1. *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the Years* 1857, '58, '59. By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 8vo. pp. 645.
2. *Japan as it was and is.* By Richard Hildreth. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.
3. *Correspondence with Her* [*Britannic*] *Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1860. London: Printed by Harrison and Sons.

There is no longer any pretence that Japan is an unknown country, and the Japanese an unknown people to us. There is more danger among well-educated people — somewhat overwhelmed by the fresh information offered to them on this subject, and the fresh arrangements of the old stories that our fathers were familiar with — of the opposite pretence, that we already know all about this land and people that we ought to know, or should know if we had only improved our opportunities of reading the narratives of Pinto, Kaemfer, Thunberg, Titsingh, Gulownin, Siebold, and the rest, or even paid proper attention, when they came to us, to the elaborate works of Dr. Hawks and Mr. Hildreth. Everybody now knows that the Japanese are not Chinese, is quite familiar with the theory of the "happy despatch," and considers it a perfectly natural, or at least commonplace affair, that the Japanese ladies who have had children blacken their teeth with dye-stuffs, while those who have not like to make their teeth look whiter by keeping their lips red by chewing the betel-nut. Those who are more business-like in their inquiries know that it is forty-nine hundred miles on a great circle from San Francisco to Simoda, and less than a thousand from Hakodadi to the mouth of the Amoor; and have settled according to their own views of financial economy the question of dollars and itzebous. There is, too, a very general impression, growing out of this extent of very general knowledge, that a great thing has been done in "opening the ports" of Japan,

so long closed, and connecting her, by ties of reciprocal benefits, with such a progressive country as our own.

The amount of this knowledge is gratifying, but the resulting impression is a true one only about to the extent that this knowledge is accurate, definite, and practical. The "great thing" is begun, but it is not done. What this great thing is, we shall have hereafter to examine. At present it is enough to say, that the co-operation of two different forms of civilization for a common purpose, much more their amalgamation into a common civilization, is a work not of a day, or even of a generation. We have got far enough to see and acknowledge that the Japanese are a civilized people in some sort, if not in our sort. We find that they are a civilized people, probably numbering more than thirty million souls. We see that it would be a "great thing" to make this people work together with our thirty millions, where our civilization is the more perfect, and to let them teach us to work as they do, and with them, where theirs is the more perfect. We do not however see habitually, as yet, how slow a process that must be by which the mass of either population is to be affected by the limited contact now connecting the edges, so to speak, of the two. We may make some estimate, without statistics, of the degree and amount in which our own people have thus far been affected by the intercourse of the two nations, and may calculate what that effect will probably be in a series of years. If we suppose, then, on the other hand, that our influence upon Japan, resulting from the same intercourse, is, or may become, even tenfold greater than this, it must be confessed that we should still leave the Japan of 1866 very much where we found it in 1856. Our own feelings with regard to their habits and customs may show us how little likely they are to take ours for law and gospel, and we shall begin to see that a practical union of the nations must be born of time rather than treaties.

Writing just at the moment that all our readers are either seeing the Japanese Embassy, or expecting to see it, or reading in the newspapers the accounts of its progress, we may be excused for asking how the two civilizations compare, as mere civilizations. Our nation meant to be civil to these dis-

tinguished visitors. We submit to little compulsion, but, so far as it could compel, our government has tried to make us civil. But what have we done about it, whether as matter of discipline for ourselves, or example to our guests, over whom we are in the habit of assuming a superiority in cultivation, while we sneer at the same assumption on their part? We have had reporters in their bedchambers; we have jostled them in the streets; we have cheated them in the shops; we have crowded in front of them at entertainments made in their honor, so that they could not see the insignificant shows given them in places of comfort and repose; we have treated them like a raree-show, instead of treating them like a company of gentlemen, who desire to see rather than to be seen, accredited to us by a sovereign prince who represents a nation of as many people as our own.

Now, all this — the cheating aside — does *not* arise from a want of respect, and it *is* a mark of interest, and an expression of popular recognition which has doubtless been appreciated by the ambassadors. But it does arise from a want of *civility*. Like the donkey that jumped into his master's lap because that was a thing for which the spaniel was petted, we have "overwhelmed" our guests with "civilities," such as our rude taste has dictated. We need not say what treatment a real and true civility would have suggested as proper for such guests, because we believe that there is scarcely an individual among those who have been the most annoying to them who would not be able to indicate its general character, and who would not have managed to achieve it, if he had been offering the hospitality of his own house. As individuals, the people who thronged upon the privacy of the nation's guests, stared at them, fingered their dresses, talked about them before their faces, and surrounded them in chattering groups during their solemn meeting with the chief magistrate of the nation, — as individuals these people are civil enough, and will beg pardon if they brush against the hem of the garment even of those whom they think inferior in social position to themselves. It is as "the people" that we have claimed the right to be uncivil. McDonald, a young son of Oregon, attempted to explain this right to the Japanese some time ago. They had taken

him prisoner, and, while questioning him about the rank of Commander Glynn of our navy, told him to give "the order of succession from the highest chief." He replied that the highest chief was *the people;* but he adds in his account of the matter that this they "could not comprehend." They may now find it difficult to comprehend the relative rank of people and President, and to discriminate between "populace" and "people"; but we trust that they may not carry away the opinion, which would surely be an erroneous one, that people, any more than President, intended them any discourtesy. But whatever they may think, we must confess to ourselves that we have not shown off our *civilization* to any great advantage, and we may judge from the event how difficult it will be for us to study and understand their civilization, where in its nature and mode of expression it differs from our own.

And so, leaving the consideration of what the visit of the Embassy may have taught either nation of the civilization of the other, with the comforting reflection that we may yet grant them, in our judgments of them, the charity we so much need for ourselves, we may return to the general proposition that the "Japan question" offers us the problem of two distinct and separate civilizations, — each properly called so, as having emerged from barbarism in its own way and to a certain extent, — which under our recent treaties and present hopes are to be drawn into closer relations and combinations, with the hope of producing mutual good. In any attempt to solve this problem by declaring what the new relations and combinations ought to be, and defining beforehand their probable results, it must not be forgotten that the experiment has been tried, and pretty thoroughly tried, by Christian nations before. Indeed, perhaps history has never more perfectly exhibited to us a repetition of the same motives, applied to the same purposes, by the same parties, upon the same scene of action, after the first effort had been completed and its results had become insignificant for more than two centuries of years. The Portuguese trade with Japan began about 1548, and soon became very active. The Dutch trade began in 1609, and the English, although their trade with the islands, for various reasons, was never very large or profitable, obtained a much more favorable

commercial treaty in 1613, than they are likely to obtain again. To show the nature of the freedom of trade granted at this early time, we will quote the copy of the English "Privileges of Trade," obtained by Captain Saris, October 8, 1613, which do not differ much from the documents under which the Portuguese and Dutch trade was conducted. They are published in Purchas's *Pilgrimes*, with a fac-simile of the Japanese: —

"1. We give free license to the subjects of the king of Great Britain, viz. Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and the Company of the East India merchants and adventurers, forever, safely to come into any of the ports of our Empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods, and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasures.

"2. We grant unto them freedom of custom for all such merchandises as either now they have brought or hereafter they shall bring into our kingdoms, or shall from hence transport to any foreign part; and do authorize those ships that hereafter shall arrive and come from England to proceed to present sale of their commodities, without further coming or sending up to our court.

"3. If any of their ships shall happen to be in danger of shipwreck, we will our subjects not only to assist them, but that such part of ship and goods as shall be saved be returned to their captain or cape-merchant, or their assigns; and that they shall or may build one house or more for themselves in any part of our Empire where they shall think fittest, and at their departure to make sale thereof at their pleasure.

"4. If any of the English, merchants or other, shall depart this life within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remain at the disposal of the cape-merchant; and all offences committed by them shall be punished by the said cape-merchant, according to his discretion, and our laws to take no hold of their persons or goods.

"5. We will that ye our subjects, trading with them for any of their commodities, pay them for the same according to agreement, without delay, or return their wares again unto them.

"6. For such commodities as they have now brought, or shall hereafter bring, fitting for our service and proper use, we will that no arrest be made thereof, but that the price be made with the cape-merchant, according as they may sell to others, and present payment upon the delivery of the goods.

"7. If, in discovery of other countries for trade, and return of their

ships, they should need men or victuals, we will that ye our subjects furnish them for their money as their need shall require.

"8. And that, without further passport, they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Yesso, or any other part in and about our Empire."

But trade, although thus abundantly welcomed by the Japanese, and although, as we shall see, it was made enormously profitable to those who dealt with them, was not the only motive which led the Western natives to their shores. No intelligent reader is ignorant of the zeal and success with which, beginning with the renowned François Xavier, the Roman Catholic missionaries attempted the conversion of the Japanese to Christianity, or needs to be told the story of the persecutions, the martyrdoms, the banishment, and the massacres by which the fruits of their labors were at last completely destroyed. Xavier landed in Japan in 1549. The Catholic cause reached its highest success before the beginning of the next century. From the first, it was found that the cultivated minds of the people, accustomed to the study of religious matters, was more easily and more effectually impressed than can ever be the case with an ignorant and essentially barbarous population. This may account for much of the rapid progress, particularly with princes and those of a higher rank, which the historians of the Order of Jesuits ascribe to the influence of actual miracles, which they affirm to have been performed. Mr. Oliphant states this well in the following passage, which we copy for the sake of the anecdote it embraces, probably taken from Le Père de Charlevoix: —

"Whatever may have been the means of proselytism which Xavier employed, of the marvellous results there can be no doubt; and it is worthy of the attention of those interested in the conversion of the heathen to consider how far the success which attends their efforts may depend upon the nature and amount of the cultivation which the soil has received before the seed is sown. There can be no doubt that the imaginative Japanese, hearing of Christianity for the first time, would receive it in very different spirit from the untamed New-Zealander, or a calmly-sceptical Chinaman. Nor was the faith thus implanted in the breasts of some hundreds of thousands of converts a mere nominal creed, to be swept away by the first wave of persecution. It not only

furnished them with courage, but with arguments with which to meet their persecutors. The answer of a neophyte, who was asked how he would respond to his sovereign if ordered to abjure Christianity, is thus recorded: 'Sire, would you wish me to remain faithful, and even to preserve that submission which it is seemly for a subject to feel towards his king? would you wish me to manifest zeal for your service on all occasions on which I can be of use, so that no private interest should cause me to forget what I owe to you? would you wish me to be meek, temperate, and loving, full of charity toward my equals, — that I should patiently suffer all the ill-treatment to which I may be exposed? Command me, then, to remain a Christian, for it is from a Christian alone that all this can be reasonably expected.'"

Many Japanese nobles and princes embraced the Christian faith; but in some provinces the proselytes were at various times subjected, even before the final crisis, to severe persecutions. The national government as such does not appear to have interfered directly for many years. It is reported, however, on Portuguese authority, of Nobanunga, an important and successful temporal Emperor, who died in 1582, that, when he was applied to by the bonzes or priests of all the sects to expel the Jesuit monks from the country, he gave a remarkable exhibition of toleration. He asked how many different religions there were in Japan, and was told that there were thirty-five. "Well," he replied, "when thirty-five sects can be tolerated, I think we can get along with thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace." But this permission did not avail much, or last long. The position of the Portuguese throughout the country, and particularly in Nagasaki, where for a long time, under a Christian prince, they had been consolidating a large religious as well as commercial interest, was probably so strong as to be considered dangerous to the Empire, and their rivals and enemies, the Spaniards, spared no pains to point this out to the native chiefs. Just before the end of the sixteenth century these influences induced the Emperor to issue a general edict against the Jesuits, and for many years the missionaries and the converted Japanese were more or less harassed; but in 1614 a still more stringent edict was promulgated, banishing all the priests and missionaries, compelling the destruction of all their houses and churches, and the renunciation of the Christian faith by all Japanese.

Under this edict the establishment was finally broken up. Since the year 1587, a college, a novitiate, two seminaries, two hundred and fifty churches, and many schools had been destroyed, and some three hundred missionaries scattered. Most of them were actually sent to Macao, although some returned in disguise; and although the persecution never in the mean time ceased, it was reported, two years afterwards, that more than fifty ecclesiastics were concealed in the islands. Then a new monarch took hold of the work with still greater earnest, and, shortly after, every practical result of Xavier's enterprise was crushed out of the land, although there had been at one time as many as 300,000 converts. Mr. Hildreth well sums up the history and fixes the epoch of its close, when he says: —

"It is not necessary to give implicit credit to all which the contemporary letters and memoirs related, and which the Catholic historians and martyrologists have repeated, of the ferocity of the persecutors, the heroism of the sufferers, and especially of the miracles wrought by their relics. Yet there can be no question either of the fury of the persecution, or of the lofty spirit of martyrdom in which it was unavailingly met. Catholicism lingered on a few years longer in Japan; yet it must be considered as having already received its death-blow in that same year in which a few Puritan pilgrims landed at Plymouth, to plant the obscure seeds of a new and still growing Protestant empire."

It is proper to say, that not only was it known for many years afterwards that there were Catholics cherishing their faith in secret in Japan, but that up to 1707 there were found Catholic missionaries, from time to time, desirous of visiting the faithful there, to encourage them if they could, or to become martyrs in the cause. Many who attempted this are known to have been at once seized and executed. We have only attempted to describe as briefly as possible the inception, progress, and close of the general enterprise.

During these years the trade in Japan of the various Western nations, the commencement of which we have mentioned, shared the successes, the difficulties, the dangers, and at last almost shared the downfall, of the Catholic cross. The two matters appear, however, to have been kept very distinct from each other in the Japanese mind, and trade and religion to a certain extent both flourished and both fell from causes that

each brought with itself. The trade of the Portuguese of course ceased in 1638, when they were actually expelled from the country; the Dutch were at the same time put under great restrictions, and were subjected to more and more inconveniences and deprivations, until their business became really insignificant, both in amount and in profits, nearly a hundred years ago. We do not propose to follow in detail the fortunes of this trade of these two nations, or that of their respective rivals, — the Spaniards, thorns in the side of the Portuguese, the English acting the same part for the Dutch, neither deriving much direct benefit themselves, except when they actually captured a richly laden ship by force, — although its history is fraught with interest on its own account; but some of its general features must be examined by those who wish to do again in the middle of the nineteenth century what was so successfully done once in the sixteenth.

During the most prosperous period of this former trade, — most prosperous for the Western adventurers who were seeking their fortunes from Japan, — the precious metals were the only merchandise which these adventurers took in exchange for the goods they carried thither. For the whole ninety years of the Portuguese trade they took nothing else, except indeed articles which were received as presents in exchange for their presents, most of which were of a character to be sold in other countries. The character of this trade, after it was systematized into the course which it followed for a large part of this time, — the despatch of one ship a year, "the great carack of Macao," — is thus described by Ralph Fitch, an Englishman, in 1588. "When the Portuguese go from Macao in China to Japan, they carry much white silk, gold, musk, and porcelains, and they bring from thence nothing but silver. They have a great carack, which goeth thither every year, and she bringeth from thence every year about six hundred thousand crusados; and all this silver from Japan, and two hundred crusados more in silver, which they bring yearly out of India, they employ to great advantage in China; and they bring from thence gold, musk, silk, porcelains, and many other things very costly and gilded." Another adventurer of the same day, whose account, like the above, may be found in Hakluyt, gives the following

view of the ratio of profits: "I can certify you of one thing, that two hundred ducats in Spanish commodities, and some Flemish wools, which I carried with me thither, I made worth fourteen hundred ducats there in that country." But it must be remembered that in those days, what with the dangers of unknown seas and the additional risk from pirates, it was expected that about one ship out of three in this trade would be lost.

It will be seen that, though the profits were large, the amount of business was small, judged by the sums now invested in commerce; but it is clear that this continual drain of silver must have become very noticeable in Japan itself, which depended upon its own mines for its currency. The Portuguese alone, in these ninety years, by a low estimate, took away nearly fifty millions of dollars. The Dutch carried off gold. Their trade began later, but had existed thirty-two years when it was first restricted, and they were shut up in Desima in 1641. The year before that, their gold export was estimated at $3,200,000. Their former average annual sales are stated at about $2,400,000, giving for the period named a specie export of seventy-two millions of dollars. It was at about this time that, owing either to the scarcity of silver caused by the Portuguese drain, or by a greater activity in the mining of gold, the latter metal became very cheap, and the Dutch were able to purchase gold kobangs, containing at that time about as much pure gold as our eagle, for six taels, worth about as many dollars, in silver. The gold was sold to advantage on the coast of Coromandel, and was carried off at great profit at the rate of 100,000 kobangs a year.

In the mean time a trade with China sprang up, beginning after the accession of the Mantchoo dynasty in 1644, which was of a more natural character, consisting in some degree of an exchange of commodities, and the intercourse arising from it was such as to leave an impression upon the literature and religion, and perhaps upon the character, of the Japanese to this day. In 1684 the trade employed two hundred junks annually. The Chinese, however, carried off much silver, and its exportation was forbidden in 1671, at a time when the Dutch, who could have well afforded even to *import* it to pay for their gold, cared nothing for the restriction.

The foreign trade was now entirely in the hands of the Dutch and Chinese,—for our readers will hardly consider some commerce with Loo-Choo as foreign trade,—but was watched with great jealousy, and rapidly reduced by government measures. The Chinese were restricted before 1740 by edict to twenty junks a year, and soon after to ten junks. The Dutch were compelled to reduce their business by a curtailment of its profits. The value of the gold coin was from time to time so depreciated, although they were obliged to exchange it for equal amounts of silver or goods, that it at last became a profitless article of commerce. After 1721 the Dutch company only required two ships annually for their trade, and after 1790 they were limited to one. In the early part of this century, the European wars often prevented their receiving any vessels at all, and in several instances their consignments were brought in under the American flag, much to the bewilderment of the Japanese, who were then in high dudgeon with the English, and could not understand why the Dutch traders should employ seamen who spoke that language. Up to the changes in 1743 the gross profits of the Dutch trade had annually averaged, for thirty years, something more than two hundred thousand dollars. Those changes brought the profits down to eighty thousand dollars, which was about the cost of maintaining the establishment on the island of Desima. The latest account of the Dutch trade which we have at hand is that of 1846, when the whole trade was so limited that the imports were valued at $92,446, and the exports at $220,997. The Chinese trade still remains at its ten annual vessels, and is said to be a monopoly in the hands of Japanese officials.

The view which the Japanese took of the trade to which foreigners invited them, is pretty apparent from their course of action with regard to it, which we have thus hurriedly sketched. But we have evidence from the pen of one of their own statesmen of the nature of these views. Fitzingh, in his "Illustrations of Japan," quotes a report on the "Origin of the Riches of Japan," written in 1708, by Arrai Tsikuge, a prime-minister of the Emperor Tsonna Yosi. This Japanese states, as if from official sources, the gold exported from Nagasaki from 1611 to 1706 at 6,192,600 kobangs, and the

silver in the same time at 112,268,700 taels. (At the date mentioned, for a very rough calculation, the kobang may be considered equivalent to an eagle, and the tael to a dollar.) He then says: "With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought to us from abroad. The stuffs and other commodities are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and copper extracted from the mines during the reign of Ogosho-sama, and since his time, is gone, and what is still more to be regretted, for things we could do well without." And he adds: "There goes out of the Empire annually about one hundred and fifty kobangs, or a million and a half in ten years. It is therefore of the highest importance to the public prosperity to put a stop to these exportations, which will end in draining us entirely. Nothing is thought of but the procuring of foreign productions, expensive stuffs, elegant utensils, and other things not known in the good old times." This language may show, that in the time when the last and crushing restrictions were being put upon the foreign commerce of Japan, it was the object of some of her leading men, and probably was the policy which led to the acts of her government, to prevent the unreasonable drain of specie from the country. It will also be seen, on the other hand, that the people were desirous to buy foreign products, and that not only "expensive stuffs and elegant utensils," but other foreign "productions and commodities," found a ready market so long as they could be legitimately obtained.

We have been thus particular in making even a short and dry summary of this history of the beginning, decline, and fall of the former attempt to introduce the Christian religion and a foreign commerce into Japan, because we are now beginning exactly the same experiment. The experiment, indeed, cannot be said to be the same, without assuming that the Japanese are in the main the same people, with the same habits, traits, character, the same government and institutions even, now as then. But that this is the case may very properly be assumed, with a very small margin for the *mutatis mutandis*. Indeed, in culling extracts from books describing the manners and customs, or the form and policy, of the government of that empire, one must be very careful not to mix his papers to-

gether, or he will find it hard to distinguish the accounts given by Pinto (his general veracity now firmly established), in the sixteenth century, from those of Saris in the seventeenth, Kaemfer in the eighteenth, and the latest information given by the reports of the expeditions of Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin. There was always curiosity for new knowledge, and aptness to make use of it; but in the long years that have passed since Europeans knew them, this new knowledge and ready adaptation have made no change in the ordinary, general, and characteristic customs of the people. The description of the city of Yedo, as given by Don Rodrigo de Vivero, in 1608, of the formalities of his reception there, and the conduct of the people in the streets, is so much like the description of the same things by Mr. Oliphant, who accompanied Lord Elgin two years ago, that we should like to copy the two, could we spare space for the repetition.

At the time of the former experiment the Japanese received the new-comers, both the missionaries and the traders, with, on the whole, a welcoming embrace. They expected, or some of them did, to derive some advantage from the intercourse. They managed it for a time so that the strangers not only expected, but found, their advantage. The Jesuits created a large and important and social influence, centring in a new and growing city and state, and the Portuguese and Dutch established a trade rich in its amount for that day, and unrivalled in its ratio of profits in the history of commerce. And this prosperity, — now greater and now less, but always success rather than failure, — in the midst of the mutual opposition of various native princes, and always checked by the jealous rivalry and almost continual warfare of the Western powers, lasted for a longer period than is yet covered by the history of our own Republic. It failed at last, because the Japanese were yet strong enough to drive out from their system an element which was foreign to it, and which in nearly ninety years they could not assimilate with their own. The experiment of making the Japanese adopt European customs on the one hand, or of mingling and amalgamating the two sets of customs on the other hand, had a fair trial, and failed. The Japanese constitution might have been expected to succumb under the treat-

ment, but it threw off the repugnant ingredient in its life. The third end that might have come from the experiment, nobody expected then, or expects now; and that would have been if Europe had become *Japanned*, instead of Japan becoming Europeanized. The result shows that the one event was about as probable as the other, and may satisfy us, to this day, that by missionaries with new creeds, or traders with new merchandise, we cannot expect, whatever else we may do, to Europeanize or to Americanize Japan.

In the old times the success of the Western enterprise was dependent in no sense upon force. The Portuguese foothold in Japan was not obtained like that of the Spaniards upon this continent. The first-comers there entered that rich Oriental domain as pedlers and mendicant friars. If afterwards they tried to maintain themselves by force, they did not attempt to bring support from home in the struggle, and they were finally compelled to yield to superior military power. In our recent intercourse we have added this new element to the problem. Each so-called civilized nation that has made or sought a treaty with Japan has sent its ambassador armed to the teeth. When the commissioner asked Commodore Perry, who had said he should return in some months for the answer to the President's letter, whether he should return "with all the ships," — the prompt reply, at which civilization smiles in triumph, was, "Yes, probably with several more." Mr. John Quincy Adams's doctrine, that the Japanese have no right to exclude themselves from the rest of the world, and that we owe it to ourselves as well as to them to give them a lesson or two, — taking pay for our tuition at our own terms, — is only an expression of a very general feeling, not only of Yankeedom, but of John Bullism. If we have changed the nature of the old experiment at all, it is by making the authority and armed strength of nations an essential part of it. If the horse refuses to drink, we will, at least this time, compel him to come to the trough. If there was an abstract incompatibility which broke off the old relations between Europe and Japan, and if that had left behind it a jealousy and a dread of all foreign intercourse, which had become a prejudice of the rulers and the fixed policy of the government, there could be no better

way to heighten both of these obstacles to our plans than the assumption of superiority and the show of force. Nobody, however, really expects that we shall shoot ourselves into the good graces of the Japanese from the muzzles of Dahlgrens. Those who think the most of the importance of making a large military demonstration at the opening of our intercourse, believe that it is to be prosecuted by the arts of peace, and that, if there is to be any actual success, it must come from an honest attempt to do good to our new neighbors. Even without the threatening look, however, those neighbors find it difficult to recognize the promised good. It is just what they have been taught religiously to shun. It is not merely the apathetic dread of foreigners which some contented and newly-discovered islanders might feel, — it is the resolution handed down to them by their fathers, who had dallied with the temptation until it had nearly overcome them and destroyed their nationality, and who found that at least two generations of their race were occupied in extirpating the evil. Any new approaches should be made them in such a manner as to show them that their nationality is not to be invaded. Not more carefully should we treat the "peculiar institution," if we have carried a few cases of shoes to sell in Charleston, than we should avoid giving any impression, or indeed entertaining the opinion or encouraging the feeling, that the right to reside and trade at a Japanese port is to give us a right to interfere in Japanese politics or obtain an influence in Japanese society. The thing may come about. By the time that they vote in Japan at all, we think it not unlikely there will be those, born citizens of the United States, willing to become naturalized citizens of that empire. But until we have the right to vote, we can hardly expect their rulers to grant to our citizens a larger share in the management of their affairs than they grant to their own.

Some of the obstacles of this nature against an early development of trade there, are thus set forth in a recent despatch (September 20, 1859) from the British Minister at Yedo: —

"The government here is oligarchic rather than monarchic. An oligarchy composed of all the hereditary Damios, proprietors of three fourths of the soil, and with many attributes of sovereignty attaching

to their fiefs, constitutes a great Council of the nation, *en permanence*, since one half are always at Yedo. The Tycoon is little more than their nominee and executive; and for the last generation or two, at least, the choice has always fallen on the candidate related to, and supported by, three or four of the most influential Damios.* Thus constituting a permanent Council, they not only have a determining influence over the action and policy of the Tycoon's government, but are in a position to exercise an independent, and, to a great degree, an irresponsible, power throughout the empire, each in their several states or territories. As chief proprietors of the soil, its products and the various channels of commerce through their states are inevitably subject to their control. They hold, moreover, a power of life and death over all within their territorial jurisdiction; and the administration of justice is equally in their hands, uncontrolled, except in so far as established laws and customs may place any check on the arbitrary will of the Prince or his delegates.

"The way in which these conditions may work to the prejudice of any natural development of trade and the resources of the country under existing treaties, must be sufficiently obvious. Assume the whole of these territorial magnates or Damios, with feudal jurisdiction in their respective territories, to be opposed in principle, by convictions based upon political considerations of its impolicy, and still more by deep-rooted prejudice, to any freedom of intercourse with foreigners, or extension of their relations with European powers, and it will be evident that, independent of all action of theirs collectively, as a council, upon the government which they in effect place in office, their influence individually in their own territories will amply suffice to prevent the success of any other policy. Yedo and the two ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi are severally in the Imperial domain, but the domains of the Damios intercept all the lines of commerce to and from the interior and the great centres of trade or produce. No trade, therefore, to any extent, can take development without their consent.

"They have but to will it, for instance, to prevent coal being either worked or despatched to the ports. The coal mines are all their prop-

* If Mr. Alcock means that — as a lawyer might say — three or four *certain* Damios have controlled the election, there is great reason to doubt his statement. If he means only that generally three or four leading nobles, not always the same, have controlled it, we may well take the proposition for truth. It seems, indeed, probable, that the governing power has been exercised, at least for the time he limits it, by a few leading families. We have no reason to suppose, however, that there is any permanent alliance for this purpose, more than in other governments where an aristocracy have great influence in executive affairs.

erty, so far as I can learn. So of copper, lead, silver, and all the other sources of mineral wealth, in which there is good reason for believing the country abounds. Although these may not be all in their possession, yet their influence will always suffice to prevent their being worked to advantage, or for the benefit of the foreign trade. To prevent silk being cultivated beyond the native demand, or vegetable wax, and various other natural products which might feed the foreign market, must to them be easy work. Still more easy will it be to the Damios in the provinces to prevent such free circulation of foreign coins in the interior as can alone render foreign trade independent of the action of government for the supply of Japanese coin; and in great measure above the fluctuations or arbitrary changes to which the monetary system of Japan appears to be subject from time to time, according to the policy or wants of the government."

Have we gone to such length into the consideration of the past, and the examination of existing obstacles, for the purpose of discouraging the new effort? By no means; we do not even share the desponding anticipations, which we have just quoted, of the Hon. Mr. Alcock. We only wish to examine what are the real "conditions" (as he would have it) of the position. He goes so far as to suppose "the whole of the Damios" to be opposed in principle, &c. to any freedom of intercourse with foreigners. Such a thing is not to be supposed, even for the sake of argument; for if we did not know, as we do, that they are not united upon this very question, we might know, *a priori*, that the rival princes in the oligarchy, the rival politicians of all classes in the state, must be divided upon many questions; and, even if they do not immediately make a direct issue upon it, must have different opinions and views and opposing interests with regard to this. He supposes that they will go so far as to stop agricultural production for the purpose of choking commerce at its source, because they have heretofore depreciated the value of their coinage to prevent its exportation. But they early made the distinction, which political economists of other nations have not been ashamed to make and defend, between gold and silver as articles of export and all other merchantable goods. They went further, and maintained that they had no right to exhaust their mineral resources, "meant for the Japanese people for

all time," for the benefit of one generation, while they admitted that the yearly produce of the land was theirs to sell.

There can be little doubt that there is an active, if not a large party in Japan, desirous of foreign intercourse, but there is less doubt that the whole nation are steadfastly opposed to foreign dictation, and jealous of any assumption of foreign superiority. They do not yet know what they want of us, any more than we know what we want from them. But they feel as we do, that there may be, and ought to be, a mutual benefit from a reciprocal interchange of knowledge and industry. This is to be brought about, probably, neither by a show of force nor by an attempt to convince either party by reasoning or example that it is materially to alter its own forms to accommodate them to the habits of the other. The work is a slow one. We must both feel our way, trying to sell what we want to sell, to buy what we can afford to buy, telling all that we know, and hearkening for all the good that we can hear. To us it can make no difference just now what is the name of the existing Tycoon, or by what methods and ceremonies his successor will be selected and inaugurated, when he shall cease to rule. Indeed, it is much more to our purpose to know enough of their language to explain to their wealthier classes, face to face, how good for them in many months of the year would be Clinton carpets, and coats of Lowell woollens. What we need for ourselves is to see that this admixture of two wide-apart and distinct civilizations must be made without the overthrow of either, and must be a gradual and natural one, not a forced and spasmodic one. For them we are apt to wish for more confidence in us, more readiness to take our offers as those of pure friendship. Can we really blame their distrust? It may be applied in places where it seems absurd to us, but it is clear that, in the opening of such an intercourse, the caution which will be safe enough for them must run to the verge of suspicion.

This new intercourse clearly cannot be based entirely upon our commercial habits, and also it cannot be based entirely upon theirs. "The Christian rule" furnishes the only theoretical basis necessary; but, although nobody contradicts it, it is very difficult to get it applied. Just now the troubles between Japanese and foreigners, which have amounted nearly

to a stoppage of trade, may be traced directly to the improper and indecent treatment by the Western merchants of the Japanese officials. Here is an instance from an official document. The Japanese had agreed to furnish itzebous, to be used in trade, in exchange for dollars, as fast as they could procure the representative coin, dividing among the applicants daily the sums to be distributed, in the ratio of the number of dollars offered by each. Both parties knew that the itzebous were to be used to purchase gold for exportation, although that was strictly forbidden. Accordingly the British merchants at Kanagawa, (we fear also those of other nations, but the British government only exposes the conduct of its own subjects) presented such applications as these: —

"*To the Officers of the Treasury, Kanagawa:* —

"Please change for me to-day 250,000,000 dollars, and oblige, yours. "B. TELGE.

"Friday."

"Tokuhama, November 4, 1859.

"*To the Chief Officer Treasury:* —

"Sir, — I beg to apply for change as under: —

Mr. Eskrigge,	$ 20,000,000,000
Mr. Jones,	20,000,000,000
Mr. Robinson,	20,000,000,000
Mr. Peters,	20,000,000,000
Mr. Sinker,	25,347,819,632
Mr. Bones,	250,000,000,000
Mr. Moses,	250,000,000,000
Mr. Doodledoo,	250,000,000,000
Mr. Nonsense,	250,000,000,000
Mr. Is-it-not,	250,000,000,000
Mr. Snooks,	250,000,000,000
Mr. James,	250,000,000,000
Mr. His-brother,	25,000,000,000
Mr. John,	25,000,000,000
Mr. Bosche,	250,000,000,000
	$ 355,347,812,632

"Three hundred and fifty-five billions, three hundred and forty-seven millions, eight hundred and nineteen thousand, six hundred and thirty-two.

(Signed,) "THOMAS ESKRIGGE."

We copy the printing of the official document. If the copy is correct, the figures were not even added correctly.

The Japanese could do nothing with importunities, even insults, like this, and a stoppage in the trade of the port was the result. When the balderdash was referred to Lord John Russell, he had it communicated to the East India and China Association, with the desire that "the whole weight of the commercial influence in the country may be brought to bear upon a state of things which is at once discreditable to the British name, and incompatible with the prosecution of trade in Japan." The Secretary of the Company was instructed (February 16, 1860) to acknowledge the receipt of the communication, and gave in behalf of the Association a very calm concurrence with Lord John Russell's views of the case, in expressions like this: "There can be no doubt that all associations in England, and houses of business, will impress upon their correspondents that a satisfactory commerce can only be carried on by mutual good-will and forbearance." How much Messrs. Telge and Eskrigge are likely to be improved by such advice, the reader can judge; but we trust that the rebuke afforded by the publication of the transaction may make all parties more careful and more gentlemanly.

On Commodore Perry's second visit to Japan, one of the interpreters was accompanied by a Chinese assistant, from Hong Kong, whose journal of the trip was afterwards translated and published in the Hong Kong "Overland Register and Price Current." The document is considered authentic, and is reprinted in the appendix to the official account of the Japan Expedition. In the course of this journal the Chinese describes his intimacy with a Japanese gentleman "of an ingenious nature and much learning," to whom he had lent some treatises of his own upon subjects connected with the existing Chinese insurrection. The Japanese returned these papers with some remarks of his own, in which, after saying that his ancestors had cut off Japan from foreign intercourse "because the ignorant were led astray by the desire for gain," he gives his views as follows on the subject of international intercourse: —

"The ways of Heaven are great. It nourisheth all things in the

universe. Even among the dark countries by the icy sea, there is not an individual who is not a child of heaven and earth, not one who is not made to love his fellows and be friendly with them. On this account the sages embraced all men with a common benevolence, without distinction of one from another. The principles for mutual intercourse all over the globe are the same; propriety, complaisance, good faith, and righteousness. By the observance of these a noble harmony is diffused, and the heart of heaven and earth is abundantly displayed.

"If on the contrary commerce is conducted merely with a view to gain, quarrels and litigations will spring from it, and it will prove a curse instead of a blessing. *Against such a result my ancestors were profoundly anxious.* Looking thus at the subject, the one topic of intercourse, it is the means by which people exchange the commodities which they have abundantly for those which they have not, and one nation succors the distresses of another; its propriety is plainly indicated by Providence, and peace, harmony, and good feeling are its true results. Yet if gain — gain — be what is sought for by it, it will only develop the lusts and angry passions of men, and there will be a melancholy termination to what may have been begun under good auspices. It is but a hair's breadth which separates those different results; for give selfishness the reins, and righteousness is instantly merged in the desire of gain.

"From ancient times till now, for hundreds and thousands of years, confusion and disorder, the rise and fall of states, recourse to arms and words of peace, all have been determined by this. Whenever nations agree to carry on intercourse together, they should speak clearly on this point of righteousness, and then let them exercise their soldiers and discuss the subject of war, that they may be prepared to inflict any punishment which Heaven demands. No sovereign of any kingdom should be unprovided for this.

"It happens, however, that when peace has long prevailed, these important matters are slighted, and thence comes the decay of states. But in our country the due precautions for safety have been well attended to. Our soldiers have been trained; the art of war has been discussed; guns have been cast; ships have been built day after day, and month after month, for many years, and now our troops are like those of the ancient heroes T'ang and Woo. It is in this way that we have secured the continuance of our peace. If we had not done so, some nefarious ministers or powerful thieves might have arisen to excite confusion and to begin to plunder, and we should be unable to punish them. All over the globe the strong destroy the weak, and the great swallow

the small, as if societies of men were like collections of tigers and wolves. God, by his spiritual pervasion, however, sees with a parent's heart how his children impose and strive with one another. Must he not be grieved? must he not be moved to pity?"

With the opening remarks of this sensible, if not very epigrammatic, Japanese gentleman on the true ends of international intercourse, we so fully concur, that we should be willing to leave the subject without another word, if we supposed that either our own countrymen or his would act upon the principles he lays down. His military views we give, that the reader may see how Japanese statesmen regard their own position. It is of course not yet time to expect a really disinterested commerce; but in the dealings of races as well as men it is already admitted that *honesty* is the best policy, and we trust that as high a character as possible may be impressed upon this trade in its commencement.

Had we space remaining, we should like to enter into a brief examination of the actual relations of our commerce with Japan, and the articles which are now its food and basis. We must now content ourselves with saying, that although the materials of trade are as yet few, and for a time American capital in this trade will be employed rather in exchanging Japanese products for those of China and Batavia, and supplying the wants of our own whalers and other vessels in those seas, than in any very large direct interchange of our productions for those of Japan, yet there are indications that this may be brought about. Such an interchange is to be developed, and not forced. It will be produced by a gradual inroad upon the habits of the people, rather than by any material alteration in the constitution of the empire, which if suddenly made would be little to be depended upon. It was the people, and not the princes at Loo Choo and Formosa, who were willing to indicate the coal regions, and interest themselves in making them available; and it will be the prospect of comfort, or elegance, of greater cheapness, or of greater splendor, which will introduce our fabrics into Japan, and not the decrees of a Tycoon, or the salutes of a Commodore. We trust that the recent Embassy will carry home tidings of our good-will, if not of our good taste, which will hasten and perhaps help the establishment of a truer and more useful intercourse.

Is it asked what we want, practically, for these results? We want young men who are willing to emulate the merchant princes of the flowery time of New England enterprise. We want rivals for the fame of Thomas Handasyd Perkins among those who are gone, and William Sturgis, and others who might be named, among the living, who found a romance in commerce, when it could be carried into new fields, which required no excitement from duplicity or concealment. The pride of a new enterprise is, that it is open to the world, but that we have ourselves undertaken it. If there is to be any gratification to American pride to follow from the very successful American treaty with Japan, it must come from the fact, that, opening this new mart to all nations, we know best how to avail ourselves of the new road to wealth, to influence, to human improvement, that we have made. That we really achieve this can only come from a frank, high-toned, open commerce with our few friends. Commerce in goods, commerce in ideas, and, most of all, commerce in good purposes and wishes, it must be, but it must be frank, open, and mutual, or it will certainly amount to nothing. The trade was stopped, — is substantially closed now, — because a few traders saw that gold coin was the cheapest commodity to buy and ship, although the sale of it and the exportation of it were prohibited by Japanese law. Like children who do not understand the game that they are playing, those who represent our merchants have snatched at the counters with which the game was to be played, and, so far as their power lies, have put an end to the game itself. But it is not so that the end is to be made to the matter. If high-minded men, in a high-minded way, men with young hearts and old heads, will take charge of the undertaking, it cannot be that a sympathy has been awakened *for nothing* between the thirty millions of Japan and the thirty millions of this country. Our only advice is, Be true, be liberal, and remember that it is only from small beginnings we have ever found large results.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

This journal has already borne its testimony in relation to the new interest in the Unitarian Controversy, which has given fame and tone to so much of our later theological literature. Without going into this controversy now at greater length, we simply refer in passing to a few of the recent publications bearing upon it. Dr. Lamson's able and scholarly *résumé* of the early Church testimony on the subject of the Trinity * we have already noticed (from advanced sheets), though less fully than its value and merit might justify; and we have now simply to chronicle the fact of its publication. The most interesting record of the controversy, still recent, is in the neat and compact volume † which records the varied and personal phases of the debate, — a volume which will always be interesting, from its variety of style, its general ability, and the fresh and lively tone given by the sudden revival of popular attraction in a familiar theme. And, unpretending as it is in appearance, and popular or even temporary in the aim of its publication, it will be found to have permanent value, from its clear and authentic restatement in its critical portions of sundry controverted facts, as well as for the literary and rhetorical merit of other portions. Its chief interest, however, is as a chapter, brief, unique, and complete, in the theological history of New England.

To this record we add two small volumes of Sermons or Lectures, prepared to meet the special demand upon the Unitarian pulpit for a distinct statement of the points at issue. That of Dr. Farley ‡ is a pretty full course of discussion upon the field of controversy in general, open between the Unitarians and their opponents. The substance of it was given, in the main, extemporaneously, — an argument from a written brief, — and has been written out and printed to meet the wish of the congregation that listened to it. Its value is necessarily that of clear, distinct, and forcible statement, rather than of critical research and original lines of philosophy or argument. Its point of view is substantially that of "Old School" or Scriptural Unitarianism; its spirit, reverent and devout; and its argument, addressed to those who will welcome a statement of positive Christian belief, disengaged from the perplexities of the traditionary creeds. Mr. Hale's § is a brief course of five short Sermons, of which the purpose is to set forth as many points of Christian doctrine, in connection with the existence and sphere of a positive, instituted Church. Its spirit and doctrine are summed up in the following statement (p. 68): —

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* The Church of the First Three Centuries. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† The New Discussion of the Trinity, containing Notices of Prof. Huntington's recent Defence of that Doctrine. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

‡ Unitarianism Defined. A Course of Lectures by F. A. Farley, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

§ The Elements of Christian Doctrine and its Development. Five Sermons by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

"The Church advances to its victory, only when it recognizes, severally, all three of the works of God, — the work of creation, the work of redemption, and the present work of his present Spirit. The Church is weak, and it falls, when it proclaims only one or two of these, or when it makes one out of all three together. As its victory grows more imposing, as it ties sin with tighter cords and holds it back more assuredly, — the more certainly will it see the threefold sources of the fountain of its life; the more surely will it avoid the robbery of balancing the one of these against the other, or of trying to absorb the one by the other."

We have received also two small volumes from England,* seeming to show that the popular interest in the controversy has been revived there in a little different direction. Both are marked with the vigor, skill and accuracy of statement, the nice Biblical scholarship, the clear and earnest argument, which we have a right to expect from their respective authors; and Mr. Carpenter's Lectures, in particular, seem to us to combine with this, in an unusual degree, the tenderness, warmth, and spiritual beauty of Christian sermons. They were called forth by the attacks, almost personal, of an Orthodox dissenting preacher; and some of the most characteristic and best portions consist of exposition of the Gospel narrative of the sufferings of Christ.

Of the many expressions of personal feeling called forth by the recent death of Theodore Parker, some will be found registered among the titles of current pamphlets,† while some are absorbed in the great stream of newspaper and platform literature, and pass away. Anticipating that the long series of volumes and single papers from that vigorous hand, extending over the last twenty years, and touching on almost every topic of vital interest to modern civilization and religion, will before long be re-edited in a permanent and authentic form, we reserve our judgment of the intellect, the opinions, and the career which are so fully embodied in them.

In our present issue, we only in the briefest manner call attention to the very remarkable volume of Oxford and Cambridge Theological Essays, which has recently appeared from a London press,‡ and an elaborate review of which we expect to present in a future number; hoping, moreover, erelong to welcome an American reprint of the volume, which shall put it within the reach of all our readers. The Essays, seven in number, are all of the first class in thoroughness,

* Lectures on the Atonement, delivered in Northgate End Chapel, Halifax. By Russell Lant Carpenter.
Lectures on the Doctrine of the Atonement. By J. Scott Porter. London: E. T. Whitfield.

† A Look at the Life of Theodore Parker; a Sermon by J. F. Clarke. Theodore Parker; a Sermon by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.
A Discourse delivered after the Death of Theodore Parker, by G. H. Hepworth. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co.

‡ Essays and Reviews. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1860. 8vo. pp. 433.

power, clearness of style, and courage of thought. Their tone is of the freest scientific criticism, reaching, in some instances, a very radical rationalism; and coming from such sources, it is certainly most extraordinary and hopeful. The titles of the Essays are the "Education of the World," by Frederic Temple, the successor of Dr. Arnold at Rugby and the Queen's Chaplain; "Bunsen's Biblical Researches," by Rowland Williams, whose work on Rational Godliness has made him known as one of the champions of liberal thought in the English Church; "The Study of the Evidences of Christianity," by Baden Powell, of Oxford, the highest, just now, of all the arch-heretics; "The National Church," by Henry B. Wilson — a most keen *critique* of Calvinism; "The Mosaic Cosmogony," by C. W. Goodwin, one of the best writers for the English Reviews; "The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750," by Mark Pattison, — a splendid historical sketch; and, finally, a long essay, of over 100 pages, on "The Interpretation of Scripture," by Benjamin Jowett, and in his best style. Such a feast of good things has not been provided for the theological scholar in any single volume of essays ever issued in our tongue. Where all is so good, it is difficult to tell what is best. Why cannot this method be followed by our American liberal scholars? Instead of burying a fine theological essay in the uncongenial company of miscellanies of every sort, in the pages of some Review, why can we not have a half-dozen thorough articles of similar tone, by our best scholars, published in book form by themselves? Every live clerical association ought, as often as once in two years, to issue a volume of essays containing the fruits of its study and discussion. Such volumes might save some of our associations from the "dying rate" at which they drag on their existence, and give new energy to the members and new interest to the meetings.

ONLY a privileged few are permitted to understand, much more to interpret, all mysteries; but Mr. G. C. Stewart, of Newark, N. J., in his own opinion at least, is one of that privileged class. In a small pocket volume of 234 diamond pages,* he has essayed to show the "how," and "whence," and "whether" of all religions and all theologies. His confidence is great and laudable. He has faith in himself, and faith in his work. There is no hesitation or modesty in his tone of statement or argument; yet we venture to affirm that his key to all sacred knowledge will be as little satisfactory to experts in religious science as to the priests in the churches. Three of its characteristics will hinder it from being accepted, — its construction of facts to suit a preconceived theory; its looseness, not to say recklessness, of historical assertion; and its total disregard of references, making it impossible to verify any of the statements. Most readers will throw it down after

* The Hierophant, or Gleanings from the Past. Being an Exposition of Biblical Astronomy, and the Symbolism and Mysteries on which were founded all Ancient Religions and Secret Societies. Also an Explanation of the Dark Sayings and Allegories which abound in the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Bibles. Also the Real Sense of the Doctrines and Observances of the Modern Christian Churches. By G. C. STEWART. Newark, N. J. 1859. 16mo. pp. 234.

reading a dozen pages, as a tissue of absurdities; but they will act unwisely in so doing. It is a very ingenious book in its style of pleading; it contains a great deal of curious learning, and its spirit, though infidel unquestionably, is not bitter or malignant. It is worth reading, as a queer illustration of the vagaries of the intellect of this age, applying itself to religious themes.

Mr. Stewart's theory is that all religions are Pagan; that Judaism, Christianity, Islam, are not less Pagan than the mythology of Greece and Rome; that all religions come from one primitive Pagan source, — the religion of Egypt; and that this religion is astronomy or astrology. He finds in the signs of the zodiac the interpretation of all sacred records; — of the Hebrew and Christian books, not less than of the Persian and Indian fables; of Jehovah and Jesus, not less than of Jupiter and Brahma. All the miracles, and prophecies, and parables, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, become to him perfectly plain, as the interpretation of stellar phenomena. Taken literally, he pronounces the Biblical wonders incredible nonsense; but his power as Hierophant makes the most difficult luminous and beautiful. The customs of the Catholic Church take on admirable consistency as expositions of sacred astrology, and all the hard dogmas become intelligible. This explains the Trinity, the vicarious atonement, the fall of man, the doctrine of angels, and the holiness of Mary, and comprehends as faithfully the latest worship of the Virgin as the most ancient worship of Isis. Phallic and Catholic become one in the grand unitary influence of the equinoxes and the constellations.

Mr. Stewart's philology is peculiar. He finds coincidences which would have staggered Mezzofanti, and would amaze Professor Marsh. He is pleased to identify John with Janus, Abram with Brahma, and Saul with the Devil. He makes no scruple of confounding English, Hebrew, and Sanscrit words, when the sound is similar. He accepts every form of coincidence. "Aquarius" is the "baptizer," and Lent is very properly observed in February under the sign of "Pisces." The "Pharisees" are evidently "Parsees," that is, fire-worshippers. Crucifixion, in his style of writing, becomes "crossification," and represents the crossing of the equinoctial lines; explaining thus not only the Jewish Passover, but the Christian myth of Calvary. "Gad," the head of a Jewish tribe, is only another form of the word "God," and simply gives one of the twelve names of Deity. All the Jewish tribes represent alike signs of the zodiac and names of the Supreme Being. The word "Epiphany" Mr. Stewart derives from Phanes, an Oriental philosopher, and never hints that it has any Greek in its composition.

Other singular assertions Mr. Stewart ventures, such as that Job was "an Ophite priest;" that Joseph's coat merely symbolized the change of the forests in autumn; that the Greek Testament in use in the churches and schools was translated from the Roman Latin; that the word *seducere* signifies "to go before;" that Dives and Lazarus represent the old and the new year; that the word "onion" represents the Almighty Being, from its remaining always an onion, though successive layers be removed; that Elijah was the summer sun, and

Elisha the autumnal. The book abounds in such strange assumptions as these; and we regret to notice that, where Mr. Stewart condescends to give any authorities, they are such as Nott and Gliddon's Types of Mankind, which have not among scientific men the highest value, and Higgins's Apocalypse.

The most extraordinary of his interpretations is that which makes "the seven churches of Asia" represent the seven congregations of stars in the seven warm months; Ephesus being March; Thyatira, April; Philadelphia, May, with the sign of Gemini, or brotherly love; Pergamos, June, because the sun is then in its tower, or its solstice; Sardis, July, since "Sar-dis," the rock god, is changed to the Coptic "Eleon," which is clearly the "Lion," or "Leo;" Smyrna, August, for does not the "Virgin" hold a Smyrna, or bundle of myrrh, in her hand? and, finally, Laodicea, September, which "lukewarm" church evidently holds Libra, or the balance. This is a specimen of Mr. Stewart's style of interpretation.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE title of Prof. Smith's valuable work* (some of whose statements on points of doctrine we have already referred to) is borne out by its well-digested array of contents. It fills for ecclesiastical history the same place which the Oxford Tables hold in secular. It is on a scale of about equal magnitude, and even more simple and clear in its arrangement. This arrangement, the most important feature and the leading merit of the work, is as follows.

The first table gives us "Ancient Church History, A. D. 1 to 750." "The Apostolic Church" is the first column, being a portraiture of the main doctrinal, practical, and ecclesiastical features of the first one hundred and eighty years of the Christian era; next, a column of "Contemporaneous History," much of it sketching the conflict of the nations with the Gospel as first promulgated; then, "Culture and Literature," containing names of poets, of orators, of philosophers, and of historians, the elder sons of learning and of art; — these three occupying the first page. An interplaced leaf, smaller than the including ones, and sheltered by the general title crossing them all, contains "The External History of the Church," "The Church and the Roman Empire," "Growth of the Church," "Fathers and Founders," etc. Then, "The Internal History of the Church," in three more columns, containing "Church Literature," "Church Polity," "Worship and Ritual." And lastly, "Discipline and Monosticism," "Doctrines and Controversy," and "Heresies and Schisms." These twelve columns complete one table. Five similar tables bring us through the period of Ancient Church History.

* History of the Church of Christ in Chronological Tables: a Synchronistic View of the Events, Characteristics, and Culture of each Period, — including the History of Polity, Worship, Literature, and Doctrines; together with two Supplementary Tables upon the Church in America; and an Appendix, containing the Series of Councils, Popes, Patriarchs, and other Bishops, and a full Index. By HENRY B. SMITH, D. D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary of the City of New York. New York: Charles Scribner.

"Mediæval Church History, A. D. 750 to 1517. From Charlemagne to the Reformation," — is contained in a series of five tables, numbering sixty-four columns. Another group of sixty-five divisions, in four tables with Supplement, is entitled "Modern Church History, A. D. 1517 to 1858." And lastly, nine pages of "Supplementary Tables" contain the "History of the Church in America, A. D. 1492 to 1858," — remarkably full, we observe, especially in the department of Theological Literature. The culture and general literature of our nation, also, — as Colleges, Schools, Periodicals, Books, Belles-Lettres, and Eminent Men, — are set in order admirably. An Appendix, showing the Church Councils — with the dates — from the second century to 1858, filling nearly twelve columns; a series of Popes, Patriarchs, &c.; and a "General Index," covering eight pages, (eight columns on a page,) complete the work.

From these details, the scholar will readily understand its great importance and value. The comprehensive originality of its plan, its ingenious convenience, its perfect fitness to its use, its accuracy and precise erudition, raise it to the rank of monumental works.

We are glad to chronicle, in our review of current literature, the appearance of another volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States.* The eighth volume of this incomparable work comprises a term of but little more than one year, — from June 17, 1775, to July 4, 1776, — but a year of what moment to the interests of freedom and humanity! No year in the annals of the last century, perhaps of modern time, is marked by events of equal significance with those which distinguish the birth-year of the American nation. The historian traces, with luminous pen, the motives and progress of the rupture which finally severed these lands from Great Britain, in the suicidal policy of the home government and the steadfast determination of the Colonies. No history more strikingly illustrates the influence of individuals on the course of events. A monarch less stubborn than George III. would have met in the spirit of conciliation the reasonable claims of the Colonists, avoiding, instead of provoking, the final appeal to arms. A patriot less resolute than John Adams would have shrunk from the fearful odds of an armed encounter with an adversary of such disproportionate resources. And without George III. at one end and John Adams at the other, the day of American independence might have been indefinitely postponed.

The History deepens in difficulty, as well as in interest, as it now proceeds in the record of the Revolutionary era. Old and prevailing opinions of men and acts may have, in some instances, to be reconsidered. The new judge has an independent verdict to deliver on characters already judged by the reader, and perhaps related to him by personal ties, or endeared by fixed associations. Impartial justice is the most difficult of all the duties of the historian, and the rarest of literary virtues. No historian was ever more sensible of the obligation of this

* History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. VIII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860.

virtue, if we may judge from his own confession, than Mr. Bancroft: — "Indiscriminate praise neither paints to the life, nor teaches by example, nor advances social science; history is no mosaic of funeral eulogies and family epitaphs, nor can the hand of truth sketch character without shadows as well as light." "The historian, not less than philosophers and naturalists, must bring to his pursuit the freedom of an unbiassed mind; in his case, the submission of reason to prejudice would have a deeper criminality, for he cannot neglect to be impartial without at once falsifying nature and denying Providence."* We must think that the author has successfully maintained in this volume the impartiality which these sentences commend, and however readers may dissent from some of his judgments, they must in candor suppose that the rule here prescribed has been the mark of his endeavor. The characterization of John Adams — the "Martin Luther of the American Revolution," as Mr. Bancroft styles him — in the chapter entitled "The First Act of Independence" (Chap. LX.), is certainly no flattered likeness; yet it strikes as a masterpiece of historic portraiture, as remarkable for nice discrimination as it is for impartial statement. The influence of that extraordinary man on the Continental counsels is not exaggerated in the exclamation which closes this description: — "When, in the life of a statesman, were six months of more importance to the race than those six months in the career of John Adams?"

On the whole, — and what better could be said of it? — the present volume compares favorably with its predecessors. Portions of it, as the narrative of Howe's evacuation of Boston, that of the negotiations of the English government with German princes for the sale of their subjects, the action of French policy in American affairs, the battle of Fort Moultrie, and the chapter entitled "Virginia proclaims the Rights of Man," are unsurpassed by the author's best efforts in the earlier sections of the work. Already the yet unfinished History ranks as the first classic in American literature, and as such has won for its author a prouder and more enduring fame than oratorical success or political honor can secure. Presidents and Vice-Presidents are made of poorer materials with each successive term, and popular eloquence is getting cheap; but a literary work like this, the combined product of genius, high culture, and long laborious years, fulfils a career in which the competitors are few, and the merit and the glory proportionally great.

Mr. Durfee's History of Williams College† is a labor of love from the pen of an *alumnus*, who thus pays a tribute of affection to an *Alma Mater* worthy of the most grateful loyalty of her sons. We have read every page of it with that interest which its subject-matter is admirably suited to quicken in the breast of every lover of literature and high culture. The contents of the volume might have been arranged and disposed more systematically or artistically. There are

* Pp. 117, 118.

† A History of Williams College. By Rev. Calvin Durfee. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 432.

omissions, too, which ought to be supplied if the work passes to another edition; for it was hardly pardonable in the author to neglect to give us the Charter of the College, and to leave us uninformed of the way in which the provisions of Colonel Williams's will were legally carried out in the establishment of a College in place of a Free School, and to fail of presenting us with a statement of the funds of the institution. But if any subsequent historian shall feel moved to rewrite a history for the sake of supplying these and other omissions, he will find in what Mr. Durfee has done the stock material much of which will need no revision. We shall refer by and by to the most striking peculiarity of the History, as so largely devoted to a review of the efforts made in the College to bring about "Revivals." Ex-Governor Washburn, one of the most honored among its many distinguished graduates, furnishes an admirable introductory letter, filled with excellent matter, presented in a most engaging way. The brave old frontier soldier who gave his name to the institution, because on his path to his last battle he provided in his will for a free school in the wild region of his own exploits, is appropriately commemorated. Then we have the course of the College annals presented under successive chapters devoted to the administrations of Presidents Fitch, Moore, Griffin, and Hopkins, — of each of whom biographical sketches are given. Much incidental information relating to the benefactors, the buildings, the officers, and the studies of the institution, is scattered over the pages. Honorable and self-sacrificing men, the memory of whom is grateful, find the service of their hearts and lives reverentially recognized here. The College has a history of which all connected with it may justly be proud. It has distinctions, too, above some older institutions of the same character; not the least of which is that of furnishing the first inspiration for the work of Foreign Missions, and some of the most devoted and revered laborers in the cause. We sincerely hope that the earnest and loving spirit in which Mr. Durfee has presented the past history of the College will quicken in the hearts of affluent men the purpose to lavish upon it their gifts and munificence.

Mr. Durfee devotes a large share of his pages to a full and systematic statement of the religious history of the College, under its general aspects, and particularly in reviewing the administration of each of its Presidents. The noble aim which from the first actuated the early patrons and trustees of the institution, and which has been consistently kept in view by those who have succeeded them, was to make the seminary a centre and a source for all the agencies of true Christian piety. Devout and faithful men have borne sacrifices, have struggled through the day of small things, have laid their plans in prayer and faith, and have availed themselves of all lawful means for consecrating secular learning within the walls of the College, and for training there young men, a fair proportion of whom should be missionaries of the cross, and all of whom might be subjected to influences which would bring them within the fold of the Christian Church. The situation of the College favored these views and objects. Sheltered within a mountain region, where simple ways and the old-fashioned rev-

erence retained largely the habits and the creed of our ancient Puritan stock, the seminary invited to it young men whose means were straitened, who had been under the best domestic influences at home, and who would find but few if any new temptations during their period of study. Great pains have evidently been taken from the first to secure officers in the College in full sympathy with the religious ends had in view. The peculiar type of piety fostered there, as our readers need hardly be informed, is that recognized as Calvinistic. And doubtless the systematic efforts made at that College to perpetuate that type of piety, and to indoctrinate successive classes of students in its creed and principles, have availed more than any other single agency in this Commonwealth in resisting thus far the almost universal tendency to a religious philosophy more in harmony with the broad truth and the expanded intelligence and the liberal culture of our times. We trust that a sentiment not so exacting as charity, or our professed liberality, will dispose us to recognize the virtues and the noble services identified with and still operating through that antiquated type of piety. We can honor the sincerity and zeal of those whose highest object is the promotion of a College revival as described in the pages before us, and we can understand how some of the most objectionable elements and incidents of such measures may be neutralized by the real good, the veritable heart-work of the Holy Spirit, which may predominate in them. But we cannot read a single page of these narratives without meeting something to remind us that our maturest judgment and our sympathies are more or less out of harmony with the scenes and measures described. It is our earnest conviction, that in some cases they must work an unspeakable mischief, and especially that henceforward attempts to perpetuate that old type of piety by the same measures within College walls, will be followed by prevailingly baneful consequences. The present state of theological science, and the present aspects of the great cause of religion, indicate that men trained in the period of opening manhood under somewhat different religious influences will alone be fitted to meet the emergent demands which the Gospel of Christ, through its champions, will have to encounter in the next age. There is something essentially dwarfing and cramping, something unwholesome mentally and spiritually, in the methods and agencies of a college revival after the old pattern. Some of the most ingenious, high-minded, and noble-souled of the students can never be won to a religious faith and course of life through those methods. On the contrary, all that is sincere and manly in them is shocked or disgusted, and they are often made sceptical for life by the phenomena of which they are observers in their companions. They refer to excited feelings, to frights, to a long continued strain on the sensibilities, and to the caught agitation of morbid sympathies, the experiences which they are told are to be referred to the special agency of the Holy Spirit. The creed which underlies the method employed, they cannot and will not receive. They discern the mechanism and the contrivances of human agency, where they are told that only a Divine operation is in progress. While we have been reading in Mr. Durfee's pages about the number of those who "found a

hope" in the successive College revivals, we have been thinking of the unchronicled experiences of those who looked on, who were drawn perhaps into the edge of the excited circles, but were finally left, disappointed, to connect forever afterwards the most dismal and dreary associations with piety, and to go through life secretly sorrowing over the lack of that most precious of all blessings, — a strong and cheerful religious faith. The very small proportion which the number of converts, the trophies of a revival, bears to the whole of those who have been subjected to its influence, is a phenomenon which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. It is to us a matter of absolute amazement that this fact alone has not induced a distrust of the system itself. Then too, in the narratives of such revivals, even in the pages before us, there is the most inconsistent and incoherent representation of the divine and human elements involved in the alternation between torpor and spasmodic excitement, spiritual indifference and awakening, which is brought to our view. Mr. Durfee, in assigning four reasons to account for a period of religious darkness and declension in the College, makes three of them to be a want of permanence among the officers, the removal of those who had shared in the previous "awakening," and "the influx of an uncommon amount of impiety;" but the fourth reason, the most significant of all, is, "A general suspension of Divine influences in this region of country." (p. 225.) What other possible meaning can be assigned to this, than one which divides the blame of the state of things between man and God? The fourth reason would seem to be all-sufficient and conclusive in itself to account for the lack of a revival, — the Divine influence was withheld! Is that ever so? And again, we meet with the, to say the least, awkward expression, "In College God seemed to hold his people off." (p. 116.) We have written upon this matter as our sincerest feelings have prompted. Those whose sensibilities we have offended must forgive us for our frankness. We know something of the psychological phenomena attendant upon religious excitements. We know how above all other things to be desired for young men engaged in a college course, is a manly and thorough principle of piety. But we also know, that under the critical circumstances involved in planting that principle in the heart, truth, truth of doctrine and sentiment, large, wholesome truth, is the most essential condition, lest the after trial prove the work fallacious in the subject of it, and make the failure a reproach to vital religion for lookers-on.

The highly important Monograph of Mr. Moore,* in itself filled with matter of pregnant interest in our history, is the earnest of a more extended work covering and illustrating its subject-matter. Of course we are withheld from any thorough dealing with the topic and

* The Treason of Charles Lee, Major-General, Second in Command in the American Army of the Revolution. By George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. [Read before the Society, June 22, 1858.] New York: Charles Scribner. 1860. 8vo. pp. 116.

the character presented in it till we have the promised full-fruits of the author's labors. The somewhat brilliant but very erratic and unstable character of Charles Lee had made him an object of curious and divided interest to those who knew him before he offered to our countrymen the aid of his mind and sword in our Revolutionary contest. Opinion never was uniform about him among those who were intimate with him; and even such as had the highest estimate of his abilities and services acknowledged in him abatements and faults, which made them feel that whatever they committed to his zeal and prowess was set at risk by his impetuosity, his unguarded tongue, and his fickleness of principle. He was the subject of alternating encomiums and suspicions while he held his high office, and when he sunk away in the clouds and contempt of his unhonored retirement, the darkest surmises were more than intimated about his integrity. Mr. Moore is the person to whom has been judicially committed the severely painful, but most needful duty, of presenting to the world the positive proofs of the treachery of the second in command in our great war. Charles Lee now stands clearly convicted of treason, — as lying patent in a document prepared by his own pen for the service of the enemy, which document is given by fac-simile in the volume before us, together with the fac-simile of a letter from Lee, for purposes of comparison. This damnable document — *litera scripta manet* — came into the hands of Mr. Moore, with a mass of other highly valuable papers, by purchase. From them all he promises to prepare Memoirs of the Life and Treason of Charles Lee, with his Political and Military Correspondence, &c. Meanwhile, understanding exactly the place which the one leading document must henceforward fill, the exact bearing of its contents upon the previously existing division of opinion about the character and the deserts of the author of it, and its relation to the time, the men, and the events with which its contents are associated, Mr. Moore prepared a setting of narrative and comment for this document as a separate work. His single aim is to put his readers in possession of such facts as will help them to read intelligently the paper the contents of which are so blasting to any remnant of fame which Lee has enjoyed. He begins with a biographical sketch of General Lee, including a notice of his doings and sayings before he — an officer under half-pay in the English service — renounced his allegiance, and professed to espouse, with some ostentatious demonstration too, the cause of liberty on this soil. Mr. Moore has been at much pains to fit the narrative to all its bearings, to fill in details and illustrative statements, and to set before the reader the chief materials for forming a judgment independent — if any one pleases, and can substantiate it — of that one which he himself so emphatically pronounces. It makes a lover of his country, and of its Revolutionary annals, and of its patriot leaders, to tremble and start, even now, when the danger is one only for the imagination to forecast, to call to mind how nearly, at one point of time, was it possible that Lee might have acceded to the command of his then only superior in rank, George Washington. Did luck or Providence preside over the contingency? Lee was jealous of Washington. In his own estimation, he *was* his supe-

rior. His letters contain hints — of which his conversation is reported to have been garnished by oaths and bitter epithets in full and bold avowal — that he regarded Washington as wholly incompetent to his trust. Whether Washington really read him through to the core seems to be doubtful; but that the Commander-in-Chief never gave him his entire confidence, might be assumed *a priori* from our knowledge of our patriot's soul, even if many frankly written and cautious sentences did not stand in evidence of it. It will be for Mr. Moore to show to us, in his promised elaboration of the valuable papers in his hands, whether we are to charge upon Lee the form of self-seeking, mean, hateful, and mercenary treachery which we ascribe to Arnold; or whether we are to refer his dastardly tamperings with his manhood and his high trust to a miserable littleness of moral principle, — an obtrusive, self-consequential, and restless intermeddling, and a poor confidence in the presumptuous fancy that Congress and Washington needed his advice, which, if taken, would exalt him, and the refusal of which would justify him in suggesting to the enemy how to humble them for their mistake.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great attention which has been paid to the study of particular periods of French history, both in this country and in England, it is a noteworthy circumstance that a thorough and comprehensive History of France has never been written in our language. While much has been written about Charlemagne, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and the French Revolution, the historical student who was desirous of obtaining a complete view of French history has been obliged to confine himself to meagre and unsatisfactory compends, unless he has had access to the voluminous works of the French historians, the best of which are often more minute in their details than is agreeable to a foreign reader. This want it is Mr. Godwin's purpose to supply by a new History, so comprehensive in its plan as to include all the more important and significant events in the annals of France, together with an adequate discussion of the underlying causes which have determined the course of the national life and the character of its movement, and so condensed as to be brought within the compass of a moderate number of volumes. As we gather from the Preface to the volume now before us,* his plan extends to six volumes, severally treating of the history of Gaul down to the time of Charlemagne; of Feudal France to the death of Louis IX.; of the period of the national, civil, and religious wars; of the ministries of Sully, Mazarin, and Richelieu; of the reign of Louis XIV.; and of the history of France in the eighteenth century; and we are also told that each volume is designed to be complete in itself. Of these volumes we have only the first, which from the nature of its subject must necessarily be less interesting and less valuable to the general reader than those which follow; but it furnishes sufficient evidence of Mr. Godwin's fitness for the task which he has undertaken, — through his familiarity with the most trustworthy sources of information, his clearness and force of judg-

* The History of France. By PARKE GODWIN. Vol. I. (Ancient Gaul.) New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860. 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 495.

ment, his freedom from blinding prejudices, and his command of a manly and perspicuous style.

The volume is divided into four Books, which are again sub-divided into eighteen chapters. The First Book is entitled "Primitive Gaul," and is divided into four chapters, of which the first two are devoted to an account of ancient Gaul and its inhabitants, and of their character, government, religion, etc., and the last two treat of the first Roman incursions and of the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar. The Second Book traces the history of "Roman Gaul," its organization by Augustus, and its government by the heathen and Christian Emperors, closing with a survey of the social and political condition of the province at the close of the Roman domination. The Third Book, entitled "Roman-German Gaul," recounts the history of the invasions of the Northern barbarians and of the wars which ensued, bringing the narrative down to the close of the Merovingian dynasty. In the Fourth Book, which comprises the history of "German Gaul," we have an account of the government by the Mayors of the Palace and of the reigns of Pepin le Bref (called by Mr. Godwin Pippin) and of Charlemagne, ending with the dissolution of the Empire of the Franks.

Mr. Godwin's narrative is full, clear, and exact, and in general his style deserves high praise, though his spelling of proper names is likely to cause some embarrassment to those who are familiar only with the common orthography. Pippin, Chlother, Karl the Hammer, Karl the Great, and the like, are scarcely improvements on the designations employed by most historians. His acquaintance with his subject is broad and thorough; he has drawn his materials from every accessible source which can be regarded as furnishing authentic details; and he has not neglected to support his own statements by numerous references to the original authorities. His treatment of the vexed questions with which he has occasionally to deal is candid and judicious; and even when disposed to doubt the correctness of his conclusions on some doubtful point, the reader cannot fail to recognize the weight of his arguments and the fairness with which they are presented. His perception of character is keen and discriminating; and his delineations of the men of that remote epoch have great vigor and distinctness. His subject affords but few opportunities for picturesque or animated description, yet scattered through the volume are many striking and eloquent passages; and as a whole it must hold an honorable place among recent works in that department of history to which it belongs.

The Sepoy rebellion was a blow sufficient to beat, even into English conservatism, the conviction that all was not perfect in the administration of India. The deluge of English books on India, which pours steadily forth, throws more or less light — less rather than more — on the thick darkness of the varied administrations of the last hundred years there. Among these books we are specially struck with the sharpness, courage, and generosity of Mr. Russell's Diary.* Every-

* My Diary in India, in the Year 1858-59. By William Howard Russell, LL. D., Special Correspondent of "The Times." In Two Volumes. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1860.

body has read his letters from India to the London Times. His Diary contains just what he did not put into his letters. The book is superficial, of course. How can a description of an empire, made in twelve months, be anything but superficial? Indeed, what have we had yet about India, from any quarter, that is not superficial? But it is unprejudiced; it tells what we want to know, it is fresh, and it is humane. More than this, it is legible, even intensely interesting. It has made the "Old Indians" very angry. We cannot regret that. A good many other things must have made them very angry as the last four years have gone by, — and a good many more things will make them very angry before the Indian questions are settled.

Hodson's life,* written by his brother, is made up mostly from his own letters home and to his wife. It is not history, but is a good piece of the memoirs for the service of history. Our readers remember him as the "East" of "Tom Brown of Rugby," — and we may say, in passing, that none of East's adventures in that boy-romance were exaggerations. The Rugby boy proved the dashing *sabreur* of the Indian army, — a sort of Marion of the Punjaub, and afterwards of the Low Country, — whose exploits in the saddle are rivalled only by Lochinvar's, and whose distances only by Dr. Kane's. The life is the Arnold type of life carried into the wretched contradictions and paradoxes of war. And at last the hero loses life in a place where he had no business to be, by a chance shot from an enemy already defeated. The book has met severe criticism in England, as everything English does. It is doubtless marked by the exaggeration of an autobiography, and of a brother's affectionate comment on an autobiography. But none the less does it give striking sketches of the details of the awful drama in which he played his part so bravely.

Side by side with these narratives of a civilian and a soldier we have placed the memoir of the Bishop of India.† Dr. Wilson was not a great man. No one but a kinsman and most affectionate biographer could have pretended that. But he was a good man, who tried to do the duty which he had to do, without fear or favor. Poor Hodson's life, written by a clergyman, shows the hopeless work of men trying to make a high Christianity consist with obedience to imbecile generals in the work of annexing independent provinces, or riding down infatuated rebels. A paradox as difficult — happily more amusing because less important — is the task of a Low Church "Evangelical" English priest, who of a sudden becomes a bishop. However disposed the Rev. Mr. Wilson might be to underrate the mere formalities of his Church, it is clear enough that the Right Rev. Dr. Wilson had no disposition then to minish the office of a Bishop. When once he had won his

* Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India: being Extracts from the Letters of the Late Major W. S. R. Hodson, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge; First Bengal Fusileers, Commander of Hodson's Horse. Edited by his Brother, Rev. George H. Hodson, M. A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

† The Life of Daniel Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M. A., his Son-in-Law and First Chaplain. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1860.

crosier, — for certainly with him it was "*Volo* episcopari," — he used it like a Christian man. And whatever judgment we may form of the preacher in Islington, we are most ready to aver that his work in India was worthy to succeed Heber's.

All these books — the civilian's, the soldier's, and the clergyman's — confirm to the full the estimate of the Hindoo character, which we put on record on these pages early in the history of the rebellion. They show us at almost every page the tenderness, docility, obedience, and affection of the Hindoo. The two books on the rebellion show that the English empire in India subsists this day because the Hindoo servants of the English officials were in so large a proportion of cases faithful to those whom they had undertaken to serve. Yet all three of the books show that, with but few exceptions thus far, the English colonists of India have wholly failed to recognize these millions, on whom they thus depend, as entitled to any "civilities," — even to any rights as men. If Mr. Russell may be relied upon, the bearing of an "Old Indian" towards an East Indian of the native race is marked with insult which no Southern planter thinks of offering to his slave. If we rightly understand the opening proceedings of the new English administration of India, the new officials are conscious of the wrong and danger of this contempt. The new era which is promised to India will never come, unless it recognize the rights and dignities of the native races.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A PART of Mr. Norton's volume on Italy * was published in "The Crayon," a few years since. The contents have evidently been selected from many materials, with care and deliberation. Then, even after this discrimination, they are modestly called Notes. Florence, Rome, Orvieto, Naples, Venice, Genoa, are the heights where the writer stands when he records his impressions of Italian Art, Religion, and Society. He draws the lines from the most advanced principles of this time to them. If the State and the Church suffer in the comparison, it is not because the critic is a partisan. The book even wants in color and passion. The sentences shape themselves in the most lucid but statuesque forms. The author represses all enthusiasm, all sentiment and Italian rapture. You girls and boys, with rolling eyes, dream no more of Italy. There also are the sternest facts; and the Pope and his Cardinals have transformed the sky into brass, and the earth to scarlet. Goethe, though he was of marble, at one period of his life dared not think of Italy, it so overwhemed him with longing. But he was a poet; and we, though we change our skies, must not begin our lines with capital letters, nor even, like Cicero when he had to defend a poet, write unconscious hexameters.

Of the justness of the title, "Study in Italy," there is much evidence in these pages. In a bookstall, buying two or three books and reading them, — one a biography of a good man, Letterato, one a Neapolitan

* Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

travesty of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, and one a theological work, with a too long title, — we find a warrant that here is a traveller who saw a little beyond the guide-book. Warrant enough; for which one of the throng that streams through Italy knows even the orthography of the places in which he only eats, drinks, smokes, as usual? If he can comprehend what *Bif Stek* means on the *lista* at the *trattoria*, is not that something? The Doves of Pliny stamped on his butter he never can see, because, was not butter made to eat? If, after crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and many seas and lands,

"Lavinaque venit
Litora, multum ille et ternis jactatus et alto,"

we can drink no better wine than at home, and procure not half the luxuries, were it worth while to come? If we could only take our home with us! But multitudinous trunks cannot contain it. In travelling, we must see what manner of man we are, stripped of our domestic and indigenous advantages. The new view one gets of himself, — but nothing must be said of that in the presence of this writer.

With well-furnished mind, and without hurry, the author of this volume saw Italy with a master's eye. He has selected what he would have his reader see and know with care, and has no ostentation of the vain showman. He knows the true from the false in Art. He is so morally sensitive, that the errors of the Church cannot escape him, in her thousand subtle and open devices. Now, a few months in that land can give no authority to the observation of its religious phenomena; but after repeated and long visits, one may without presumption deliver his opinions. He shows us the good, which no perverse church or practice can quite obliterate from the heart of man, in fine examples of the Society *Della Misericordia*, the Evening Schools, the philanthropy of Letterato.

The style is clear and most simple. There is no egotism, no display, but thorough good taste throughout. The poetical aspect of things, the personal surprise, which it seems must fill a New England man face to face with Roman Art and Antiquity, is totally ignored. He describes what he saw, and only that. The imaginative youth who began Latin Poetry with Virgil's Eclogues, and who could not fail to localize every tree, every hedge, and even the great shadows that fell from the mountains at sundown, when the roofs of the hamlets began to smoke, and the weary shepherds invited each other to abundance of mellow chestnuts and pressed cheese, desires to know, most of all, what sensations the traveller has in that land of the soul. It is best he should not be gratified, since he could not, at all; and new studies, and the pilgrim's old, yet ever new report, will still be food for the imagination, until he himself, one day, shall

"Stay the wheels at Cogoletto,"

and learning, perchance, this one thing, that the sunset is always and everywhere Italian, return with contented heart to his own no longer obscure abode, whose limitless horizon contains the most ancient and famous figures.

YANKEE perseverance, endurance, and enterprise could not have found better expression than in Collins's "Voyage down the Amoor."* At his own expense apparently, at the hazard of life, with every kind of hardship, from want of food, want of sleep, want of rest, want of everything civilized and comfortable, Perry McDonough Collins makes his weary way, through a whole Siberian winter, from St. Petersburg to the Pacific Ocean; rides day and night without cessation, frequently on a mere box full of baggage, sometimes along dizzy precipices, sometimes over half-frozen rivers, often in driving storms of rain and snow, with a temperature at times fifty degrees below zero. His unadorned narrative exhibits him simply as a pioneer of commerce, such as the "Commercial Agent of the U. S." should have been. He evidently intends to show Russia how to develop the buried resources of her immense Asiatic domain. He carries with him the foregone conclusion, that the Amoor is as susceptible of steam navigation as the Mississippi; which needs the less proof to us, as American-built steamers now ply upon these broad waters, and great abundance of coal is found at the river's mouth, to say nothing of the vast forests along the banks. In a spirit characteristic of our countrymen, our author proposes to the Russian government to build a railroad from the central city of Irkutsk to the Amoor, upon certain conditions, highly favorable to the builders. The Russian officials approve a scheme the execution of which would open a new field to the commerce of the world. No more snow than that which embarrasses our most northern railroads would impede the use of such a road; Chinese laborers could be obtained at little cost; the mountains are not so forbidding as the Alleghanies; abundant mines of the richest metal would be brought, by this iron highway, within control of the energies of civilized man. The Cossack population along much of Mr. Collins's route is poor, scattered, ignorant, half starved, and filthy. Upon the Amoor, only about seven thousand natives are to be found, chiefly Manchoos, amiable but stupid, peaceful but superstitious, their polygamy, slavery, idolatry, degradation of women, and kindred barbarisms, offering a new and fertile field for Protestant missions.

The narrative suffers for want of a map. Instead of some wretched lithographs, Mr. Collins ought to have traced his land and water routes, as the ordinary maps are quite inadequate, and the chief benefit of such a homely detail is lost where means are wanting for following the traveller's steps upon paper; and there are no charms of style, no graces of description, no highly-wrought incidents, to relieve the "unvarnished tale" of fatigue, hardship, peril, suffering, and heroic achievement. On the whole, a drearier journey has seldom been taken, nor one more bravely carried through by our dreadnought countryman; but the results seem to have been anticipated by the steamers already upon the Amoor, the American traders established at its mouth, and the European science now in application to the silver mines in the interior.

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* A Voyage down the Amoor, and Land Journey through Siberia. By PERRY MCDONOUGH COLLINS. New York. 1860.

The lively and entertaining picture which Mr. Trollope has given* of life, manners, and scenery in Tropical America, deserves a fuller notice than we are able to give it at present. Journeying partly, it appears, in some diplomatic capacity, and partly with the tastes and objects of a traveller, he gives us by far the best account we have seen of the British West Indies, Guiana, and Central America. His views on the labor question, as affecting the British colonies, are worth studying, even as simple reflections of the current opinion there. Without saying a word to justify or extenuate the system of slavery, he shows very clearly the nature of the difficulties that have hitherto attended emancipation. His testimony to the indolent and saucy independence of the free blacks is unequivocal, and often very amusing. His summary judgment may be received, we trust, with some abatement, that, "as far as we can at present see, the struggle has produced idleness and sensuality, rather than prosperity and civilization." (p. 273.) As to the East-Indian coolies brought into Demerara, he says: "It appears to me that these men could not be treated more tenderly, unless they were put separately each under his own glass case, with a piece of velvet on which to lie." (p. 185.) Accordingly he exhibits a contemptuous impatience of the efforts made in England to prevent the natural and most necessary supply of the labor market from abroad. The English Abolition Society he considers has done its work, and regards its action now as an anachronism and a nuisance. His exhibition of the various stages of prosperity or decline in the different colonies, from the almost apathetic despair of Jamaica to the busy and thriving self-importance of the little island of Barbados, is extremely curious and instructive.

NOVELS AND TALES.

We have already spoken, in our May number, of Sir Rohan's Ghost, one of Miss Prescott's stories, which has been published separately. The whole series, if we may call them so, which appeared in the magazines, are written with so much power and originality, that they have a right to special consideration in our notice of the literature of the day. With the exception of the Marble Faun, and Rutledge, they rank as the most striking American publications that have appeared, certainly within the last twelve months. The conception of character that they display, their fluency of language, and close accuracy in description, with the airy fancy that surrounds them, place them high above the flow of American fiction, which pours out so continuously that we cannot detect a separate flavor in the waters that succeed each other.

But still these stories, while they are entirely free from the usual crudeness of the works of a young author, promise more than they gratify at present; the impression left after reading them is a painful one. "Yet's Christmas Box," which appeared in Harper's Magazine

* The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers.

for April, is perhaps the most pleasing; its characters act from a higher motive than the ruling characters of the other stories, and though a mistaken act of would-be self-denial brings about an unhappy end, yet the effort after some nobility of character does gratify the reader, and excites a pleasurable sensation. In the other stories the struggle has been of imperfect characters, acting on lower motives. We fancy that the author, in her desire to throw aside and keep under mask her own personal feelings, robs her creations of the human feelings which belong to them. Lest she should betray herself in a too feminine style, she does not dare to indulge herself in a feminine flow of feeling. "The Amber Gods," which is written with infinite spirit and vivacity, not wanting in grace, is a picture of a heartless woman; but alas! it is, perhaps for the reason suggested, heartlessly done. This is an unnecessary affectation. In the greater authors, we see that just where they spend their own personal feeling on the characters they create, they remain themselves the most concealed. Shakespeare's personation of Cleopatra, especially as rendered by Mrs. Kemble, has nothing repulsive in it; we go away from listening to the scene of the death in the "high Roman fashion" with something like admiration in our hearts, which are touched with the spell that moved emperors. It is still a picture of the ambitious, selfish, voluptuous Cleopatra, but it is not a heartless picture, and therefore we are touched.

The same thing is observable in the recently published fragment of story left behind by Charlotte Bronté. In the description of the governess, Miss Wilcox, stands a strong-hearted woman; in her reception of the child who has innocently duped her, she shows a cold, hard, unfeminine nature, but the portraiture is not harsh; we seem to see the real woman by her side, entreating and weeping for the child, in the cool, sarcastic touch itself that carves the marble image.

Thackeray's satires are redeemed by the remembrance of the "tears in his voice" when he was heard in his lectures, and he lingers over some of the most flippant of his characters with a tenderness that seems to say, "Though I paint them as so vain and shallow, yet I like them still. Like them for me." He never turns upon them with disgust. And in parenthesis let us say, recalling almost the last words in "Sir Rohan's Ghost," where Miriam moves her foot "in disgust" towards her father, that nowhere, in all the variety of Shakspeare's characters, does he show any *disgust* for any one of them, nor allow of any such feeling in his readers, however base and low a villain he may put upon the stage.

It is perhaps this anonymous desire that creates a restlessness of style in Miss Prescott's writings; they want repose. In "Yet's Christmas Box," after a warm battledoor and shuttlecock play of repartee, we fall with pleasure into the sole interval of repose, in the mutual love expressed by the grandmother and grandson; this little scene is almost the only one where a permitted love is allowed its way in all these stories, and it comes with a wonderful refreshment.

Scheherezade, the originator of serial stories, had to contend with the same difficulties that the magazine artists of the present day meet

with. Each number must not only be complete in itself, but it must end in such a way as to create a demand for the next. It was a matter of life and death with Scheherezade, as important to her head as to the editor of the Atlantic that his subscription should not be cut off. For this reason, her artistic style is worth study. We see that she showed a part of her skill in allowing the Sultan to nod occasionally; not that dulness can ever soothe; its wounds are as incurable for the nervous sufferer as the cut of a dull knife. Scheherezade was never dull. She had the art, however, of bringing repose in the midst of interest and action; and the *blasé* readers of the present day, tossed from one romance to another, with the same restless speed with which they change cars at a junction, enjoy repose in fiction as much as the Sultan struggling with sleep.

"Circumstance," in the May number of the Atlantic, opens with a quiet description, which confirms the evidence in the earlier stories that the author holds in reserve the power which she uses quite too seldom. But in this tale, also, we are swept off again, and get upon the same defects to which we have alluded. In the description of the terrific wild beast, the suggestion of the loathsome disgust which it inspired takes away from the horror of the position; the occasional allusions to its loathsomeness detract from the dramatic grandeur that would otherwise render the story most thrilling; and the over-climax at its close is painful to the unprepared reader; while, if the incident were true, it might have been more easily borne by the actors in it, who had been sustained by a severe contest and victory.

All these, however, are the faults of a young writer. The ready pen, the poetic flow of language, the love of the mysterious and vague, united with a talent for clear description, are admirable tools in ambitious hands, and must needs bring out one day works superior to these we have been criticising, where feeling will be expressed as well as suggested, and a higher aim give more earnestness, and worth, and reality, where now there is only talented play, and originality in fiction.

To fix the scene of a novel in Syria is a hazardous venture for one who has not visited and travelled through that land. No amount of study can prevent errors in description of customs and localities. The author of "El Fureidis" * has been more successful in avoiding such errors than we might have anticipated, and we are surprised that there are so few criticisms to be made upon the exactness of her statements. She brings, indeed, a view of "Carmel" into the voyage from Cyprus to Beyrout, involving so a very circuitous track, and a marvellously long vision. The heights of Lebanon, as seen from the sea, are "cedar-crowned" in her volume, which they are not to any actual observer, the "cedars" of Lebanon being confined to a single famous grove, remote from the sea, and secluded from conspicuous view. She repre-

* El Fureidis. By the Author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. 12mo. pp. 379.

sents the Maronite women as "horned," while it is the fact that the "horn" has long since been given up by that Christian sect, and only now is seen in the Druse villages. She says that the Eastern doors *usually* turn on pivots; according to our experience, such doors are not common in the Lebanon, or indeed in any part of Syria. That was the antique style, but the hinge has superseded it. She allows "gazelles" to climb mountain crags, and leap from rock to rock like the chamois, — a spectacle which the Syrian hunter is not privileged to witness, the gazelle being an animal of the plain rather than the mountain. In her account of Eptedeen, the palace of the Shehaabs, she has taken some unwarrantable liberties with the narrative of Colonel Churchill, and has strangely confounded the terms "Emir" and "Sheikh," and the houses of Shehaab and Jumblatt. We have been perplexed to know who "M. Y. L. Porter" is, but suppose that it is a new way of describing that sturdy *English*man, Mr. J. L. Porter. A few such slight mistakes as these are all that remind us that the description is not from a personal memory.

The novel is interesting, well written, not extravagant in its epithets, as most Oriental stories are expected to be, and not tedious in its pictures of scenery. El Fureidîs is an average Lebanon village, and its groves, vineyards, terraces, waterfalls, and romantic place represent what any traveller has often seen in that fascinating range of hills. The characters are few, well sustained, and well contrasted. The sturdy, proud, generous, intellectual Englishman; the jealous, vindictive, passionate Bedouin boy; the sanguine silk-grower, half American, half French; the venerable missionary; the beautiful young daughter of Lebanon, a natural Christian; the old convent, with its dry old monks; the Turkish household in Damascus; and the encampment of the Bedouin chief, — all these are presented in strong, clear, and distinct lines, with a power that cannot be questioned. The book will give Miss Cummins a higher position than either of her previous volumes.

Méry is one of the most fascinating, as well as one of the most industrious, of living French novelists. If he cannot rival Dumas in the rapidity of production, and must limit himself to a quarterly rather than a monthly romance, he at any rate writes with more care, and permits the reader to have a reasonable confidence in the accuracy of his facts, and the reality of his pictures. The "Jewess at the Vatican" * is his most famous story, and for dramatic power and intense interest it is worthy to be classed with the best stories of George Sand, Balzac, and Merimée. It opens with a description of the scenery and life of Tunis in Africa, from which the reader is shortly transported to Genoa, and finally reaches Rome, where two thirds of the events related happen. The characters, though numerous, are so admirably drawn, that they do not interfere with each other; each has his own individuality, — the bandit, the noble, the Jew father, the Jew son and the Jew daughter,

* La Juive au Vatican. Par Méry. Paris: Arnold de Viesse. 1859. 16mo. 2 vols. pp. 288, 276.

the countess, the cardinals, the Dutch admiral, the English gentleman, the Roman police and the Roman Lazzaroni, — from the Pope to the dog, all are drawn with the most minute and distinct fidelity. As a series of cabinet pictures of life in Rome in the last days of Gregory and the first days of Pio Nono, this novel can hardly be surpassed. The narrative is as reliable as that of Mademoiselle Mori, while the novel is far more interesting and powerful, reaching even, as we think, the interest of Hawthorne's Marble Faun. It confirms the worst tales of Papal tyranny and abuses, and shows us, not only what persecutions the Jews have to suffer in the capital of Christendom, but of what iniquities the Inquisition is still capable. The streets, the galleries, the churches, the ruins, all the famous haunts of the city, even to the Catacombs, and the lonely, wild, sad surroundings of the Campagna, are daguerrotyped with marvellous art. One who has known the old gray city lives over again, in this powerful story, his dear and almost mystic experience there.

Compared with "Adam Bede," the later story by the same author * will not be found so interesting or so pleasant, or so artistically told. But, unless our memory misleads us, it has a more striking and express intellectual character and force. At any rate, special stamina and activity of mind stand out here, and with a certain obvious, compact strength, and powerful but facile energy, command attention. There are laughter-compelling humor, and tear-compelling tenderness, and at times a richness and dignity of artistic work which compel admiration and delight. But the fine compulsion is, after all and before all, over the intellect, through depth of insight, nicety of observation, sagacity of conclusion, and many grave and high qualities of thought which mark intellectual power and equipment as pre-eminent.

What admirable descriptions are met here and there throughout the book, proving an eye to catch all the delicate tints of feature and color in Nature, and a heart to rejoice in all her beauty of sentiment, — pictures which seize the spirit and life through which body and form glow to their brightest and loveliest; the painting, for example, of the fields and moors of the Floss, of pleasant Dorlcote Mill, with its clear stream and blossoming chestnuts, and of the "Red Deeps," where the Scotch firs lift up their solemn purple stems, and the dog-roses scatter their opaline petals on the emerald of the grass. But the charm of this artist capability and feeling, which can so finely describe the aspects of natural beauty, and can more finely portray, with the cunning and bold fashioning of the imagination, the features of character and the movements of life, is overshadowed by the dominant, sometimes domineering presence, felt from page to page, of what we may perhaps call intellectuality, meaning by it conspicuous power and activity of the vigorous, decisive, logical, and searching qualities of mind, working to pregnant conclusions, in apothegms of impressive fulness, and through

* The Mill on the Floss. By George Elliot. New York: Harper and Brothers.

trains of weighty reflection. The chapters of Book IV., — "The Valley of Humiliation," — might be printed as separate tracts for the times, they are so marked with nice intellectual discretion, penetrative insight, and the large inquiry and fine determinations of thought.

The thought-compelling power of the book is the distinctive feature of it, and marks the proper distinction of the writer among his contemporaries in this sort of literature. This characteristic intellectuality is not, however, a hard and barren attribute, or ill-companied. Out of it or with it goes a dramatic and creative power not surpassed in any novelist of these days. Mr. Tulliver and Bob Jakin are substantial to our interest and affection as Thomas Newcome and Dick Swiveller. And Maggie must move in the memory with as real a presence as Becky Sharpe and Jane Eyre.

We put this novel high among those whose value depends on something more in them than the satisfaction of a transient pleasure or excitement. Yet it must be confessed that the story, in plot and event, is utterly forlorn. Still, had it depended, for interest or enjoyment, more on a happy or gentle fate for its characters, and on the make up of its circumstances to an end which should please all readers, it might not have been so excellent a book. We hold it to be an unreasonable demand which is made so persistently, that a novel should "turn out well," as the phrase goes. Why make this demand upon the novelist any more than the dramatist? We remember few more disagreeable things than a performance it was our own ill fortune to witness of Nahum Tate's sacrilegious travesty of "Lear," at the end of which Cordelia and Edgar are respectably married after the somewhat rough course of their true love, and Lear and Kent propose to themselves a rather recluse but jolly life in their remnant of years. But the immortal partner of Brady sought in this only to please the common desire to have a story or a play close with happy issues to all concerned, save perhaps the villain. Still we must, on the whole, prefer the Shakespearian method. Is anything left for Othello and Lady Macbeth but to die? Ruskin, in one of those eloquent notes which adorn in elucidating the text, brings out, in this impressive way, the sorrowful fatalism which the great dramatist uses so grandly in the solemn, inevitable movement of his tragedies: "Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have, on the whole, in this world, Shakespeare sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pin that Death pierces the king's fortress-wall with; and Carelessness and Folly sit, sceptred and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton." And on a lower range of literature, albeit in toil and struggle not less tragic, we ought not complain of the destiny that Maggie and Tom should go down in the flood, when the waves and billows had gone over them of great temptations and manifold sorrows, mercifully not divided in their death, though life had put such sad division between

them. Neither in fact, nor in its faithful image by fiction, can we expect that environing circumstance should so fit as to answer our hopes and wishes, and that the necessity which

> "doth front the universe
> With an invincible gesture,"

should so fall as to please our sensibilities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. SMILES is already favorably known by his admirable biography of George Stephenson. The general character of his new work * is indicated by the title. It contains illustrations drawn from many quarters, chiefly from English biography, of the advantage to be derived from helping one's self by every honest means. It might have for its text Emerson's injunction, "Do your own work, and you shall reinforce yourself." Not merely in reading this book, but in nearly all biographies, one is struck with the prevailing fact, that greatness is achieved in almost every department of science, art, or literature, — in inventions, discoveries, improvements, and the like, — by persons not educated, except by themselves, to the career in which they gain their victories. Such facts furnish the evidence of what is always manifest enough to reason, that every man, who is made at all, is self-made. The nature of Mr. Smiles's undertaking is not at all new, nor is the lesson it teaches broached for the first time; but, as is the case with all truth, it can never be repeated too often. Everything which tends to give a man the benefit of experience, without personally undergoing it, is so much clear gain. Whenever an example of a truly successful man is taken to heart, and the life and character moulded by that ideal, conviction takes the place of speculation, thought becomes action, and life is doubled by the saving. All men cannot be famous, but all can be true. Self-Help is full of hints toward making the most and best of things. The main purpose of all such works is worthy of praise; and fortunately the manner in which that purpose is attained by Mr. Smiles is as excellent as the purpose itself. There is nothing canting or pietistic, nothing tending to exalt wealth unduly, or encourage mere love of fame. Throughout, character is asserted to be superior to talent; and honest and hearty devotion to the highest aims, better than all external success.

To be a true gentleman — that acme of modern civilization — is not attained by the reading of books, but by birth and breeding; and books on etiquette are, for the most part, a weariness to the spirit, since they attempt to make outward rules give what must be born or nurtured in the man. Not that they are not well enough in their way, for all the niceties of etiquette have their foundation, no doubt, in genuine kindliness of feeling, or a delicate appreciation of comfort, and are there-

* Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

fore worth knowing and observing; the world is pleasanter to live in because of them. So we are glad to see, in the "Habits of Good Society," * an attempt, and a successful one, to treat the subject in a broader and more scholarly manner than is usual. It is a satisfaction to feel sure that the author is at home with his subject, — which we do not always feel sure about in works of this kind, — that he is at once "a gentleman and a scholar." One merit of the book is his disposition to acknowledge the good features of Continental, particularly French, customs, and to recommend them for imitation. So, too, with American, in one or two instances, as in the use of white waistcoats and trousers; but he shows himself, on the whole, ludicrously ignorant of this country. After an absurd account of the insolence and ill-breeding of "what is there called good society," he adds: "Of course these remarks do not apply to New York, which, in civilization, is as far in advance of the States generally as London is of the Hebrides."

If anything can take the place of growing up in constant intercourse with good society, it is reading such a book as this; for it is so thoroughly readable and entertaining, that on taking it up one hardly cares to lay it down; and although the precepts be not committed to memory, yet they have somehow crept into the mind without effort, much as they would from living with those who daily practise them. In his unsparing attacks on all vulgarity, snobbishness, and discourtesy, the writer may be ranked as a reformer; and there is nothing in the spirit of the book which will not apply to America, although many of the details might better, perhaps, have been omitted in an American edition.

Among the excellent religious tales which exhibit in so attractive form many phases of the popular Christianity, we are glad to call special attention to one of the latest, and, as it seems to us, one of the best. "Katherine Morris" is written in the form of an autobiography, — the reminiscence of a woman who has reached middle life through a series of experiences not very widely apart from the common lot, penetrated, suffused, and sanctified by the pure and beautiful piety which has been slowly wrought out, through griefs, joys, and trials that appeal to the sympathies of the common heart. The piety won at last is healthy and serene. Yet the form of the narrative suggests and justifies a certain intense and introspective tone of feeling, which would be almost overstrained, but that it bears the aspect of a personal confession, so to speak, rendered at the bar of conscience, and uttered with the pure motive of doing good. The author has been skilfully faithful to this tone and purpose, and in several passages of the book scenes from nature or from life are drawn which give it no small amount of literary beauty and charm.

Prof. Cooke's "Elements of Chemical Physics" is a large and handsome volume, generously illustrated with engravings, amply pro-

* The Habits of Good Society. A Handbook for Ladies and Gentlemen. From the last London Edition. New York: Rudd and Carleton. MDCCCLX. 12mo. pp. 435.

vided with such supplementary matter as index, tables, etc., and very complete and thorough in its plan. It is adapted throughout to the French system of weights and measures, full tables being given for their reduction to the popular standards, as well as a full explanation and discussion of their relative advantages. This is an example which we hope to see more generally adopted in works of pure science, until the public becomes habituated to the great beauty and convenience of that system. The work is remarkably full, not only of the illustrations and applications which show the practical side of the science it treats, but also of examples and problems, in very great variety, to adapt it to the wants of the recitation-room. In external appearance, as well as in general thoroughness of preparation, it seems to us an admirable model of a text-book of the first rank. It is to be followed by two similar volumes, one treating of Light and Crystallography, especially as connected with Chemistry, and the other of Stoichiometry (the doctrine of chemical equivalents) and of Chemical Classification.

THE fourth and last volume of Rawlinson's Herodotus * maintains the high character the preceding volumes have earned for fidelity, copiousness and elegance. As a translation alone, the nice appreciation of his author, and his skill in language, have enabled Mr. Rawlinson to preserve wonderfully well the grace and simplicity, the freshness, and even the delicate aroma, of the style of the Father of History. So that the translation may be said to be almost as charming reading as the original. The notes, illustrations, maps, and essays enhance the value of the work. This volume contains the seventh, eighth, and ninth books, which are made up for the most part of the expedition of Xerxes. The essays contain little of general interest, being for the most part upon recondite subjects. Essay II., appended to the seventh book, treats of the early migrations of the Phœnicians; it is the author's opinion that the Phœnicians were not identical with the Canaanites, but migrated from the coast of the Southern Sea, at about the thirteenth century before Christ. A translation of the inscription on the tomb of Darius near Persepolis is given, corroborating the view of the editors previously expressed, that the revolt of the Pseudo-Smerdis was religious — Magian — in its character, not national, or Median, as has been supposed; and that Darius, on coming to the throne, restored the worship of Ormazd. It ends thus: —

"O people! the law of Ormazd — that having returned to you, let it not perish. (Beware) lest ye abandon the true doctrine. (Beware) lest ye stumble (or lest ye oppress it.)"

IN "A Voice from the Washingtonian Home," † Mr. David Harrison

* The History of Herodotus. A New English Version. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Assisted by Col. SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, K. C. B., and SIR J. G. WILKINSON, F. R. S. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. with Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1860. 8vo. pp. 561.

† A Voice from the Washingtonian Home. By DAVID HARRISON, JR. Boston: Redding & Co.

has given nearly three years' experience of one of the most interesting attempts ever made at human reformation. He has prefaced it by a general history of the Temperance cause, an account of the Baltimore movement in 1840, called the Washingtonian Reform, and a scientific statement of the disease of Intemperance. His style might well have been simpler; his statements ought to have been more exact; authentic names should have filled the places now left blank, and a better proof-reader should have corrected the text. Still, the book is noteworthy in several respects. The publisher, paper-manufacturer, engraver, and author, are all graduates of this Home for the Fallen: and of nearly seven hundred who have been subjected to its treatment, two thirds are now trustworthy ornaments and advocates of the temperance cause. Every profession has found its representatives within the humble walls of No. 36 Charles street, Boston, — lawyers and ministers, physicians and merchants, editors and seamen. Half as much success as we know this unpretending institution has already had, in a community so crowded as ours with temptation, is a hundred-fold reward for the patient, Christian, generous effort.

Again, this new Home demonstrates the power of kindness, and breathes the intensest faith in the recoverableness of the sinful. It has not picked its subjects, and avoided the desperate cases. Neither does it rely at all upon bolts and bars: welcoming all who apply with the determination to reform, it puts no restraint on their movements (except while they are under the spell of delirium), allows them to spend their evenings abroad, furnishes money to those who are in need, and only relies on their word of honor to return. While members of this reforming household, they are free to go, as they were free to come. The great New York institution at Binghampton proposes to pursue a different course; but it will be to inevitable discomfiture: restraint and coercion have only temporary influence over this melancholy infatuation. Lunatic asylums and houses of correction have not half the power of such winning kindness as has been so wonderfully blessed in the "Home for the Fallen."

A third fact is honorable to the supporters of this movement, and characteristic of Boston charity. There has been no waiting for legislative grants, for a splendid edifice, and abundant means of support. The present building, the third removal of the Home, is far too small; the funds are not half what they should be; more and more will be cut off from any chance of cure by the crowded state of this only retreat for a most deplorable malady. Still, it was noble to obey the Divine bidding at once, and do all the good that humble means permitted, in expectation of better to come. A small commencement even had its advantages; so novel an experiment was best tried on a few cases at first. The managers needed to feel their way in the beginning, and to gather experience by minute study of the cases committed to their care.

A fourth circumstance we notice with pleasure. Religious influences are freely used to cheer and strengthen these weaker brethren. Besides morning and evening prayers, two conference meetings are held every week; not in any sectarian spirit, but as inspiring those

whom society has tempted, and the world cast out, with Christian hope and spiritual energy. Many a time these must be the medicines which minister to the mind diseased, which quicken the despairing one with confidence, invigorate the outcast by sympathy, and lead an enslaved spirit out of its bondage into the liberty with which Christ makes free. To Mr. Albert Day, the Superintendent, the principal credit of the successful enterprise is due. To business ability and firmness of character he unites remarkable adaptedness, inexhaustible patience, and a spirit of religious consecration. Securing the love of every member of his household, he wins their confidence and commands their respect. More than any asylum or other house of reformation, the Home depends upon the character of its head; and, where it falls into the hands of so gifted a person as Mr. Day, it must yield the richest fruit which has yet clustered around the Temperance Reform, justify our firmest faith in human nature, and inspire generous hope for the future.

Two new issues of Bunsen's *Bibelwerk** give us the fourth and the ninth half-volumes. The former contains the version of the Book of Isaiah, the latter the first part of the *Bibelurkunden*, including the essays on the ante-Mosaic and the Mosaic histories. The Bibelurkunden (Bible Documents) constitutes the second main division of this comprehensive work, the first being the Bibel, — translation and exposition of the text, — the third the *Bibelgeschichte*, — Biblical History. The Bibelurkunden is devoted to the elucidation of the Old and New Testaments by critical and historical essays, embodying the results of modern discoveries in these departments. For the accommodation of readers, the first part of this division is published before the completion of the first division, of which the whole New Testament and a portion of the Old are yet to come. The author deemed it expedient to follow the version of the Law and the Prophets, as soon as possible, with the essays illustrative of their contents.

By the simultaneous publication of ten beautiful volumes containing the poetical works of Robert Southey, Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. continue their unsurpassed series of the British Poets. As this series lengthens its list from year to year, the number is steadily increasing over our whole country of that class of readers who will appreciate the convenience, the attractiveness, and the cheapness of the form of these precious volumes, enriched by all the wealth of one whole department of our native literature. Professor Child, the editor of the series, follows the standard English edition of Southey's Works, which the author himself prepared and arranged, at the age of sixty-three. An ample apparatus of notes accompanies such of the poems as need it. The first volume contains a brief, but an adequate and a most satisfactory biographical sketch, by Henry T. Tuckerman.

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* Bunsen's Bibelwerk. Vierter Halbband, Erste Hälfte. — Neunter Halbband. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

A REPRINT of the volume of recent Oxford Essays, noticed on a previous page, is announced, and will shortly be published, by Walker, Wise, & Co.

Proposals have been issued to publish by subscription the collected writings of Herbert Spencer, one of the very ablest, if not the first, among recent English authors and thinkers on scientific subjects. We design, at an early opportunity, to set forth the views of Mr. Spencer and his school with the fulness of criticism and exposition which their importance seems to demand.

NOTE TO ART. III.

WHENEVER the friends of both Italy and the Roman Church propose the abdication of all temporal power as the only means to reconcile the rights of the nation with the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, — nay, as the only practicable means of saving the latter from utter destruction, — they are told that such thing cannot be done by the Bishop of Rome, owing to the solemn oath of transmitting that power to his successors just as he received it when crowned king of the Roman States. To this might be answered, that it is the doctrine of that Church not to regard an oath, no matter how solemn, when it becomes a bond of iniquity and cannot be kept without violating human or divine law. Now, if the Popes are able to continue on their throne without being aided by deceit, breach of promise, spoliation, and wholesale murder, nobody will certainly object to their remaining what ambition and despotism made them. But is such the fact? Does not history tell us how they succeeded in acquiring and preserving their power? Has any other country been witness to greater crimes than those by which it was supported? Besides, the sanctity of an oath, under such circumstances, ought not to be adduced as an insuperable obstacle by persons who claim for the Popes the power of absolving from all vows and oaths, and dispensing with the observance of the laws of God. Have they not often absolved themselves, as well as other princes, from like obligations? Could they not do at present for the good of their country and of religion what they have done so many times to ruin both?

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

A General View of the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity. By Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author, and a Catalogue of his Writings. New York: William Gowans. 12mo. pp. 288.

The Church of the First Three Centuries; or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the Early Fathers, with Special Reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late Origin and gradual Formation. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 352.

Lessons at the Cross; or, Spiritual Truths familiarly exhibited in their Relations to Christ. By Samuel Hopkins. Seventh Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 274.

Unitarianism Defined: the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A Course of Lectures by F. A. Farley, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 272.

Lectures on the Doctrine of the Atonement, with an Appendix. By J. Scott Porter. London: E. T. Whitfield. 8vo. pp. 166.

The New Discussion of the Trinity, containing Notices of Prof. Huntington's recent Defence of that Doctrine (reprinted from various Journals) together with Sermons by Rev. T. S. King and Dr. O. Dewey. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 244.

The Elements of Christian Doctrine and its Development. Five Sermons, by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 68.

Remembered Words from the Sermons of Rev. I. Nichols, late Pastor of the First Parish in Portland, Maine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 141.

Christ our Life; the Scriptural Argument for Immortality through Christ alone. By C. F. Hudson. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 160.

Sermons, by Rev. William Morley Punshon. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 350.

Science in Theology. Sermons preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University. By Adam S. Farrar. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 250.

Morning Hours in Patmos; the Opening Vision of the Apocalypse and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By A. C. Thompson. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 268.

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THE

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

ART. I. — PAUL'S ARGUMENT FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE LAW.

1. *A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians.* By MARTIN LUTHER. London. 1838.
2. *Kritisch Exegetisches Handbuch über den Brief an die Galater.* Von DR. HEINR. AUG. WILH. MEYER, Consistorialrath in Hannover. Dritte Verbesserte und Vermehrte Auflage. Göttingen. 1857.
3. *Kurze Erklärung des Briefes an die Galater, und des Briefes an die Thessaloniker.* Von DR. W. M. L. DEWETTE. 2te Verbesserte und Vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig. 1845.
4. *Biblical Commentary on the New Testament.* By DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German, &c., &c. New York: Sheldon and Company. 1860. (Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians.)

MODERN criticism has settled, beyond a doubt, the fact and the nature of the schism which divided the Apostolic Church. This schism has been exaggerated, but it was real. The Pauline doctrine, of a universal religion, above the restraints of ceremonial law, above the need of positive law of any kind, and the Judaistic doctrine, which clung to the forms of the old religion, stood over against one another, in an opposition more or less abrupt. It is remarkable, that, while so much critical thought has been applied to the fact of this schism, so little has been expended on the dogmatical import of it. The great argument of Paul has been left en-

cumbered with the notions of mediæval theology. All the authorities placed at the head of this article, and many others, including even the intrepid Paulus, have mainly contented themselves with the conventional language of the traditions and the creeds. On the other hand, those who have freed themselves from these traditional encumbrances have handled the question too loosely. They have contented themselves, too much, with mere generalities. One party makes Paul talk too much like a modern Orthodox creed-maker; the other, too much like a modern Unitarian. What we need, for the right understanding of this matter, is to sink ourselves, so far as we can, into the thought of Paul. He was neither a German nor an American; he knew nothing of the points of Calvinism, and nothing of the Articles of the Church. But he was dealing with earnest questions, which racked the Church to its foundations. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. His thought is for all time, though many of his arguments and applications were for his own. We feel, therefore, that we shall do service by calling attention to the problem to which we have referred, even should our solution of it be less clear and convincing to other minds than to our own.

The Epistle to the Galatians contains the argument of Paul in its earnest, clearest, fullest, and most direct form. It is the only one of his Epistles that is wholly devoted to this question. We will, therefore, apply ourselves first to this, and then confirm our results by comparing them with expressions found in other Epistles.

The third chapter of the Galatians contains the grandest and most logical statement of the position of Paul. The three great points which Paul made in this chapter are, — first, that the promise was given to Abraham before the law was established; secondly, that the law, which came afterward, was as powerless to do away with the freedom of the gift, as it was to bring about its fruition; and thirdly, that the promise was fulfilled in Christ, who was an outlaw. "Christ hath redeemed us," he says, "from the curse of the law, being made a curse [that is, accursed] for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ;

that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." Abraham, then, the receiver of the promise, and Christ, in whom it was fulfilled, stood both outside the law. The one preceded it; the other was made an outlaw by its own act. The promise, then, the free grace, projects beyond the law, in both directions. It encircles it. It draws a *cordon* of freedom about it, which it cannot pass. The Christian Church stretches back across it, and clasps hands with the Patriarchal Church, — Christ with Abraham. The narrowness of the intermediate priestly system is done away with. Christ is made a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec.

This position needs to be examined more closely. In the second chapter, Paul gives the argument which he used with Peter. This is, in brief, the same which he is about to unfold at large to the Galatians. It is thus a kind of prelude to the fuller presentation of his thought, while it also completes it. Here he says (verses 19 and 20), "I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ," &c. Meyer maintains, very conclusively, the logical connection of these propositions, a connection which gives to each of them its point and meaning. It was the law by which Christ was crucified. It was by participation in this crucifixion that Paul was freed from the law. Therefore, by the law, he was dead unto the law. While Meyer, however, keeps fast to the context in maintaining the connection of these propositions, which other critics have overlooked, he is less true to this principle in regard to the ground of the connection, making it ethical rather than legal, rather a death to sin than that death to the law which the context requires.

Elsewhere Paul speaks of himself as being crucified with Christ unto the world, in a very different sense from that in the passage before us. Suppose our life were bound up with that of some dear friend who is taken from us. We shun the gayeties of the world. People ask us, Why is this? why are you so changed? why do you no longer join us as before? We might answer, We once lived in the world, and for it, but with the death of our friend we died to the world, and the world to us. The spiritual life of Paul was bound up in that of Christ. His affections died to the world with Christ,

and rose with him to heaven. His life was hid with Christ in God. But such reasoning as this would not meet the case before us. Here was a positive enactment, — the Hebrew law. The question to Paul was, Why is it not binding on the Christians? Paul was a logician. However full of religious and poetic enthusiasm, his words do not lose their direct bearing upon the discussion.

The crucifixion with Christ, of which Paul here speaks, cannot be sentimental or ethical. It must be in some sense or other legal. Paul must mean that he bears the same relation to *the law*, which Christ was made to bear by his crucifixion. What this relation was he explains in that part of his full argument which corresponds to this point of the preliminary argument, and which has been already cited. Christ freed his followers from the law by bearing its curse, that is, its most extreme condemnation. This is the element in the death of Christ, which, according to Paul, has reference to the law. When Paul, therefore, says that he through the law is dead unto the law, and explains this by adding that he is crucified with Christ, he must mean that he shares with Christ the extreme condemnation of the law, which thus has no more power over him. To a banished man, the laws of his country are as nothing. An excommunicated man is free from the rules of the Church. The Church of Christ, sharing with its head the final curse of the law, is free from the restrictions of the law. Because it shares this curse with Christ, this exclusion becomes the entrance to a higher state of freedom and blessedness, — this legal death becomes a higher life than the old, — a life which is, "by the faith of the Son of God," a life "unto God."

We have seen in what sense Paul affirms that he was dead unto the law, by being crucified with Christ. We need next to inquire, how Paul could claim this for himself; by what right he could claim to share this legal condemnation, this legal death. His connection with it was twofold, — first, logical, and secondly, actual. Let us imagine the feeling of Paul when the law, its hands red with the blood of his Lord, came to him and demanded of him his submission. Would not his first feeling be that of horror? would he not exclaim, Thou

hast slain my Lord: what have I then further to do with thee, or thou with me? This feeling would have answered to the conscious relation of Paul to Christ. He and his fellow-disciples adopted as their own, to the very full, those principles and claims which were the grounds of the crucifixion of Christ. The anathema hurled upon him was, therefore, aimed equally at them all. And more than this, Paul clung not only to the principles of Christ, but to Christ himself. This accursed one was the centre and soul of his religious life, its very essence and being. He was his head, his all. If Christ is accursed, what is he then who still rests upon Christ, and trusts in him alone? He certainly shares the curse. Christ was the head, the heart, and the life of the Church. The Church itself was made accursed by his condemnation. This was the actual as well as the logical result. Everywhere the Church was regarded as accursed and outlawed. The Christians were thrust out of the synagogue, were put to death. The Church, then, is crucified with Christ; together they bear the curse of the law. The Church shares, logically and actually, his shame, his condemnation, his excommunication. But what then? This crucified Christ is its salvation and its glory. It intrusts everything to him; and he is able to bring salvation to all who put their trust in him. The Church can then mock at the condemnation which he shares with it. It brings only freedom. "Banished," cried the old Roman, —

> "Banished, — I thank you for 't, it breaks my chain!
> I had some slight allegiance till this hour,
> But now, my sword 's my own."

"I am crucified with Christ," cried Paul, with a loftier inspiration, — but one which had the same logical groundwork, — "nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

It now remains to compare what has been said with the expressions of Paul elsewhere, referring to the same subject. In the beginning of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, we read, "Know ye not, brethren, how that the law

hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth? For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body [that is, by the death] of Christ." Here, again, where the other leading commentators are vague, Meyer introduces the same explanatory word which we saw before, — ethically. It is is easy to say legally, since this is all that is suggested by the context. Dead to the law means, simply, legally dead. Christ, so far as the mortal life was concerned, was made actually dead. By that act, ye, said the Apostle, became legally dead.

Turn next to the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Assuming the genuineness of that Epistle, Paul speaks of the Ephesians as having been strangers to the covenants of promise. He speaks to them of Christ. "He is our peace," he tells them, "who hath made both [Jew and Gentile] one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh [that is, by his death] the enmity [between Jew and Gentile], even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace, and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity [between us] thereby." Here the death of Christ is made the instrument of reconciliation, not between man and God, but between Jew and Gentile; and it accomplishes this by doing away the restrictions of the law. Thus he says to the Galatians, I beseech you be as I am, for I am as ye are; that is, I, by being free of the law, have become like you, — there is no difference between us.

We will close these citations with a grand passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, though not the work of Paul, would seem to have emanated from the Pauline school. This passage goes further than any other passage in the direction of which we have been speaking: — "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle [that is, who worship in the temple according to the Jewish rites, or, in other words, who are still under the law]. For the bodies of

those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high-priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." Christ, condemned by the law, has become pollution to the Jew. He is thrust without the camp. Thither must we follow him, bearing his reproach. But he that is without the camp is not subject to the laws of the camp. This last point not only is the logical result of the passage, but is the object for which it is introduced. Just before, the writer has been warning the Hebrews against care in regard to meats that were legally impure. He tells them that Christianity itself, that Christ himself, is the greatest possible legal impurity. All the rites and ceremonials and abstinences which the law prescribes cannot free the Christian from this taint. Let us then, he would say, be content with our position. Let us turn our backs on the law, with its formalities, and go forth unto Christ without the camp. Here elements are brought together which elsewhere are kept more apart. Before, we saw that, on the one side, the Christian was freed from the law, by the fact that Christ was accursed by it, and, on the other side, by the fact of his crucifixion with Christ. We were forced, ourselves, to unite these two elements to explain one by the other. Here, the two are united for us. Christ was thrust out of the camp, and made pollution. The Christian follows him without the camp, bearing his reproach, and thus becomes free from the necessity of avoiding any other ceremonial impurity. The crucifixion with Christ, in the legal sense, is here found to be bearing his reproach.

The question arises, Does the action of the agents of the law free the Christian from the absolute claims of the law itself? So far as the law is regarded as a national institution, it does; for what the authorities of a country do, is the act of the government or law of the country. So far as the law was regarded as an eternal divine institution, it would not. But the law was not so regarded by Paul. This possible objection to his argument is met by his careful showing, from the law itself, that it was a temporary institution, designed to meet a

temporary end. Temporary or not, however, it was an institution established, as the Jews believed, by God, and embodied in many instrumentalities. It was a divine-human law, which the Jew, as a member of the theocracy and of the nation, of church and of state, was bound to obey. It commanded, to say the least, nothing absolutely wrong; and the Jew, as a good citizen, if for no other reason, was bound to respect it, until he was, in some outward and legal way, set free from it. There is no evidence that the Jews did separate in their thought the law from its agents. The divine presence was believed to be a constant inspiration. Christ says, "The scribes sit in Moses' seat." Whatever authority, then, he ascribed to Moses, he ascribed to his successors in the government. An apostle ascribed even the utterance of the high-priest, regarding the death of Christ, to his priestly inspiration: "This spake he," writes John, "not of himself; but being high-priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation." The act, then, of the ministers of the law was the act of the law itself. The law was temporary, but yet it must set its own term. Its close was grand and regal. Its last act was its abdication, an act as kingly as any other. Christ, the member of the Jewish commonwealth, as a good citizen, respected and obeyed its laws. He was no revolutionist. It was the law itself which accomplished the revolution.

It is easy for us, at this day, to doubt the necessity of any such formal act or argument as we have spoken of. We do not feel the grasp which this law had over the lives and spirits of the Jews. We say, it is a necessity that the higher life should replace the lower; that the law, made useless by the dispensation of grace, should die out of itself; but everything in nature and in history works by means. The sun draws up the moisture of the earth, not by its glory, but by mechanical and physical causes. Everything needs not only an inner preparation, but an outward instrumentality. Especially does the dissolution of such an imposing structure, religious and political, as the Jewish law, need it. A single example will show this. How is the absolute and literal legal observation of the Sabbath wrought into the consciousness of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, and this on the groundwork of the Mosaic law!

From how many churches would one who should doubt or dispute this be excommunicated! If one single relic of the law has such power over us Americans in this nineteenth century, how must the Jew in the first century have needed some dispensation from the hand of the law itself.

This came to him in no unnatural or accidental manner. It was, so far as we can see, inevitable. If Christ had lived and died in good and regular standing among the Jews, he would have left his followers under the same bondage. All his influence and authority would have been on the side of the law. If he had made war upon these ordinances, each harmless in itself, and the established law of the land, he would have justly merited the reproach of being a stirrer up of sedition. This too would have been a side issue. He would have gone out of his way. He would have stood in opposition to the law, and by opposition it could not be destroyed. The only way in such a case is to let the tendency one would oppose work itself out to the full, when, being finite, it will strike over into its opposite. This was the course which Christ chose. He placed himself in its centre. Not only was he no opposer of Judaism, he was the very Christ, the centre and soul of Judaism. Such a Christ the formal and worldly Jews could not accept. We have here no side or chance issue. The Messiahship was the central point in Christ's mission. It was the central point of Judaism. The collision must take place. This collision is the necessary climax of Christ's ministry. He foresaw it and its results. His system was prepared within the old. Its development was not sudden and harsh. It fell in with the regular and mighty processes of nature. As the seed rounds itself, and smooths itself, and hardens itself into its own shape, within the parent plant, — as the embryonic life is formed within the parent life, taking its own shape, establishing its own circulation and independent centre of being, — so was Christianity formed within Judaism. As this new life does not force its way out of itself, but is cast out with pain and labor, so was Christianity born of Judaism, taking from it its best life and strength.

This fact does not stand alone. Not only does it fall in with the processes of the lower nature, it furnishes the type

according to which Christianity has ever since developed itself. Luther, for instance, did not attack the Church; he would reform it only. He clung to it as to his mother and his life. But the Church cast him out. Thrust out from it, he found himself free and glad, and established his new and broader system, which was in turn to give birth to newer and broader forms. Thus does the founder of the new cling to the old, till he is cast out from it. It seems to him, at first, like being thrust out from heaven. He wanders without the camp, out of that Church which seemed to him to be the only dwelling of God; but being out, he finds then that it had obscured more than it had revealed his glory. He finds himself beneath the broad, blue sky. He is still the child of God. He looks up into God's face with no intervening veil. Christ seeks him out, as he did the man who was born blind, when he had been thrust out from the synagogue. Surprised and delighted he cries, "Lord, it is good to be here. *Let us build a tabernacle.*" And so he establishes a new camp, a new church, from which the next free soul must be in turn thrust out. Thus it is ever. When the outcast from the old departs,

> "He bows his head,
> He thinks, at going out, but enters straight
> Another golden chamber of the King's,
> Larger than that he leaves, and lovelier."

This is the long travail of the ages, which must continue until the Christ be indeed born into the world; until men have learned that Christianity is not a dogma to be maintained, but a life to be lived, a spirit to be partaken of,—that it is not of the past only, but a present inspiration. It shall last till the war of the creeds is ended, till men have learned that Christ was not set up as an arch of triumph which the captive train must stoop under to enter heaven,—not sent as a harsh proconsul to reduce a foreign race to submission,—but was a manifestation of the infinite love of God, set forth to draw the soul upward, from glory to glory. When this is accomplished, the truth, no longer held in strife, will settle itself. The glory of Christ, no longer made the watchword of parties, no longer insisted on as a test, will shine forth and fill the world with its brightness.

Art. II. — THE WOMEN OF THACKERAY.

Vanity Fair. 3 vols. *Pendennis.* 3 vols. *Henry Esmond.* 2 vols. *The Newcomes.* 4 vols. *The Virginians.* 4 vols. By William M. Thackeray. Collection of British Authors. Tauchnitz Edition. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz.

Thackeray's books, like Mrs. Primrose's "wedding gown," wear well, though they may not at once captivate the fancy. His peculiarities of style must be softened to us by familiarity, before we can detect the great humanity under the surface cynicism, and fully recognize the artistic grace of his life-like creations. His delineations are quiet and natural; he startles with no stage effects, no burlesque, no caricature; we smile or sigh as the living panorama passes, but seldom laugh or passionately weep. We are lookers on, not actors in the drama, and earnestly but calmly watch the progress of the plot, and the developments of character, — our judgment unwarped by intensely excited feelings, our mirth rational, and our sadness salutary. His stories are eminently suggestive, as he rarely analyzes his characters. This is a great charm of his books. It undoubtedly requires much less skill to describe a character, than to force that character to unfold itself, and to change and modulate it in harmony with the incidents of the story. And it is in this gradual development that Thackeray excels.

It has been Thackeray's mission to portray life as it is. He brings more than great creative genius to the task; he has read with clear vision the mysterious scroll of the human heart, and gives us the pages as he finds them, — now bright with the record of noble deeds, now blurred by weakness and folly, and now deeply stained by guilt and crime. His books are full of moral lessons, — lessons that will make us wiser and better if we heed them. We find there no glow of false sentiment, which perverts while it dazzles; vice is never clothed in attractive garb, and though deceit and hypocrisy are unmasked, honor is paid to every womanly grace, and every manly virtue.

Our present purpose, however, is not to review the general

merits of the novelist. It is limited to the consideration of his female characters; in regard to which justice, in our judgment, has not been done to him. He has been charged with being unjust towards the sex; and it has been said that his intelligent women are "uniformly represented as wicked," whilst his "good women are foolish." We can find little truth in these assertions.

Surely the term "a perfect woman" does not imply a faultless one; and the novelist who paints his heroine in colors which, though glowing, are false, can awaken but a momentary enthusiasm; for it is only that which is essentially true, as well as beautiful, which can long retain a place in the heart, or satisfy the understanding. Thackeray's heroines are no misty shapes, or brilliant meteors, fitted only to dazzle and captivate the imagination, and which fade away under the palpable touch of criticism and analysis. It is with his conceptions as it is with Shakespeare's,—they bear the closest and keenest analysis; the more they are thought of, and reasoned about, the more tangible and life-like they become. And it is by such analysis that we propose to show their true and exquisite humanity; bearing in mind ourselves, and asking the reader to bear in mind, that it is exclusively with English social life our author deals.

As a type of a class Becky Sharp is faithfully drawn. She is a female sharper, and the experiences of her miserable childhood, while they have developed her intellect and increased her natural acuteness, have made her insensible to true sentiment and feeling. She has a genius for intrigue, and had she been a man, she would have made the wiliest of diplomatists. Still there is nothing masculine about Becky; her arts and her vices are strictly feminine. She is entirely selfish; her sole aim is her own advancement, and having no principle to guide, no generous impulse to restrain her, she is consistently unscrupulous as to the means by which these ends are attained. Her good-humor is more a policy than a virtue; she has perfect command over herself, and thus never loses an advantage by any outbreak of temper. Her philosophy and her quick perception of the ridiculous often reconcile her to defeat, and she laughs heartily at jokes at her own expense.

She is seldom discouraged or cast down by adversity; like a skilful general, she does her best to turn her defeats into victories, and her energy and perseverance are worthy of a better cause. But Becky's cleverness, like Falstaff's wit, never betrays us into kindly interest. We are never beguiled into sympathy with the wicked old jester, nor are our feelings ever enlisted in favor of Becky throughout her checkered career. The pomp and glare of her town life never conceal the skeleton which lurks in the rear of the glittering pageant; her dazzling successes never hide from us the yawning gulf beneath her feet. Brilliant, clever, witty, she attracts around her a circle of admirers; — but her charms are not the secret of her influence; the vanity of her lovers does more for her than the melody of her voice, or the sparkle of her eyes. Skilfully she applies to this vanity the touchstone of flattery; this is the spell that subjugates, the all-powerful magic ring, the open sesame to the hearts of her victims.

A woman who loves, however erring, can never be entirely selfish, for love has a humanizing influence, and a true passion renders any self-sacrifice easy. Lady Macbeth's devotion to her husband softens her character, and the associations of childhood paralyze her murderous arm: "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I could have done it." But Becky had no such weakness to contend with; even her child awakens no maternal love in her icy bosom. Like Richard of Gloster, the world, she thinks, is made for her "to bustle in," and, like him, she is devoid of all natural affection. We should have been better pleased with the author's portraiture of Becky, had he endowed her with one generous impulse, one redeeming moral trait; and in not doing this he has erred. Once, and once only, does she seem to be actuated by a kindly emotion, — when she reconciles Amelia and Dobbin. But even in this case we suspect her of interested motives. The retrospect of her career is very melancholy; never has vice been made more unlovely than in her character. Who would envy Becky even her days of prosperity, her crowd of admirers, her fictitious triumphs, her hollow splendor, bought with the price of odious lies, and the sacrifice of every good and generous emotion? Who does not shudder as he contemplates the

face "haggard, weary, and terrible" that watches her sleeping husband? What can be more sad than her wanderings abroad, when high-born lovers as well as her broken-hearted husband have deserted her, and she meets everywhere with scorn and contempt? Adversity brings no blessings to Becky, for she is not cast down and humiliated by the consciousness of sin, but only chagrined at its exposure. A woman without principle and without heart, with no tie to bind her to the world but the love of life, and self-interest, — a woman who has no one to love or to care for, — can there be anything more pitiable? And Becky herself at last feels this dreary heart-loneliness, and the thought of the husband she has deceived fills her with regret and longing. Still it is a selfish longing; she does not wish him back that she may redeem the past. No, she needs a protector, and "he would not see her insulted." After many reverses of fortune, we leave Becky seemingly prosperous. With the wealth of poor Joe Sedley and her boldly assumed title of Lady Crawley, she continues her career of deception at Bath; — a lonely, selfish existence, with no thoughts to cheer her solitude, no inner life to turn to when the world has grown wearisome, no one to sympathize with when living, no one to shed a tear upon her grave! We feel compassion for her situation, though not for her.

Amelia Sedley is evidently a favorite with Thackeray. He passes more eulogiums upon her than upon any of his other heroines, and takes up weapons in her defence against imaginary depreciators. He generally leaves his readers to form their own opinion; but Amelia is his especial pet. He doubtless thinks she is too weak and delicate to struggle unaided through the great Vanity Fair, and contrast favorably with the lively and piquant Becky, — so he must needs be her champion. To render interesting a woman so utterly insipid as Amelia requires much art; and, while faithfully portraying all her defects, Mr. Thackeray has made her both winning and lovable. Silly and weak she is, but she is also tender and good; and who will not echo Kingsley's counsel to his daughter, —

> "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand sweet song."

Though Amelia is weak, she has none of the faults usually so trying in persons of her character; she is neither fretful, nor stubborn, nor unreasonable, nor has she any of the petty artifices by which weak persons get their own way. Her virtues are, however, rather negative than positive, and she has neither the intuitive perception which in intelligent women is an instinct, nor the penetration which is acquired by observant intercourse with the world. But feeble as she is in intellect and character, she is strong through her affections. In her sorrow she calls forth all our sympathies; gentle, patient, and uncomplaining, we feel that we "may not suffer the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly," and we grieve over the fate we foresee will be hers in a union with the selfish coxcomb upon whom she has lavished so much affection. Her love brings to her only unhappiness, but it is an unhappiness which she hugs. George's death (one of her greatest mercies) drives her frantic with despair. She forgets all his cruelty and neglect; for, like all loving women, she looks at him through the Claude Lorraine glass of the heart. It is her own love that sheds a rose-color over the path which, to lookers-on, seems so dark and thorny. True, the thorns prick sharply sometimes, and the delicate flesh bleeds, but her own warm affection is the balm which heals the wound.

If Thackeray is sharp-sighted to detect the foibles common to the sex, no man has truer sympathy with woman's peculiar trials, nor has any one reverenced more those virtues peculiarly her own. "What do men," — he writes, referring to Amelia's untiring vigils by her mother's dying bed, — "what do men know about women's martyrdom? We should go mad if we had to endure the hundredth part of the daily pains which are meekly borne by many women. Ceaseless slavery, meeting with no reward; constant gentleness and kindness, met by cruelty as constant; love, labor, patience, watchfulness, without so much as the acknowledgment of a good word, — and how many of them have to bear in quiet, and to appear abroad with cheerful faces, as if they felt nothing. . . . . O you poor women! O you poor secret martyrs and victims! whose life is torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the

dining-room table, every man who watches your pains, and peers into those dark places where the torture is administered, must pity you, and thank God he has a beard."

So we linger with pleasure over Amelia's tender devotion to her boy,—over the sweetness and humility with which she bears her poor mother's exactions,—and our tears start as we read of her vain struggles to keep her child with her, her efforts to improve herself that she might instruct him, her toil to earn a livelihood, her prayers that the evil which she so much dreaded might not come upon her; and when the terrible blow has fallen, her meek endurance, her strong self-command and utter self-forgetfulness, claim our admiration and respect. In her prosperous days she ceases to be so attractive. She tyrannizes over her faithful friend and lover, and is both ungrateful and unjust.

> "Truly, the tender mercies of the weak,
> As of the wicked, are but cruel."

When Becky gives Amelia proofs of her husband's unworthiness, the false idol she so long has worshipped is shattered at once. She sheds a few tears, but feels more joy over her fancied freedom than grief over the sad revelation. She does not mourn that the lover of her youth has deceived her. Ethel Newcome or Laura would have mourned for him more than for themselves; but Amelia, simple and unreflecting, was spared further trial. In her union with Dobbin she is happy; and all doubts about his happiness are solved in the concluding words of the last chapter, where, speaking of Dobbin's love for his little daughter, he says: "Fonder of her than he is of me, Emmy thinks with a sigh. But he never said a word to Amelia that was not kind and gentle, nor thought of a wish of hers that he did not try to gratify. Ah, *vanitas vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?"

The brilliancy of Becky and the sufferings of Amelia obscure the unobtrusive excellence of Lady Jane Crawley's character. In the busy bustling crowds of Vanity Fair she passes unnoticed; it is only at her own fireside, where the children cluster around her knee, that her virtues are conspicuous.

Though amiable and yielding, she is far from being a weak woman; she is neither brilliant nor witty, yet she must have been intelligent and agreeable, else she would never have retained the love, as well as respect, of Miss Crawley. It is she who soothes the last moments of the worldly, terrified old woman, who is the pet of her invalid father, who writes loving notes to her prodigal brother to lure him back from the world, and who walks kindly by the chair of the paralytic Sir Pitt, so that even he feels her gentle influence, — sobbing and bursting into tears when she leaves him. Rawdon Crawley is a better man in her presence, and she becomes a mother to his worse than motherless boy. Nothing excites our feelings more strongly against Becky than her treatment of her child, and few scenes in Vanity Fair are more pathetic than the one in which she gives the cruel blow. And it is Lady Jane, the good wife, the tender mother, who draws the desolate boy to her bosom, and warms into life again those crushed affections. He kneels beside her with her own children to listen to her simple stories; it is from her lips he learns the prayers which it is a mother's sweet privilege to teach, and by her he is taught to respect the sex which his own mother has dishonored.

Though she fulfils all her duties, Sir Pitt does not appreciate her, pretty and gentle as she is. Vain, selfish, and hypocritical, he could not perceive the feminine loveliness, the generous spirit, the unostentatious piety and tender nature of a woman like Lady Jane. Too true to flatter him, he thought her dull because she could not understand his stupid pamphlets, or, like Becky, go into pretended ecstasies over his long harangues. She loved him, and imagined him the most superior of men, though his coldness chilled her; and she was too timid to be demonstrative.

As the most devoted of mothers to an only son, every woman must feel the beauty of Helen Pendennis's character; but to a man who has known that love, or who has yearned for it, she is more than a beautiful creation of fancy, and must be associated with the best and tenderest emotions of his heart. She must recall the sacrifices which his own mother made for him, with, perhaps, no return. She must bring back the time

when, a boy like Arthur, he knelt at her knee, and ever found in her a sympathizing friend and tender counsellor. The impression she leaves will be more or less permanent as his nature is shallow or deep, steady or impulsive; but he who can read the record of such a life without being touched by her sufferings and her sacrifices, without his heart glowing with love towards one capable of such self-abnegation, deserves all pity.

As gentle and delicate as Amelia, Helen has more force of character. Amelia sank under an unhappy passion. Helen rose above it, and calmly, though tearfully, resigned her love to the stronger claims his boyish folly had imposed upon him. It was not that she loved him less, but that she loved his honor more, and in giving him up to his duty she was not a prey to the anguish to which a woman is doomed who, in losing one so beloved, loses at the same time all faith in his manliness and integrity. Thus this sad episode in her life becomes at last a tender cherished regret, without a shade of bitterness. This is the spirit of Evangeline,—

"He became to her heart as one that is dead and not living,"—

and it is these memories which so endear Laura to her heart.

The devotion to her son is the more true and beautiful because it is an unconscious one. The sacrifices which seem great to us, and on which we pride ourselves, are seldom the spontaneous effusions of the heart, but come more from the dictates of reason and a sense of duty. The purest sacrifices are only perceived by others; love must render them easy, and it is this generous emotion which imparts to Helen's devotion its beauty and grace. It is true her indulgence increased Pendennis's natural selfishness, and her unbounded admiration of his abilities made him still vainer; but the holy influences of her love, and the example of her saintly life, do more for him in the end than her over-indulgence injures him in his youth. The contrast between her rectitude of principle and unworldliness of heart, and the Major's fashionable code of morals, is very great. His worldly arguments with regard to Fanny Bolton fill her with horror. Well-bred woman as she is, proud of her own birth and her son's position, she

would sacrifice all her prejudices to her sense of right and justice. True, Helen misjudges Arthur, and is cruel to Fanny. Woman-like in her hasty conclusions, she feels too acutely to reason calmly, and with her own hands pulls down the mountain of misery upon herself. Unkind as is the conduct of Helen and Laura to Fanny, it is natural, and we cannot have the heart to condemn them. Helen would have been wiser had she sought an explanation with her son; but she was not a wise, only a true and loving woman. Her love for Arthur makes her sometimes unjust to Laura, but her weakness is so amiable that it renders her the more endearing. The wounds she unwittingly inflicted were as a drop of water to the ocean, compared to the precious ointment of love she poured upon the feet of those she cherished.

"I think," says Thackeray, "that it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be ladies and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons among his circle of acquaintance,— women in whose angelical natures there is something awful as well as beautiful to contemplate,— at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or think wrong." In Laura Bell this character of an English woman is finely exemplified. Fresh and rosy, buoyant in health and spirits, warm-hearted and demonstrative, she has, at the same time, a firm will and an unflagging energy. These qualities sustain her under her own trials, and fit her to be the tender consoler of the unhappy. Her cheerfulness and determination are indomitable. To Helen's firm principle and loving heart she joins strength of mind and character. Laura's judgment is good, and where Helen would simply suffer and endure, she wrestles and acts. It is this inward action and struggle which preserve the equilibrium

of her mind, and give uniformity to her demeanor. Though she loves Arthur, she refuses, with the disdain it merits, the offer of his hand without his heart. True, the affection she then has for him is sisterly, and the contrast she draws between him and Warrington disenchants her for a time. Women have an instinctive respect and admiration for a nature stronger than their own; and though strong women often devotedly love weak men, it is because their fancy has been captivated by some exterior grace, and, the heart once won, they remain happily blind to the weaknesses which, in many cases, are only revealed by intimacy.

Much disappointment has been expressed at the fate of Laura and Warrington. Mr. Thackeray would have given higher satisfaction to many of his readers, had he killed off the uncongenial wife; but in real life wives are not usually so complaisant as to "shuffle off this mortal coil" when their lords and masters have grown weary of them, and we think the novelist has shown the highest art in not uniting their destinies. The very strength of their natures, which causes them to spring together, proves them also strong to walk alone through life. Warrington has no need of external influences to lead him aright, — his strength is in himself. Pendennis, on the contrary, is easily influenced. Impulse is his guide. Laura is to be his restraining principle, for Helen's son must not go far astray, and he needs a guardian angel upon earth, as well as a mother in heaven. Pendennis has many faults, but no vices; and under Laura's influence his character develops favorably. True, we think, he is not quite worthy of her, but in the present state of society how few men are ever deemed worthy of dear and cherished female friends? It must also be remembered that Laura does not look upon Arthur with our eyes, — she does not even believe what he says of himself; and though she is superior to him in character, she admires his genius, and endows him with every excellence. "If the women did not make idols of us," says the author in reference to Helen, "and if they saw us as we see each other, would life be bearable, or could society go on? Let a man pray that none of his woman-kind should form a just estimation of him."

Charming as Laura is as a girl, she is infinitely more so as a wife. The gay London world does not spoil her. The same rectitude of principle, which prompted her to counsel Pen to be true to Blanche, is hers through life. Her love has expanded, not narrowed, her heart; the good wife, the fond but judicious mother, she is also the kind, sympathizing friend. She comforts the noble old Colonel in his misfortune, and counsels his son. She comes like a good angel to the unfortunate Lady Clara Newcome, to lure her back from the brink of the frightful precipice upon which she is tottering. To Ethel she is a tender elder sister, and is at her side in her great distress and loneliness. Though we may feel a deeper interest in Ethel Newcome as a heroine, none of Thackeray's female characters is more intrinsically true and beautiful than Laura. Her mind is perfectly well balanced; she is neither a genius nor a belle, but a religious, intelligent, well-bred woman, fitted for every emergency, and formed to be, not only the companion, but the counsellor of her husband.

Blanche Amory is a type of those women who mistake sentimentality for sentiment, and who will shed tears over the sorrows of an Amanda Fitzallan, or a Thaddeus Sobieski, while they have no sympathy for real suffering, and can wring with reckless cruelty the hearts of others. She can talk very pathetically, but always acts very unfeelingly; her treatment of her maid is characteristic of her class. In her duplicity and cunning she resembles Becky. It is only her position which guards her from the serious crimes of the latter, for in her sphere she is equally unscrupulous, and is entirely swayed by selfishness and vanity. Becky is a woman of genius; she does everything well, while Blanche's cleverness is only superficial. She has a few stereotyped airs and graces which she plays off on society, but thinks and talks too much about herself to be long fascinating or agreeable. She has a touch of Becky's perception of the ridiculous, without her wit and talent of mimicry. We must respect the capabilities of the latter, though we regard her moral character with horror and detestation; while for Blanche we cannot feel pity, but only contempt. As she has no natural refinement, all the accomplishments in the world cannot mould her into a lady. Hav-

ing no heart, she can only suffer through her vanity, and her nature is too volatile to feel even mortification very sensibly. It is a morbid craving for excitement which incites her to correspond with her father; a delicate woman would have shrunk from familiar intercourse with such a man, — stranger as he had been to her from childhood. But Blanche feels no such repugnance, and flatters herself that she is both dutiful and heroic. She has been too long feigning good emotions to be able to feel again a genuine one. Blanche's character is finely painted, — naturally and simply colored; and while we grieve that there are such women, — so artificial and heartless, — we must give our meed of praise to the author, who not only reads so wondrously the human heart, but who portrays, by a few skilful touches, the finest shades of character. An observant eye may detect and admire the faintest rainbow tint of a cloud, but to embody those tints requires more than appreciation and study, — it demands an artist's pencil.

Captivated as Fanny Bolton is by the lordly protecting airs of Pendennis, the romantic visions which dance through her busy little brain do more to fill her heart with his image than his fascinations, dazzling as they are to her simple, girlish fancy. Had Fanny wedded Arthur, she would have been the most absorbed and devoted of wives, but not a happy one; for being neither refined nor cultivated, she would not have long pleased one so selfish and fastidious. Though she was naturally clever, he was too much the slave of his own impulses to have raised and ennobled her as a man like Warrington could have done. Her sorrows do not elevate her; unlike Ethel and Lady Castlewood, her nature is not improved by grief. She finds balm for her heart only in distraction, and in the transitory emotions of gratified vanity; and the simple, innocent girl develops into the vain, lively coquette. She who would have been Arthur's slave, is Sam Huxter's tyrant. It is a curious fact in human experience, that the most lovely and devoted of wives are often neglected and unappreciated; while the cold, worldly woman, who does not love her husband, and who prizes far more the society and admiration of other men, is still often worshipped by him, and is the object of his tenderest devotion, — all her caprices gratified, and the gravest errors

forgiven and forgotten. Truly the heart of man is a strange thing.

Through the web of this touching story of Fanny's love and Fanny's sorrows are woven judicious counsels, — warning words, — not only to trusting maidens, but to fascinating Arthurs.

Lady Castlewood is a charming type of gracious womanhood. She is as *spirituelle* as Rosalind, and as tender as Juliet. Her character unfolds finely, and we know not which to admire most, the grace and beauty of her intellect, or the warmth and purity of her heart. In her wrapt devotion to Lord Castlewood we recognize, — not the blunted perceptions of a woman, who has neither the soul to appreciate true nobility, nor the intellect to demand something more than mere physical beauty, — but the abandonment of a young, loving nature, still undeveloped; a nature which knows not its own powers, and feels not its own exigencies, but which, revelling in the exquisite consciousness of loving and being beloved, bows down to the idol of its own imagination and fancy. Had Lord Castlewood continued kind and faithful, she might have always been unconscious of her mental superiority; for it is not she who seeks the blue-beard chamber, — she does not, like hapless Psyche, cast the light of reason upon a sleeping lover; it is her husband who does his utmost to deface his own image, while she weeps over the shattered idol she vainly endeavors to restore to the throne in her heart.

"The Marys who bring ointment for our feet," writes the novelist accused of such injustice to the sex, "get but little thanks. Some of us never feel this devotion at all, or are moved by it to gratitude or acknowledgment; others only recall it years afterwards, when the days are past in which those sweet kindnesses were spent on us, and we offer back our return for the debt by a poor, tardy payment of tears. Then forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past — O so bright and clear! O so longed after! because they are out of reach; as holiday music from withinside a prison wall, or sunshine seen through the bars, — more prized because unattainable, more bright because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude, whence there is no escape."

Still, Lady Castlewood is not a faultless heroine. A true

woman in her virtues, she is the same in her faults; far more lovable in her humanity, than if exalted to an unapproachable excellence. Noble, generous, and unselfish, she is also (before sorrow has subdued her spirit) impetuous, exacting, and jealous. Like all strong, impulsive natures, she gives much and she demands much, — she cannot be content with a divided heart. Her instincts are acute and active to detect the slightest swerving in her husband's affections, and her jealousy — like her love, fervent and ardent — renders her at times suspicious and unreasonable. She is not a vain woman, — she does not grieve over the loss of her personal attractions for their own sake. She possesses treasures of heart and soul far more precious than mere physical loveliness; and with the consciousness of dawning powers comes the conviction that Lord Castlewood loves her only for her beauty, — that it is her fleeting charms alone that have won and kept his feeble heart. This disenchantment of life is very bitter; it is not alone the blank dreariness of the present which is hard to bear; it is not so much the utter hopelessness of the future: it is the stinging regrets and aching memories of the past, — old cherished associations, which the heart shrinks from, and which cause old wounds to bleed afresh. Though Lady Castlewood bears her trials with silent fortitude, we can perceive that adversity has not yet wrought its best discipline; she has not learnt to look upon her husband with charity and forgiveness. Her love has faded out of her heart, and unconsciously she has been worshipping at another shrine. But Lord Castlewood's dreadful death tears the veil from her eyes, her infidelity of heart fills her with remorse, and she is also bowed down by the weight of her husband's sins, for which she condemns herself. A true woman, she forgets all her own wrongs, and dwells only upon his good qualities; for he had some generous impulses. Cruel and unjust as she is to Esmond in her delirium of grief, it is a harshness which may well be pardoned. Her husband killed, how could a woman conscientious and sensitive meet in familiar intercourse the man she had loved better than him? Was it not natural that she should shrink from Esmond, until time and penitence had softened her remorse?

"It is on the borders of celestial streams," says Longfellow,

"that simples grow that cure the heart-ache:" and Lady Castlewood does not seek those healing balms in vain. Her year of expiation and self-examination bears good fruit. She had submitted to her former trials with calmness and fortitude, but her heart was rebellious and unchanged. The sorrows of maturer years have brought her to the foot of the cross, and there she finds both pardon and peace. She refuses Esmond with generous self-abnegation, and she has not only to bear in silence for ten dreary years the pain of seeing him devoted to her own child, but is made the confidant of his fruitless passion. The heart of a woman thus situated must necessarily be torn with conflicting emotions; a strong jealous nature may be subdued, but while love lingers it cannot be entirely crushed. Kind and gentle as Lady Castlewood is to Beatrix, the latter is her successful rival. It is hard to reconcile such contending claims, and the mother, though almost a saint, is human.

In her ultimate union with Colonel Esmond, we feel there is no incongruity. She is a woman whom "age cannot wither." The sad experiences of his youth, the cares and disappointments of manhood, have made him old personally as well as mentally. The storms to which she has bowed have bent the strong man. The matronly beauty is more radiant than ever; as with "Namouna,"

> "Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
> To leave her lovelier than before."

Superior as her mind is, it is essentially feminine, and bends naturally to the greater vigor of his. "In the name of my wife," writes Henry Esmond, "I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value, and to think of her is to praise God!"

Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, resembles her father in his selfishness and personal vanity, in his frank good humor, and love of pleasure and change. She inherits her mother's proud spirit and natural dignity, her bright intellect and energy, and has the same jealous disposition, without her exquisite tenderness of nature. Hers is an exacting nature, that demands all without being able to give a return. Unlike the

Beatrice of Shakespeare, whose harmless wit and malice are but the exuberant gayety of a young, fresh heart, she is brilliant and fascinating for effect, and cares not how acutely she wounds the friends devoted to her. Charming as Beatrix is, she has, unhappily, no sensibility of heart, nor is there any reverence in her nature. Many women coquet through mere thoughtlessness and gayety, and are shocked at the unforeseen result of their folly; but Beatrix sports with hearts at her pleasure, and feels no remorse. She is more ambitious however than coquettish, and, butterfly as she is, would fan her wings in abiding sunshine. Self is the object of her adoration, and she has little love to lavish upon others. So brilliant, so beautiful, we sigh to see her throwing away the happiness that might be hers for a delusive phantom, a will-o'-the-wisp, that ever eludes her eager pursuit. Even when her brightest dreams seem tangible realities, and she is exulting in the superb alliance that is to be hers, Death steps in and snatches away the prize more dear to her than love, peace, and a happy home. Had Beatrix loved the noble man who would have shared with her his honors, this disappointment might have softened, instead of hardening, her heart;—

> "'T is better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

But it was not for the Duke she mourned, and, though sobered in spirit, she is still unchanged, and unworthy of Esmond's constant affection.

With the exception of the inimitable sketches of Dick Steele and Marlborough, there is nothing finer in this novel than the delineation of Esmond's allegiance to the peerless beauty. Herein is portrayed the rare and beautiful devotion of an earnest, energetic man. More reflective than imaginative, he still is captivated by her dazzling loveliness, and her piquant railleries and frank expressions of indifference heighten his regard. He is not blind to her defects, but looks upon them with tender indulgence. He loves her so well, he admires her every caprice; and though he knows her mother is incomparably her superior, one bright smile from Beatrix is more precious to him than long years of devotion from Lady Castle-

wood. It is more a sweet, grateful friendship he feels for the latter, than an absorbing passion. Beatrix is the romance of his life. Cruelly, disdainfully as she treats him, unworthy as she proves herself, he speaks of her with tenderness, as "the beautiful and wayward woman" who spurned all control. He is too noble and unselfish to cherish resentment towards one whom he has loved; a true passion can never degenerate into hatred in a generous heart. Esmond fancies his love for Beatrix is dead; it is only his long-cherished hopes which are blighted and destroyed. Though her name is never spoken in the family circle, it is her features he draws for the amusement of his grandchildren, and peaceable and prosperous as his life becomes, the disappointment of his youth casts an ever-abiding shadow upon his heart. His enthusiasm has faded with the illusions of life. "Il n'y a plus de parfum dans le temple, plus de musique dans le sanctuaire, plus d'emotion dans le cœur."

We meet Beatrix again in "The Virginians" as Baroness Bernstein; we find her rich and influential, feared, but not respected, — tolerated and toadied by interested relatives, whose designs she is quick to detect and to thwart. Old and painted, her sole occupation is card-playing, her best entertainments the pleasures of the table, and repetitions of the scandalous gossip of the day. A woman of wit, she comments upon the sins and follies of society with a grim humor akin to Mephistopheles. She has lived so long among the worldly and false, she doubts the very existence of virtue, and is tolerant of all vice that has the prestige of fashion and success. Like the Beatrix of old, she still has some generous impulses; and Harry Warrington's freshness and enthusiasm awaken softening memories in her heart. Henry Esmond is her only pure, tender remembrance. A woman must always retain a kindly interest in a rejected suitor, who has felt for her a true and honest affection; but Beatrix's regard is mingled with regret, and in her moments of bitterness and remorse Esmond is avenged. Her very nature softens at the mention of his name; for his sake she is kind to his grandchildren, though it be a fitful kindness. Indignant as she is with Harry, in regard to Maria, his stern sense of honor and firm integrity not only

force her into reluctant admiration, but move her to tears. Was it alone the boy's enthusiasm which so touched her? Was it not rather the sudden rush of old recollections, — the memory of the time when Esmond's noble deeds were wont to arouse a glow of generous fervor in the heart now so withered and cold? Tears of regret for the past, perhaps, but alas! not such tears as opened the gates of Paradise for the exiled Peri, —

> "When hymns of joy proclaimed through heaven
> The triumph of a soul forgiven."

Good emotions are transitory in a heart long given to selfishness and vanity. The heavenly spark may kindle and glow for a while, but the ashes of worldliness and sin soon smother the feeble flame.

Beatrix Esmond had "sown the wind," and it is but just she should "reap the whirlwind." "Here were old age," moralizes the author, "without reverence. Here were gray hairs that were hidden or painted. The world was still here, and she tottering on it and clinging to it with her crutch. For fourscore years she had moved on it, and eaten of the tree, forbidden and permitted. She had had beauty, pleasure, flattery; but what secret rages, disappointments, — what thorns under the roses, what stinging bees in the fruit!" "I am not old yet," she says; "I am but seventy-six. But what a wreck my dear! and is n't it cruel our time should be so so short? .... Who loves me in heaven," she continues; "I am quite alone, child, that is why I had rather stay here..... I like my cards still. Indeed, life would be a blank without 'em. Almost everything is gone except that..... Everything goes away from us in old age. But I still have my cards, thank Heaven, I still have my cards!"

What woman would not recoil at the prospect of a fate like this? and may not many a one draw a lesson and a solemn warning from this most impressive and suggestive of homilies?

Ethel Newcome, the charming, irresistible Ethel, is no dreamy personification, no intangible, lifeless ideal. We forget she is but a beautiful creation of genius, — for she has become to us a living, breathing reality, and we remember her

as one whom we have known and loved. The author has linked her to his readers by the strong bonds of a common humanity; and we extend the hand of fellowship to her as to a sister woman, fully sympathizing with, because we fully understand her.

Ethel would not be half so lovable were she faultless, and it is because we have so much to forgive, that we love her better than we love Laura, though Laura's lot is much more to be envied, for her "yesterdays look backward with a smile," while Ethel has not only to mourn over past short-comings, but the memory of the unhappiness her coquetry has caused must ever be a stinging regret. Such wrongs are irreparable. We can never restore the hours our selfishness or cruelty has embittered. They have become a part of the irrevocable past, and to natures sensitive as Ethel's, such remembrances must darken with their shadows the sunniest days in the future. For though God and man may forgive, retribution, in the guise of remorseful thoughts, awaits the man or woman who blights the life of another, even when they escape more palpable and evident punishment.

In her fascinations and love of admiration, Ethel resembles the magnificent beauty, Beatrix, but the coquetry of the two women is very different. Cold and selfish, Beatrix craves incessant food for her vanity. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, she breaks hearts "for pastime," and feels neither womanly pity nor tenderness. Ethel, on the contrary, with all her waywardness and thoughtlessness, has a true woman's heart, and a generous, noble nature; and the world, though it hardens her for a time, cannot entirely spoil her. Exquisite as is the picture Mr. Thackeray draws of her graceful girlhood, he does not hesitate to cast over its sunny tints the sombre hues and shadows of the first years of her womanhood. Every burst of impetuous temper, every flirtation, every girlish folly, is faithfully recorded. Fashion and vanity are not made more attractive, though Ethel has made them her idols. With a masterly pencil he sketches the rivalries and jealousies, the heart-burnings and bitter humiliations, that are the portion of even the successful candidates for the prizes of society. His bold, unsparing denunciations must command respect and

admiration, for they bear the stamp of truth; and the reader who takes up "The Newcomes" merely to amuse an idle hour, will find himself pausing over its graphic pages, and reflecting upon their solemn import, more seriously, perhaps, than a novel has ever made him reflect before.

Though Thackeray does not, like the Edgeworth school of novelists, make his most charming heroine a miracle of prudence and goodness,—always triumphing over the greatest temptations and never affected by pernicious influences, still he does not allow us to lose our faith in Ethel, and he leaves it to our own hearts to extenuate and plead for her. Nurtured in the idea that to secure a brilliant establishment was a positive duty to her family as well as to herself, and also surrounded with every allurement that is captivating to a gay, beautiful girl, what wonder that she is dazzled, and plunges heedlessly into the vortex of fashion and folly? She has not had, like Laura, a Helen to guide and admonish her; her ideas of right are but meteor flashes,—not earnest and settled convictions. At the age where a young girl most requires judicious counsel, she is consigned to her unscrupulous grandmother; and though she is at times rebellious, Lady Kew has great influence over her. They have both a strong will and a high spirit, which they respect in each other; but the Countess's age and authority give her an advantage which she is shrewd and politic enough to keep and to exercise. She does not attempt to tyrannize over Ethel, as she does over her amiable but weak-minded daughter; like all tyrants, she is cowardly, and only oppresses where she thinks her victim is powerless, either through love or fear, to break her yoke. She makes some mistakes, but generally plays her cards very skilfully; and it is through her influence that Ethel rejects the honest affection of her cousin, and tries to crush the best emotions of her heart by a constant round of unhealthy excitement. Still we perceive she is not happy, though she flatters herself she is doing wisely and well in encouraging the attentions and accepting the hand of Lord Farintosh, and that she is sacrificing herself dutifully for her family. Poor Ethel is a self-deceiver, but Lady Clara's dreadful fate opens her eyes. God speaks to the soul in great calamities, strips away all our subterfuges

and clumsy self-deceits, and as every action of the past comes before the eyes of the drowning, so we see ourselves as we really are. Thus it was with Ethel; every ambition of her heart seemed mockery to her now; she saw the serpent beneath the flowers, and with the full consciousness of error came deep repentance and earnest resolves to struggle and to conquer.

The disappointments of life, which hardened Beatrix's nature, soften and subdue hers. She needs the discipline of sorrow, and her disappointments humble her pride and tame her high spirit without destroying her native dignity. In her tender care of her brother's children, and in her ministrations to the poor and needy, her womanly qualities have time and opportunity for full development. But Ethel's most conspicuous virtues are her patience and humility. She feels no resentment, but only grief, at the estrangement of Colonel Newcome, and repays his coldness and injustice by deeds of charity and love. The early attachment between the uncle and niece is beautiful; but still more so is the scene of their reconciliation, when Ethel kneels by the side of the broken-hearted old man and sobs out her love and veneration.

Even in trials and sorrow there are compensations for the sufferer, if we but choose to recognize them. With the dawn of a new life came holy, comforting thoughts to Ethel. In improving herself that she might instruct others, her mind and heart were alike cultivated, and she found resources within herself, and in the world around and above her, of which before she had never dreamed. She says to Laura, "I see pictures and landscapes and flowers with quite different eyes, and beautiful secrets, as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life and the better world beyond, may not this be revealed to some?" And "who would not," moralizes the author, "have humbled his own heart and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine will, which ordains these triumphs, these humiliations, these blest griefs, this crowning love."

Still Ethel, like Lady Castlewood, is not doomed to walk through life alone. Mr. Thackeray is too tender of his heroine, and too generous to his readers, to separate Clive and Ethel forever. He has blessed them with the needed disci-

pline of sorrow, and then, kind magician that he is, he waves his potent wand, and restores them to happiness and to each other.

Rosy Mackenzie resembles those ephemeral insects which are only fitted to sport in the sunshine, and whose feeble energies expire with the fading hues of sunset. She is one of those harmless, negative characters, endowed with amiability and gentleness, if not with intelligent capacity. It does not take much to make such women happy, but their pleasures are very petty ones, and they are strangers to the higher joys of more appreciative minds. Being entirely pliant and dependent, they need the constant support of a stronger mind, to act and think for them; and so sustained, if the influence exerted be favorable, they pass through life doing little good perhaps, but certainly little or no evil. It is folly, however, to expect from such negative characters either generous sacrifices, or gratitude, or active sympathy. They have no strong feelings, and cannot understand the finer emotions of the heart. This is the case with Rosy. Her good-humor and cheerfulness endear her to her uncle and Colonel Newcome, and while the sky is cloudless she repays their devotion with pretty smiles, and kind, though meaningless words. But when her generous uncle almost breaks his heart at leaving her, she sees him depart without the slightest regret, and hears of his subsequent death with indifference. Rosy's smiles vanish with Colonel Newcome's wealth; she never consoles him in his dejection, or tries to shield him from her mother's abuse. Clive receives no sympathy from her in his reverse of fortune, — he is only rendered more miserable by her repinings. Had he loved her, he might have done much to raise his wife; but though he was kind, he could not be loving, and from force of habit she clings to her formidable mother. The poverty that aroused Amelia's dormant energies crushes out the little vitality Rosy possesses; either apathetic or hysterical, she sinks at last into a deplorable state of inanition, and we might despise were we not forced to pity her; for the author will not consign his poor little heroine to oblivion without first powerfully awakening our compassion in her behalf. We must give a tear to Rosy as she sits wildly sobbing on the sofa, her heart bursting with jealous emotion as she gazes at the beautiful Ethel, once the

object of her husband's passionate adoration. The thoughts that so move the unloved and unhappy wife may well excite compassion. We think of "the white lips that touch Ethel's cheek" and of "the ghastly smile," and we no longer dwell upon Rosy's weaknesses, but pity the poor, torn, wearied heart, the wretched, turbulent existence of this gentle victim to an odious woman's artifices and a good man's mistake.

Those who pronounce Lady Jane and Laura uninteresting, and who perversely dwell more upon Lady Castlewood's and Ethel's faults than upon their virtues, must surely recognize the beauty of the character of Madame de Florac. There is something so pure and holy about her, and at the same time she is so intensely lifelike, and her characteristics are so human, that we approach her with both love and reverence. This gentle woman is "in the world, but not of it;" she unites to the highest Christian virtues the utmost tenderness of heart. Hers is the charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." For human suffering and sorrow she has ever the liveliest and most delicate sympathy. It is to her, even more than to Laura, that Ethel turns in her desolation; and though Clive's name is never mentioned, these sad, loving hearts understand each other. "Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it, as they soothe it, with unspoken consolations."

We see in Madame de Florac the fruition of a long life of patience and self-sacrifice. Hers is a mellow and beautiful old age. The repose of her nature is magnetic, and even the fierce Lady Kew is subdued by her gentleness. Her very presence calms the soul like a strain of sweet music, and near her all warring passions slumber. "I see in such women," says Thackeray, "the good, the patient, the faithful, the tried, and meek, the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender." But the charm of Madame de Florac lies not so much in her exalted excellence as in the love and sympathy she inspires. She is Colonel Newcome's early and only love. So exquisitely tender and delicate are the author's allusions to this sad episode of her youth, that we dare not profane it by analysis; but must not the story of the life-long devotion of these two noble hearts strengthen our faith in the undying nature of a true, disinterested affection?

Love and faith like theirs can never die; refined and sanctified, it lives in the heart, purifying the soul, and shaping the daily life.

Thackeray has portrayed in Madame de Florac "the perfect lady;" and where in the pages of fiction can we find a finer model of the "gentleman" than in Colonel Newcome? So brave, yet so meek, — so dignified, yet so gentle, — truthful and courteous, generous and confiding, simple-hearted and chivalrous, — his is the true nobility of soul, which poverty cannot degrade. Cruel reproaches may cast him down, but they cannot humiliate him. Colonel Newcome in his pensioner's robe is more an object of reverence than of pity, and, like the Leonore whose name is last on his lips, he inspires the highest veneration and love.

The Madam Esmond of "The Virginians" is a finely-conceived and well-executed character, and Fanny Mountain and Lord Castlewood's rich American wife are very clever sketches; but the limits of a single article will not allow us further to particularize. Examples enough have been given, we trust, to prove conclusively that Mr. Thackeray not only recognizes, but portrays, "the sweet divineness of womanhood;" and in defence of his Becky Sharps and Blanche Amorys what better argument do we need than the one employed by Mr. Hudson in his lecture on the alleged want of taste of Shakespeare? "It is not always easy for people to distinguish between the faults of a character represented, and the faults of the representation itself. Of course Shakespeare was not always bound to conceive good characters, but only to give good delineations of those he did conceive, in the relations in which he conceived them."

The novelist who has painted women as they are, cannot be charged with wanting respect for the sex, when we read his beautiful tribute called forth by the memory of poor "Stella's" wrongs, that hapless victim of a selfish man's heartlessness. "'Only a woman's hair.' — Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair, only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion; — only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim."

Art. III. — DR. HUNTINGTON'S INTRODUCTION TO BICKERSTETH.

The Rock of Ages; or, Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. With an Introduction, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., Late Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 214.

Of Mr. Bickersteth's volume we have not much to say. Its tone is modest, in this respect contrasting favorably with the tone of the "Introduction." Its spirit is good. The author is evidently in earnest, believes what he says, and sincerely desires to convert Unitarians to what seems to him the revealed truth of God. But the method which he has chosen is not the best. The time has gone by when an array of proof-texts, however ingeniously marshalled and combined, will be found sufficient in theological discussion. The sound of Scripture cannot now be made to stand for its sense, nor can any mosaic of the letter of the Bible pass as the picture of its spirit. Mr. Bickersteth is a devoted literalist in his reading of the "Word." He treats all parts of the record, every book, chapter, verse, and letter, as of alike divine authority, and quotes indiscriminately from the Old Testament and the New, from the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, as alike clear, definite, positive, and decisive. He neglects altogether any peculiarities of the different books; but wherever in the Scripture he can find the word which he would employ, he takes it, without regard to its connection or to its purpose in that place. This method will fatally vitiate his argument to those who distinguish between the books of Scripture, and to those who refuse to found their faith on coincidences of sound. To accept Mr. Bickersteth's style of pleading, one must ignore the results of criticism which the labors not only of liberal but of orthodox inquirers have wrought out.

We acquit Mr. Bickersteth of any intention to deceive; yet we are compelled to say that the form which he has chosen for

his argument, of texts in parallel columns, is sophistical, in bewildering the mind of the reader by fancied resemblances. If the issue be assent, it is assent which comes rather from confusion than conviction of the intellect. Nine tenths of these coupled passages, when singly examined, will be found to be improperly joined, to relate to different subjects, and to hold different meanings. Indeed, this is one of those arguments which are made up from the Concordance, rather than from the independent study of the Scriptures themselves; and we are not surprised that the author has fallen into the contradictions inevitable with such a method, — that he is constrained to make admissions, both concerning Christ and the Holy Spirit, which quite neutralize his assertions. He has to allow that the Spirit of God is sometimes spoken of in the Scriptures as *not a person*, but an influence; and he very candidly mentions many passages (in Chap. V.) which may seem to oppose his view of Jesus as God. He has failed, as we think, to set aside the force of these passages; and we are grateful to him for furnishing here such a restorative to the weak eyes which the glitter of his previous chapters may have blinded.

As strange a perversion as any in the book is that by which Mr. Bickersteth is pleased to confound the *seven* spirits of the Apocalypse with the third person of the Trinity. He assumes, without a particle of proof, that *seven* here are *one*. When, indeed, the mathematical solecism of the Triune God has been accepted, the human mind is ready for any numerical distortion. We can as well believe that seven are one, as that three are one. But that literalness of interpretation which Mr. Bickersteth uses elsewhere in the Scriptures is here signally outraged. If anything be clear in the vision of the Apocalyptic writer, it is that he saw these seven spirits of God as distinct and individual as the seven vials or the seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, "which are the seven spirits of God." In attempting to explain the terms he uses, Mr. Bickersteth, indeed, frequently involves himself in serious difficulties. The reasons which he gives for the neglect of Jesus to frame any form of a creed may satisfy his own mind, but will not satisfy those to whom he applies his argument. It will be difficult to make one believe that salvation depends upon inferences from doubtful expressions.

Another remarkable peculiarity of this Scripture argument for the Trinity is, that it disarranges the order of work, the various offices, which have usually been assigned to the several persons of the Divine Triad. The Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, are each shown to us as God, but their several parts in the ordering of Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification are strangely confounded. If the argument proves anything, it proves that the Father could do all without the Son, the Son all without the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost all without either of the other parties; in fact, that the work of all is the same. The texts are so multiplied, the evidence is so cumulative, that it makes the several persons of the Trinity useless. It virtually gives us three Gods, of equal power not only, but of identical work. And by the same style of textual argument, it might be shown that the Jewish Jehovah, of whom the same attributes are predicated as of these three persons, is a fourth person in the Trinity. In fact, Mr. Bickersteth, in arguing the doctrine that the Holy Ghost and Jesus are gods, shows that their Deity is needless. He shows that the one original God is adequate to all the work assigned to the three, and that Scripture represents this God as doing all the work. We will not call his argument "a verbal pastime," but it is certainly no better than a manipulation of words.

It may be that what Mr. Bickersteth would call "a rebellious heart" hinders us from seeing the force of his reasoning; but it is certain that a second careful examination of his pleas, with the comparison of his six propositions, and the redistribution of his texts to their original places, has only the more fortified our conviction of the single personal unity of God. The swelling words of encomium which the American editor applies to this argument seem to us just only so far as they praise the honest purpose and the probable piety of one who pleads so earnestly for a dogma which he has been taught to believe. There is nothing really new in the volume, unless some will consider as new the explanation of the answer of Jesus to the young man, "Why callest thou me good?" — that the emphasis was laid on "*why*," and not on the final words of the question; or the pleasant fact that some of the disputed texts which Griesbach rejects are not pressed into the

argument. The method is faulty, and, even with the help of the rhetorical and oracular American Preface, we venture to doubt if many Unitarians will be induced by this book to relinquish their faith, or go back to the darkness and contradictions which their fathers left. Such a work is not adapted to this age or this meridian.

But our special concern here is with the "Introduction," one of the most melancholy and discreditable exhibitions we have ever met with in a theological work. The very title-page disgusts with its pompous assurance. While to the name of Mr. Bickersteth, the *real* incumbent of a parish, no prefix of "Rev." is given, we learn not only what "the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D." was, but what he expects to be,—"Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston." The assumption of this title is an anticipation which has no warrant but Dr. Huntington's own impatient conceit. No man can be the "Rector" of a church until he is an *ordained minister* of that church. Dr. Huntington had not even, when using this title, received Deacon's orders. He assumes here a rectorship which he did not occupy at the time of this writing, and which in the uncertainty of human things he might never occupy in time to come. This may seem a small thing to criticise. It is a small thing in itself, but, considered as an indication of character, it is a very significant thing. The conceit which could adopt this style cannot but impair, with all sensible people, the weight of the author's word. The entire essay, which we now proceed very briefly to examine, proves especially two things;—first, that a man may be religious, so far as devout feeling goes, and yet apparently be deficient in the first elements of Christian morality; and secondly, that a man may be a very popular preacher and yet very ignorant of theology.

At the outset of his "Introduction," Dr. Huntington deprecates discussion of the Trinity, and intimates that it is properly learned by prayer and by special illumination, and not by any force of reasoning. "Those," he says, "on whom this supreme light has risen can forbear even with injustice, with flippancy, and with bitterness in those from whom it is still hid." It would be well if they could forbear sinning in this way them-

selves. He gives as one reason why "profane hands will sometimes be laid on the very ark of the divine mysteries," "a disposition in unspiritual minds, which are yet unwilling to let go a certain formal commerce with the concerns of faith, to escape from the strange regions of devout communion into the less exacting service of speculation and criticism." Now this is a very easy thing to say, it is precisely what the Romanist says in defence of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but it is a very poor plea to offer. No such pretended subjective spiritual knowledge can have any weight as argument, nor can the pretence convey to a delicate mind any other idea than that of vulgar cant. That Dr. Huntington, or any other man, has a private interior witness of the Trinity, or of any doctrine, and that he feels this to be cheerful and comforting, is no reason why another person should receive it. He cannot offer the result of his experience in "closets, and sanctuaries, and sacraments," as a substitute for the "dialectic process" which all who would be convinced have a right to demand. His illumination may be good for himself, but it is good for nobody else; and the less that is said in argument about such witness from above, the better. It is intolerable arrogance for any one to claim that an inner acquaintance with this doctrine has given him superior capacity of understanding it as a proposition to the intellect, or of weighing its Scriptural and rational proofs. It seems out of place, too, in the Introduction to a work which is a mere *congeries* of texts, and perpetually invites verbal criticism, to cast a slur upon "criticism," or to suggest that argument is "irreverence." There is no more "irreverence" in the criticism which examines, than in the industry which arrays the list of texts. And when a dogmatic interest has taken pains to cull out from the Scriptures its anthology of passages, it may not stigmatize the careful examination of those passages as "the sectarian temper *tampering* with great evangelical principles." It makes no difference, so far as the force of critical objections to the Trinity goes, whether the men who offer them are spiritual or "unspiritual"; whether or not they are conscious of an "impatient and selfish" nature. The character of the men who reason has nothing to do with the soundness of their reasoning. One

who cannot share Dr. Huntington's rapture in his new-found belief has just as much right to be heard in answer to Dr. Huntington's argument, or in exposure of his sophistries, as one who could claim a similar light from on high. And if this insinuation goes any further, if it means to imply that those who intellectually and on critical grounds reject the Trinity are therefore to be pronounced *unspiritual*, or inaccessible by devout and divine influences, we can only dismiss it as too mean for reply.

With this *caveat* at the outset against all argument, Dr. Huntington proceeds to offer some "criticisms" upon Unitarians and the Unitarian position, in which, whatever other spirit there may be, there is certainly not the spirit of candor or justice. From the tone in which Dr. Huntington speaks of the "Anti-Trinitarians," no one would ever believe that for twelve years at least he was a zealous member of that body, and as open in his denunciation of this "mystery" as any of his present opponents have been. So lately as April, 1854, he delivered a discourse on the Incarnation, which has since been printed and widely circulated, in which he says emphatically (the italics are ours): "*I object to Trinitarianism in any and in all forms in which it can properly state itself, and for the following among other reasons. First*, because neither the word Trinity, nor any other corresponding to it, is found in the Scriptures, which would certainly have supplied it if it had been wanted. *Secondly*, because to the very idea of Trinity proper there is necessary the assumption that Christ was literally not derived from the Father, nor dependent on him, *which is contrary to Biblical teaching. Thirdly*, because it insists on going back behind God revealing himself, into God as he is in essence, entering into the interior relations of the Divine nature, undertaking to settle the abstract pyschological facts of God's being, roughly handling with mortal understanding what human knowledge can never find out, and, instead of leaving the divine mystery of the Son's generation as an object of wondering faith, interposes a sharp-cut dogma of absolute Eternity, condemning all that differ. *Fourthly*, that it introduces in the Divine nature itself a certain rigid grammatical and almost unclassical division, often *practically recognizing*

three Gods instead of one, confusing the mind and disturbing the simplicity of worship. *Fifthly*, that whereas the whole strain of the New Testament implies a certain filial subordination on the part of the Son, even in his higher nature, — as that he is *sent* by a Sender, has power *given* to him by a Giver, prays to one that answers, — Trinitarianism overlooks these facts, or else accounts for them by breaking up the singleness of Christ's nature into two opposites, making, instead of one nature with a twofold aspect, two distinct natures, a human soul and a divine one, thus marring its beauty and hindering our communion. *Sixthly*, that it asserts the distinct personal independence of the Holy Spirit, instead of representing that Spirit, as the Scripture does, as proceeding forth from the Father and the Son. *Seventhly and finally*, that it presses a new speculative or metaphysical distinction beyond all *the extent of any practical or evangelic use*, thus sundering believers that ought to stand shoulder to shoulder, and preventing the master from being honored as he deserves in the harmony of his undivided fold. These are my objections to the Church doctrine of the Trinity." And further on he says, "I believe in the *strict and simple unity of God, and not in a Triune God.*" And among the conclusions "*fixed*" in his soul from which he has no "tendencies" to carry him away, these are reckoned.

Every one of these seven reasons for not believing the doctrine of the Trinity Dr. Huntington now repudiates, and we presume that he would consider himself, in using them, as "tampering" with an "Evangelical principle." But such an evidence of the fallibility of "*fixed conclusions*" will naturally modify our estimate of his judgment concerning the "tendencies" of the faith which he once professed and defended. A man has the right to change his faith and to repudiate utterly all his former opinions, even after professions of matured confidence and eternal allegiance. But the statements of such a person concerning his former faith are to be very cautiously received, and to be taken with large allowance. No sudden convert is a reliable witness concerning the views he has abandoned. In proportion as his friendship was more ardent, his hostility is more bitter, and his rhetoric of defence becomes

his rhetoric of attack. The most vehement advocates of slavery in New England are those who were once prominent in the Anti-slavery ranks; having once left that fellowship, there is nothing too harsh or unjust for them to say concerning their former associates. Dr. Huntington's remarks in this Introduction, concerning his former faith and his former brethren, show that the same rule holds good in regard to religious converts. And, however acceptable his picture of the Unitarian community may be to his new friends, he cannot expect that Unitarians will accept it as fair, or allow that, in contradicting so distinctly what he has stated so often in the pulpit and from the press, he states now "things just as they are." They will prefer his former "fixed conclusions" to his present shifting inspirations, and believe that the body of which he only six years ago said, "I should not know where to go in search of a better," has not in these six years degenerated to a fellowship "peculiarly fit to be left."

And yet it will seem strange that one who was contented to remain so long pastor of a Unitarian church, and to take the honors and emoluments which the Unitarian community so freely gave him, should repay this confidence by such slighting and contemptuous speech. While some things which Dr. Huntington says about the Unitarian churches are true, are confessed and lamented by the most earnest within the body, other things equally true, which would balance, and more than balance, these defects, he omits to mention. He makes sweeping charges in cunning phrase, without alluding to any of the facts which modify these charges. For instance, he says the reliance of Unitarianism "on domestic, to the disparagement of foreign missions, has not been justified by any adequate religious impression on the poorer classes." The impression here intended to be left is, that the work which Dr. Tuckerman instituted some thirty years ago has proved a failure, — that it has not built up, as it was designed to build up, the sect of Unitarians among the poorer classes. In answer to this insinuation, we say that it was never the design of the Unitarian Ministry at Large to make a sectarian impression among the poor. Its object was charitable, and not dogmatic. The religious impression which it designed to produce it has

abundantly produced. No agency ever established in any sect has wrought more genuine and more adequate results. Not only has it gone far beyond the idea of its founder in the Unitarian body proper, but other sects have copied it, and it still continues to enlarge its beneficent work. The catastrophes which are continually coming to destroy the work of foreign missions only convince Unitarians the more of the practical wisdom of that course which relies more upon the distribution of the Gospel of charity and compassion at home. If there is any religious agency in the American Church which has not failed, which has yielded fruit sixty and a hundred fold, it is this. It is Dr. Huntington's pleasure to cast a stone at this work of benevolence, the spirit and the results of which have been so long before his eye, and to the value of which, if we mistake not, he has borne public and emphatic testimony.

Another charge which Dr. Huntington brings against the Unitarian body is, that "the tone of pulpit discourse and of ceremonial observance has been lowered and secularized." The sources of this charge are not given. Is Dr. Huntington, rarely privileged to hear the discourses of his brethren, able to say with confidence what is the prevalent tone of public discourse in the Unitarian churches? If it be meant by this statement that preaching in the Unitarian body now more than formerly takes hold of the real interests, cares, and concerns of men, interests itself in the various departments of human labor and human thought, — that it borrows more illustrations from the world, and is less technical, less formal, and more familiar in its style, — we admit the fact and rejoice in it. And this merit — for in our view it is a merit — we cheerfully accord to the style of Dr. Huntington himself, whose widely popular sermons are redundant in illustrations drawn from every source, — in the anecdotes which his large memory has treasured, and which give to his discourses an interest that for popular use abundantly atones for their poverty of thought. The Unitarian pulpit has shared in the change which has come over the pulpit in all living churches. But we shall not believe, for this reason, that its tone has been lowered, or that it deals less now than formerly with the real Christian duties

of men and their relations to God. We believe that a comparison of the sermons preached in our body now with those preached when the Unitarian movement began here,—preached by those who are entitled to be called representative men,—will show a loftier spirituality, a higher religious tone, a deeper insight, and a more profound sense of sacred things. The charge which Dr. Huntington brings is one which the volumes of printed discourses, on which alone he has the right to base such a charge, will by no means justify, and the reproach, if reproach it be, lies not more against the Unitarians than against other religious sects. Will Dr. Huntington charge it as an evidence of the failure of Orthodox Congregationalism, that Mr. Beecher's sermons reach the popular heart, are read by everybody, and are so continually taken as specimens of the true style of preaching? Is Spurgeon's popularity to be made an evidence that the Baptist experiment has failed? Or will he find an ill-omen for the future of Episcopacy from the fact that the discourses of Stanley and Kingsley and Robertson are more secular "than the discourses of the old divines."

Another strange statement which Dr. Huntington makes concerning Unitarian zeal and benevolence will be new to those who are acquainted with the history of the body. He says, "the enthusiasm that makes aggressions, and the confidence that gives money, are both palpably abated by the confession, and yet to the endless surprise of its public advocates." Now admitting that the Unitarians are not and never have been an aggressive and proselyting body, and that they have lost very much from their sectarian communion by this lack of aggressiveness, yet the facts show that they were never so aggressive as now. The last few years have shown a wider propagation of their religious connection, and a larger increase in the direct agencies of their body, than any previous period of their history. More ministers, converts to their faith from the faith of the exclusive sects, have been welcomed into their body within the last twelve months, than in any year of the "forty or fifty" which Dr. Huntington assigns as their term of age; and the vacancy which his retirement leaves has, in number at least, and perhaps in something more, been already fourfold filled.

The special contributions in money have been steadily increasing, and if Dr. Huntington had taken the trouble to consult the reports of that Unitarian Association of which he was once an officer, he would see how much more liberal are the churches in caring for it than they were twenty years ago. The gifts of the single Unitarian Society in St. Louis within the last ten years exceed all the contributions of the Unitarian body in that period when Dr. Huntington would have us think it was so liberal and powerful. Antioch College alone is an answer to the charge that "the confidence that gives money has abated." It is indeed urged, that enough is not given, that we do not the half or a tithe of what we could do or ought to do; but this very importunity, this very urgency of lament, is a proof that enthusiasm is more living, and that there is quicker sensitiveness to religious needs. The same plea is pressed by the other religious bodies. Large and various as are the gifts of the Orthodox sects to specially religious causes, they are continually reminded that enough is not given. And if anywhere the lament be repeated, that there is lack of zeal in Church extension and of gifts in its behalf, it is in the journals of the Church of which Dr. Huntington has just become a member. The "endless surprise" at the small amount of money donations is not peculiar to the Unitarian body; and gross injustice is done when this is cited as evidence of their "failure." Dr. Huntington has had too many personal proofs of the "confidence that gives money," to bring hastily a charge of waning generosity against the body he has left.

Another count in this indictment is that, "far more than the best friends of the cause are willing to allow, rationalistic notions have been diffused among the ministry and the laity, till it is about equally difficult to ascertain what many of them believe, and on what authority their remaining beliefs repose." We suppose part of this charge to be true. We shall not deny that the large fellowship of the Unitarian body, like the broad fellowship of the Episcopal Church, both in England and America, includes many who hold "rationalistic" opinions. There are, doubtless, many ministers in our connection who openly preach, and many laymen who gladly hear, such views as Jowett defends at Oxford, and Temple delivers before the British

Queen. But what we do deny is, that these men as a class are not able to state clearly what they believe, or to give a reason for the faith which they hold. It is the characteristic of rationalism in religion that it has *reasons*, that it believes with the eyes open, and that, however few its articles of faith may be, they are at least distinct and tangible. Whatever else may be said of the theology of Theodore Parker, no one can deny that everybody understood his position, and that he understood it himself, and could state it in very plain language; a fact which has not been true of the theology of Dr. Huntington for the last five years, and, judging by his recent address at Worcester, is not yet true. So much ought to be allowed to the rationalists, in simple fairness. The obscure statements in the Unitarian body are not on that side.

But while there is on one side a tendency to rationalism in the views of many, clergy and laity, fostered by the free thought of eminent writers in the English Church, perhaps even more than of writers in their own communion, there is also a tendency in the other direction, and many who are quite contented with their position in Unitarian pulpits, and have no idea of leaving this, hold views which many Orthodox churches would freely consent to. Dr. Huntington is pleased to say, that the Unitarians show now "a bitter intolerance of all differences which diverge toward the faith of the Orthodox Church." Such intolerance, if it were real, might find some excuse in the treatment which Unitarians have received from Orthodoxy in years past, and in the denials of the Christian name and of saving faith to those of a more liberal creed which an inclination in that direction is apt to produce. But we deny that it is real. We deny that the orthodox section of the Unitarian body, if such a phrase may be permitted, has been more roughly handled for its "divergences" than the more radical section. Dr. Huntington himself, once its most prominent representative, has been throughout most tenderly treated, and the epithets which have been unhesitatingly used in speaking of the rationalist party have been withheld in speaking of his productions, even when they were most unsatisfactory, both in style and matter. He has not been denied the Christian name. His motives have not been publicly called in question. He

has had credit for honesty, and for earnestness, and the unfavorable criticism has been mitigated by large concessions to the ability and the religious zeal which he has seemed to manifest. If Theodore Parker had been as tenderly treated, the rationalist party might never have gained that wide sympathy which it seems to Dr. Huntington to have in the Unitarian body. And much of this apparent sympathy with rationalism is but the natural reaction from the unjust severity used toward it. The necessity of being kind toward those who have "orthodox tendencies" — some of the most devoted pastors, and some of the most philanthropic laymen of the connection — has taught Unitarians the propriety of being just to those whose learning, courage, and freedom of thought have led them into friendship with rationalism.

At the same time, while we allow that the religious thought of the Unitarian body has kept pace with the progress of the age in religious science, and while we rejoice that it is not afraid to try the conclusions of scholars and to accept what is good, we dare to say that the average faith of the body, the faith of the great majority both of clergy and laity, is as positively Christian as it ever was; that it rests on as sure foundations; that the personal work of Christ forms a more favorite and frequent subject of discourse than it did thirty years ago, and that the divine side of the Saviour's life and character is brought into more frequent relief. Is it not true that many of those whom Dr. Huntington would perhaps call, on the ground of their apology for rationalism, semi-rationalists, found nothing in his view of the incarnation which contradicted their faith, and accepted the metaphors which he used about Christ, for substance, if not for taste? It is a noticeable fact, that a rationalistic criticism and an orthodox religious philosophy are able comfortably to affiliate and coexist in the Unitarian body, as they do in more than one of the Orthodox sects. We affirm with confidence that there is more of the mystic and pietistic element in the Unitarian body now, more that deals with the profound and (to use Dr. Huntington's favorite word) "august" verities of faith, than there was in the ethical and controversial time of the sect in the last generation. Let our multiplied hymn-books, which have borrowed so much of de-

vout poetry from Methodist and Moravian and Catholic sources, which are used even in the chapels where "rationalism" is preached, and which have universally driven out the older and colder collections, refute the slander that in tolerating rationalism the Unitarian Church has lost its warmth or its strength. We know at least one pastor, whose sympathies are with liberal views in theology, who finds the hymn-book partly compiled and supplied by Dr. Huntington an adequate and consistent aid in his public ministrations.

The statements which we have thus far noticed are the proofs which this writer offers of the "disastrous practical experiment" of American Unitarianism. But he mentions a "general inherent infirmity" of all defences of the Anti-Trinitarian position. Unitarians, he says, "can, at best, claim for their view only that it superadds a benefit of some sort to them that would be safe without it; while the Trinitarian believes, on what he considers the assurance of Revelation, that his doctrine, wrought with a full or a fainter consciousness into the soul's life, is the needful wisdom of God and power of God unto the salvation of the world." This ingeniously worded passage manages to misrepresent the Unitarian view, while it does not commit the Orthodox to any untenable position. In the first clause of the sentence the writer *individualizes*, while in the second clause he *generalizes*. The inference which he intends to leave is, that the Unitarian, denying that God damns eternally any man or any soul for errors in doctrine or lack of knowledge, therefore virtually teaches that no religion is needed to save men. Yet he only ventures to say that some sort of evangelical doctrine, clear or obscure, acknowledged or unacknowledged, is God's needful instrument in *saving the world*. So say the Unitarians. They say that the Gospel of Christ, the truth of God which Christ preached and lived, is the needful instrument in "saving the world." They believe, as much as the Trinitarians can, that the world, the race of men, is to be saved, redeemed, purified, and made God's people, by the Gospel which Christ brought. And they are not to be excluded from this position because they do not accept as Gospel all the Pagan elements which philosophy has added to the Gospel. Unitarians have nowhere preached or taught that the

world will be saved without the Gospel of Christ. They have not, indeed, taught that the heathen shall perish everlastingly from their ignorance of this Gospel, or that all who have died out of the pale of the visible Church are concluded in utter and eternal woe; — will Dr. Huntington, even, in his new connection, be bold enough to advocate that view? But they have presented the view which they hold of Christianity as truly essential to the light, joy, spiritual health, and salvation of mankind, both here and hereafter, as any Orthodox sect. They do not offer their Christianity as an extra benefit to those who are well, safe, and holy already, but they offer it as a reforming, a healing, a renewing agency, to those who are in ignorance, in sin, and in darkness. The Unitarian, not less than the Trinitarian, believes "that his doctrine, wrought with a fuller or a fainter consciousness into the soul's life, is the needful wisdom of God and power of God unto the salvation of the world;" — even the most lax Unitarian will assert this. His doctrine does not merely "superadd a benefit," but it supersedes falsehoods.

We shall not quarrel here with Dr. Huntington's estimate of "The New Discussion of the Trinity," that it has "less than Channing's eloquence, less than Norton's learning, a less elevated piety than that of Worcester and the Wares." It has at any rate eloquence and learning and piety enough to serve the occasion, and to answer the assertions of the Orthodox side, which has not in this instance a champion of the calibre of Woods or Stuart, either in learning or in dialectic skill. Time will show, if this new discussion serves "better to illustrate the losses than to restore the strength of the denomination." We ought to be grateful that Dr. Huntington is so much "comforted" concerning "the more religious portion of the people called Unitarians," and that he concedes so much to the clear tendency of their life and speech "even where they are." Yet we cannot, as he seems willing to do, limit this class of "true Israelites" to those who use Orthodox words and phrases, or disclaim responsibility "for negations and profanations." Religious Unitarians are not those merely who bewilder their hearers with pious words, but those who show in their lives the spirit of Christ, love for man, and love for God. "The piety of

the Wares," which Dr. Huntington seems to approve, was consistent with a form of Unitarianism which rejected utterly these ambiguous "historic" words, and which was nurtured in this "isolation" which he so much deprecates for his "religious" brethren. We are willing to take the chance of usefulness for Christ in a connection which satisfied such a man as Henry Ware, and satisfied him to the last hour of his life. It may be that Dr. Huntington will find in his new connection greater "opportunities for gospel efficiency" than he has found in the body where he had so wide an influence; but we would suggest that the verdict will come with more weight, after he has had in this new connection an equally long trial and experience. The advice of a new convert in a matter like this is not to be taken as absolutely judicious: and those who feel that they are working to some purpose and doing good "even where they are," will do well to wait until some great results of these recent changes can assure them that their position is "fit to be left," and that Orthodoxy offers a larger field. The most efficient work for Christ is not done in the sects which have the widest embrace or the most difficult creeds. *Heretics*, so history tells us, have done more in their day than their Orthodox opponents. Luther and Calvin and Wesley were heretics in their own time, and their opinions are still classed by the great "historic" Church among "heretical phenomena." Channing lost no influence by taking and maintaining the extreme Protestant ground, and Mr. Beecher does not find it necessary to his "gospel efficiency" that he should wear the trammels of any ecclesiastical order, or repeat the Shibboleth of any church. If the "phenomena" of our time prove anything, they prove that an independent position is the most favorable for religious influence, — that a man works best when his relation to his brethren is one of religious fraternity and not of ecclesiastical order, and that a living man may do as true a work for Christ in a small as in a large body, in the Unitarian as in the Roman Church. The "embarrassments" in the first case are certainly less than in the second, more especially as the theory of the Unitarian connection permits the largest individual liberty. Dr. Huntington insists that "no amount of verbal disclaimer can release religious Unitarians from responsibility for

the negations and profanations" within their connection. Does he, as an Episcopalian, consider himself responsible for the negations and profanations of the new volume of Essays by members of the English Church, or for any heresies that members of the Church on this side of the ocean may chance to express?

Dr. Huntington is much consoled by the admission in an article in a former number of this Review, that a doctrine of Trinity may be so stated as to contain Gospel truth. The writer of that article, whom he charitably describes as "as much in earnest as his philosophy allows him to be," "nullifies" the article "with a placid acknowledgment that he has a decided personal inclination to the doctrine of Athanasius!" The article, it will be remembered, distinctly denies that the doctrine of Athanasius is a doctrine of *Tripersonality*. The whole force and stress of the argument is against such a doctrine; and it seems to us insulting to the writer of that article to suggest that his words mean anything more than he says that they mean, or that his admission of a Trinity of offices is a concession "wrung out" in spite of "so many motives to suppress it." Probably many Unitarians will disagree with the writer of that article as to the expediency of using a word which is so closely associated with an idea which he, as emphatically as any other Unitarian, rejects. But if he choose so to use it, explaining it as he does in the most unequivocal manner, his words of explanation are not to be set aside as mere "literal counter-words." The writer of that article is not one who is accustomed to use words to conceal ideas, to hide his thought in a cloud of stately rhetoric, or to say one thing when he means another. He is to be taken as honest and earnest when he states what he does not believe, as well as when he states what he does believe; and no candid reader will say that his article renders any aid or comfort to the doctrine of "Tripersonality." One who gets such comfort must get it at the cost of impugning the honesty of the writer; in which case, the testimony would seem to be of little value. And when Dr. Huntington, speaking of this article, decides its result by saying that "it yields all that historical orthodoxy (except for some unavailing protests) would care to demand," he either

impeaches the honesty of the writer, or he gives up the doctrine of Tripersonality: his readers can tell which of these alternatives he has intended to take. "Historical orthodoxy," however, is in itself an ambiguous phrase. The historical orthodoxy of the early Church, we presume to say, in spite of Dr. Huntington's unproved assertions, is a very different thing from the orthodoxy of the Middle Age or the modern Church.

Of the *three* writers in "The New Discussion of the Trinity," who have, in the language of Dr. Huntington, "any actual theological importance," one is answered in the style we have just remarked upon. Another, whose close, logical, and exhaustive treatise might deserve more adequate attention, is dismissed by the statement that his "most forcible objections" are "those of a Trinitarian believer, who had weighed them all, and was a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians notwithstanding." The article in the "Monthly Journal" certainly does cite Dr. Bushnell as a witness against Dr. Huntington. But it cites him as a witness whom Dr. Huntington had previously cited, and on whom he relied, and it shows that Dr. Bushnell's idea of the Trinity, and estimate of its proof in history, is quite contrary to that of Dr. Huntington. It shows, in the most conclusive manner, the witness whom Dr. Huntington cites, to be really a witness against him. But this is not by any means the whole or the "most forcible" part of that article in the "Monthly Journal." Nine reasons are there stated why Unitarians reject the Trinity. Each one of these reasons is discussed in connection with Dr. Huntington's positions, and with *only one* of these is the name of Dr. Bushnell connected. Probably most readers will treat that reason as the least weighty of all. The style in which Dr. Huntington deals with this most generous, manly, and Christian argument upon his theories, is an unworthy return for the kind and fraternal words with which the article closed. It is an evasion, and not an answer.

Of the third of these writers who have "any actual theological importance," Dr. Huntington remarks, that "he contents himself with the ingenious paradox of pretending, in the face of the whole record and common intelligence of reading men, that a particular historian, Neander, was not a Trinitarian."

Which one of the numerous writers who have noticed and exposed Dr. Huntington's misrepresentation and misquotation of Neander is here meant, remains uncertain. It required very little scholarship to detect a blunder so patent. We suppose, however, that Dr. Huntington here refers to the communications in the "Christian Register," over the signature E. A., of a well-known and most accurate Greek scholar, whose learning on all points of Biblical and Patristic philology is second to that of no man in New England, who never ventures quotations at second hand, and takes care to have full authorities for every point that he makes. In all that E. A. says about Neander, he takes pains to give *Neander's own words*, and he leaves "intelligent readers" to infer from these words what Neander's opinions were. But the important point which he discusses, and *decides from "the record,"* is not what were Neander's private theological opinions, but what he states as an historian concerning the Biblical and historical foundation of the doctrine. Dr. Huntington had quoted Neander as saying that "the doctrine of the Trinity is the fundamental article of the Christian faith." E. A. shows that this statement is exactly the reverse of the truth; that Neander said no such thing; that his real statement is, that "the doctrine of the Trinity does *not* belong to the fundamental articles of the Christian faith," and that there is no other "fundamental article" to be found in the New Testament than "the annunciation of Jesus as the Messiah." This is the point at issue, — Neander's testimony as an historian to the Biblical argument for the Trinity, and its character as a fundamental doctrine. And if, after the ample discussion of E. A., Dr. Huntington has the hardihood to claim Neander as a witness to his view of the Trinity in Scripture, no one can doubt who "abuses" this eminent historian. A much stronger phrase than "ingenious paradox" will be needed to characterize such assurance. And we may remark, that it is safer to learn Neander's real opinions by reading his histories, than in taking them at second or third hand from any self-constituted interpreter.

Having thus in a short single paragraph generally "disposed of" the articles in "The New Discussion of the Trinity," Dr. Huntington, in the manifesto before us, proceeds to mention

two remarkable reasons why the strictures on his unlucky sermon should "lose their support." The first is that the sermon was "an exposition of some of the practical uses" of the Trinity, and not a systematic and exhaustive treatise. We agree to the latter statement. It was neither systematic nor exhaustive in any proper sense of those terms. But it was an argument, intended as an argument, and put into the form of an argument. It offered proofs, and it cited authorities, and it made very positive dogmatic statements. And we cannot see why a pretended practical purpose should shield such a discourse from the treatment to which all arguments are liable. Is bad logic to be overlooked, because the discourse is practical? Are loose and careless assertions to be left to do their mischief, because the aim is rather to show how *comforting* a doctrine is, than how true it is? Are we to let misquotations and blunders stand unnoticed, for the reason that it would "take several hundred pages" to tell the whole truth? The excuse is preposterous. A man has no more right to be illogical, inaccurate, and careless in his practical, than in his strictly theological writing. When he prints what he has written, he is responsible for the statements he has made, whatever his ostensible purpose. Strictures upon words and sentences do not depend for their force upon the intentions of the writer. And any controversialist or dogmatist who is too indolent or too busy to look up his authorities, or too ignorant to understand them, and too fond of great words to adjust nicely their logical coherence, might plead in excuse a "*practical purpose.*" Such a plea cannot be allowed. Truth and good sense are as necessary in practical preaching as in any other.

A second deprecatory reason which Dr. Huntington offers is, that "the reviewers constantly confound what the sermon claims for the great doctrine of the Trinity itself, as the historical faith of the Church and the revelation of the Bible, with a comparatively unimportant exhibition of its author's mode of stating and interpreting that doctrine." This is a curious plea. What were the reviewers reviewing? Were they reviewing Professor Park, or Professor Taylor, or Edwards, or Calvin, or Augustine, or the Nicene Creed? None of these. They were reviewing Dr. Huntington's sermon, — just that.

And the particular form of Trinity they were called to discuss, the particular argument they were called to meet, was the form and the argument brought forward in this special sermon. They were not called to separate the *claim* for the doctrine from what is said about it; or to consider that a Sabellian Trinity may be true, while Dr. Huntington is advocating a Tripersonality. They had the right to take the doctrine which Dr. Huntington believes and defends as that which he finds in the Bible and in the Creeds; otherwise, the whole argument were needless and foolish. If Dr. Huntington were not defending his own view, but the view of some other person, or some vague, indefinite view which could be suited to any preference, why did he not state that fact in the beginning; it would have saved all this discussion. But he cannot so get away from responsibility for his words. His statement and interpretation of the doctrine *are* the doctrine for the time being, and for the purposes of the argument, as much as Newton's statement of the doctrine of gravitation is that doctrine, or Priestley's theory of "dephlogisticated air" is for the time being the doctrine of the vital fluid. When we examine a writing, we judge what it means by the opinions and statements of the writers, and not by any general notions which we or other persons may happen to have on that subject.

With these apologies for his sermon, Dr. Huntington proceeds to approach, "face to face," three "grand sources of light on this question" of the Trinity. "The first of these sources is in the Holy Scriptures." Mr. Bickersteth's catalogue of texts seems to Dr. Huntington sufficiently to demonstrate that the whole Bible, the Old Testament and the New Testament, is not only pervaded, but illuminated and glorified, by a cumulative and overwhelming proof that Christ is God, "the Beginning and the End, the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last." The argument (or *theophany*, as he would style it), he says, is "*unanswerable*." In speaking of Mr. Bickersteth's book, we have expressed our estimate of that argument. As we look at it, such an argument confuses, perverts, and misreads the Scriptures in the most amazing manner. It is sad that any mind which has been trained in those principles of hermeneutics which are accepted in all respecta-

ble schools of theology, Orthodox or Unitarian, should consent to such a violation of all sound canons of Biblical criticism. The argument, if unanswerable, is so, not because it is strong or convincing, but because its basis is untenable, because it involves principles which fair criticism and good sense disallow. It is unanswerable as was an argument for the Trinity which we once heard from an inmate of one of our prisons. God said, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Now here are three persons mentioned and only one God." Of course, it is a waste of time to plead against such literalism.

Professor Huntington's second source of instruction in the Trinity is in "man's higher intuitions and cognitions." Now whatever metaphysics or mystic thought may suggest of a threefold action of God, it is certain that the doctrine of Tripersonality, of a Triune God, contradicts utterly the native mathematical sense. We would here oppose, if it were necessary, mathematics to metaphysics. But it is not necessary. For defenders of the Trinity almost universally insist that their doctrine is above reason, transcends the power of the human mind, and must be received as an unintelligible mystery. It is not to be apprehended by any "cognition." We are quite willing to accept Dr. Huntington's proposition to leave to "any fair jury of learning in the world" the question, if there is any foundation in reason for the doctrine that God has three persons, three personalities, three individualities, and yet is only one God. That is the question; not whether reason recognizes various divine agencies or forms of manifestation, not whether it does not conceive God, now as Creator, now as Redeemer, and now as Sanctifier, — here in his relation to Nature, there to sinning man, and there again to purified souls, — but whether reason gives ground for *Triunity*. We say that it does not. And we set over against Dr. Huntington's *dictum* the innumerable statements of Trinitarians, born and taught in that faith, that the doctrine of Trinity is one which reason does not justify and could never discover.

We shall not here touch the question concerning the "ascendant school of philosophical thought," whether it be Christian or infidel. Those who know what books are read with

most avidity, what names are most widely celebrated, what theories pass current in the conventions of science, can judge that for themselves. We shall be glad if the Christian teaching of our professors of colleges and our theological schools can really be shown to overbalance the infidel and materialistic theories which find such acceptance in Germany and France, and even in England and our own land. But Dr. Huntington assumes more than he can prove, when he would characterize as "Trinitarian" the Christian philosophic teaching of all the men who happen to be professors in Trinitarian colleges. We venture to think that this doctrine of Trinity enters very little into the metaphysical or ethical lectures of those who profess it, — that it has more part in their creed than in their academic discourse. The University of Oxford, to mention no other, is an evidence that eminent men can subscribe to a creed, while their academic teaching ignores, if it do not nullify, the articles of that creed. Mr. Bancroft is a good authority in questions of American history; but his wild judgment concerning the Triune God, as "inherent in every system of thought which can pretend to vitality," will hardly offset the judgment of such thinkers as Jefferson and Humboldt.

The insinuation of Dr. Huntington that the writer in the Christian Examiner is "vexed by disappointment," is all the more unworthy, that it is left without explanation; while, at the same time, the want of that explanation makes it unmeaning and powerless. And we do not envy a writer who can sneer at a body from which he has received such honors, and of which he was until recently a prominent advocate, as one "of which a great majority of men are still provokingly uninformed." A great majority of men are still indifferent to metaphysics of any kind. And if the tone of thought is to be decided by majorities, the chief end of man will be to get money. Unitarian vanity may be as great as Dr. Huntington would represent it. But Unitarians have a right to claim that the number of those who oppose their theology or their philosophy shall not be taken as the index of weight. Shall the influence of Harvard College upon the thought of the land be measured by comparing its list of professors with the numbers in the lists of Orthodox colleges? It may be that Unitarians

are few in number; but we may be pardoned the conceit of thinking that their views are somewhat diffused beyond the circle of their own communion. Channing is known by not a few in Europe and America who suffer the sound works of their own doctors to remain unread. This testimony to "scholarship and wit and wisdom and talent," comes from without, as well as within; and in spite of Dr. Huntington's cavils, we have no fear but that the Unitarian body will continue to gain and merit such testimony.

"The third confirmation of the faith of the Church is found in its own Providential history and in the mouths of its long line of glorified witnesses. That anybody who has read that history and listened to those witnesses should deny that Trinitarianism has been the creed of the Church from the days of Christ and the Apostles will appear incredible in exactly the measure that we advance to a thorough acquaintance with the record." Exactly the reverse of this is true, as has been shown again and again by the reviewers of Dr. Huntington's sermon. He does not venture now to assert in so many words that the doctrine of Tripersonality is taught in the writings of any Father of the first three centuries. That would be too bold an experiment on the credulity of his readers. But he patronizingly apologizes for the obscurity of the "old writers," and their "singular union of minute speculative distinctions with a copious figurative phraseology," regretting that it should perplex "the mind as to the real, substantial, common belief of the Church, outliving and underlying all these superficial agitations." Reduced to plain English, this vague talk means that, though the Fathers do not seem to teach it, yet the faith of the common people was Trinitarian. Where does Dr. Huntington get his information in regard to the common "underlying" faith of the Church? What documents are to prove this faith, if not the writings of contemporaries, received in their time as authorities? What right has he to assume that the doctors of the Church misrepresent or fail to represent the faith of the Church? The language of these "old writers," though undoubtedly figurative, is yet clear enough to show what they believed and what they did not believe, and in this respect will compare favorably with the

theological writing of Dr. Huntington, who ingeniously substitutes in the next paragraph the word "Threeness" for Trinity. It is a pleasant begging of the question to imply that, because the "praises, confessions, and exhortations of the second century" make use of the Apostolic benediction, they therefore prove the acceptance of the doctrine of the Trinity, which this benediction does not contain; and that the reason why the doctrine was not in the creed yet, was that there was no need of it. Transubstantiation might be much more clearly proved in this way; for did not the pastors of the second century, when they broke bread at the Lord's table, say, "This is the Lord's body"? We defy Dr. Huntington to produce a particle of proof that the Triunity, the Tripersonality of God was *set forth* in "the praises, confessions, or exhortations" of any century before the fourth. His third point, too, is accurate only so far as it gives the final results of a long and passionate series of debates, extending over more than a century. Trinitarianism, indeed, at last got the majority in the councils and the patronage of the Imperial Court, and, in the exercise of its power, decreed that the doctrine of God's unity was fatal heresy. Unitarians have no desire to break the force of this fact. In the view of the majority of the Church, their doctrine is heresy, and has been so for more than twelve hundred years. But they are far from allowing it to be an "unblessed enterprise," to prove from the authorities themselves of the Church that what was voted into the creeds in the fifth and sixth centuries by turbulent majorities does not really represent the teaching of the first, second, and third centuries, much less of Christ and his Apostles. If Dr. Huntington has any sources of information other than these "old writers," than these Church Fathers, let him mention them. But until he does mention them, the recognized authorities must stand: and the recognized authorities are against his view.

In a short paragraph upon "developed doctrine," Dr. Huntington comes to the rescue of Neander, and shows how this great historian, whom he has himself so strangely misrepresented, has "been abused" by a "respectable Unitarian writer." With all deference to this new view, we shall continue to think that what Neander says, he means, and

that his theory of *development*, so far as the doctrine of Trinity is concerned, does not differ essentially from that of Dr. Newman. He does not find the doctrine in the Scripture, and he does find it in the creeds half a dozen centuries later; and his account of its origin is such as any candid Catholic scholar would give. Any reader of his chapter on this subject in the "History of Christian Dogmas" can see whence he derived the Trinity, — not from Scriptural sources, but from the engrafting of Greek philosophic ideas upon Christian teaching. And Neander is a witness, moreover, that the average faith of the Church followed after, instead of anticipating, the faith of the teachers. Basil, he says, wished to teach the divinity of the Holy Spirit in the fourth century, but did not dare to.

Dr. Huntington closes this extraordinary Introduction by a new declaration of his own exceeding comfort in the doctrine of the Trinity, especially as affording an adequate atonement for sin. His own experience assures him that the sin of man is so great as to require a dying God to expiate it. He seems to teach (though here, indeed, his language is ambiguous) that God died on the Cross in Christ; and he intimates that the "benign splendors of the Bible" illustrate that view. We shall not use the "harmless privilege" of deciding the orthodoxy of this view. That may be done by Dr. Huntington's new brethren. However deep may be our consciousness of sin, we trust never to reach such a view of depravity as will require the physical sacrifice of Almighty God to atone for it. The "intuitions" which lead to such a view must be unspeakably dreadful. We do not covet Dr. Huntington's Paradise, if to gain it we must pass through such a Purgatory.

This strange production which we have been rapidly dissecting, is dated at "Cambridge, Monday in Whitsun week." It is a singular fruit of the Spirit to follow the celebration of the Christian Pentecost. It is a signal evidence that the fruits of modern conversion are not always accompanied by what Paul enumerates as the graces of the Spirit. Such an exhibition of temper and duplicity as this will more than neutralize any harm that the defection of one so popular might do to the Unitarian cause. Many will regret that the strong words which

Dr. Huntington in former years uttered for the Unitarian faith have been so bitterly denied, and that the Tracts, "What do ye more than others?" and "The Strict System and the Easy," which the Unitarian Association continues to publish for their excellence, can no more have any weight from the name which they bear. How great the contrast between the profession of ten years ago, — "If Christ be Deity, he is no longer in the nearest sense our example; — infinitely removed above us, he has not sympathized with human sufferings, nor been the pattern of human virtue, under human trial," — and the present worship of a dying God! We crave no light which, in reconciling us to such blasphemy, makes us forget the example of the Master. And we agree with what Dr. Huntington once said of the sense of total depravity, which now seems to him to require the self-immolation of the Infinite Lord of Heaven, — that "nothing can be devised to cripple the soul so utterly, and then so utterly to excuse it, as this strange opinion of human manufacture."

But this notice has already been too far extended. In answer to the hard words and harsh insinuations which Dr. Huntington has uttered of the brethren he has parted from, and the denomination he has left, we set down these words of his earlier and wiser period:—

"As a denomination, — for we are compelled to use that word yet a little longer, though waiting for the time when the names of divided sects shall be merged in the one great name of Christ, — as a denomination, we profess to have found better doctrine, to have sprung up upon a higher standing-point, and to see by the insight of a more single-eyed and spiritual affection, than our brethren. We claim to have outgrown the ritualism of Rome, the narrow exclusiveness of Calvinism, and the assumption and intolerance of Oxford and the English Church. We have cast off the gross conception of God as more than one in his nature, seeing plainly that that honest mistake had its origin in a pagan mythology. We have rejected the poor absurdity, so injurious to the sublime office and simple dignity of the Saviour, that the Deity suffered in his person, and in our stead, to satisfy his own stern indignation, and as a sacrifice to himself, — himself being very God. We have refused so to trifle with intelligible Scripture as to take, in place of the truth written there, that man is formed in the image of God, and, though liable to sin as to virtue, yet his child, and naturally capable of obedience,

— we have refused to take, in place of that inspiring truth, the unworthy dogma that we are born in the fatal likeness of evil spirits. And we congratulate ourselves, and thank Heaven, for being set free from those dark delusions. We are glad and grateful to be on the returning way to the simplicity of our Master and his gospel; to see in the Supreme Spirit one tender Father; in Jesus, a Saviour, and His Son, offering forgiveness if we will have faith in him and repent, teaching us righteousness, brotherly love, and purity of heart in daily action, and disclosing to us, by example and precept, that to live like him is life immortal; in our own natures, to read the capacity either to be miserable in sin, or to find joy, and strength, and ever-growing excellence, by serving devoutly that Father, and by believing and following humbly that Saviour. We profess, then, to be Christians, not like others only, but to have arrived at clearer views of human life, and our duties and relations to the unseen world. Then let us have done with saying so merely with our lips, and prove it by our deeds. And if the question be put to us tauntingly or reproachfully, "What do ye more than others?" let it be answered in our closer nearness to Christ, and our more faithful imitation of that perfect Pattern."

Art. IV. — LESLIE.

Autobiographical Recollections by the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. *Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by* Tom Taylor, Esq., Editor of the "Autobiography of Haydon." With Portrait. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

The life of an artist, in the abstract, would seem one of the most tranquil, independent, and desirable. When adopted from love and with the requisite capacity, and followed with rectitude and aspiration, we should imagine it at once harmonious and elevated. Such, however, is often the sensitiveness of the artistic organization, the indifference of the multitude, and the conditions of practical success, that the record of no class of lives is more shadowed by misfortune or marred by perversity than that of the lives of artists. Cellini's skilful hand was as frequently employed in knocking down an enemy, as in carving a chalice; Salvator's name is associated with turbu-

lence as often as with the picturesque; the bitter controversy between the romantic and classic schools of France wrought as much woe as many theological or political strifes, and the suicidal despair of Haydon finds its parallel in many an artist's career. Moreover, jealousy, want of tact, improvidence, egotism, and moderate abilities are frequent and fruitful sources of error and privation. When, therefore, we meet with one who is true to himself and his vocation, who finds contentment in the love of beauty and the patient exercise of talent, and hallows his endowments by manliness, benignity, and faith, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to recognize his worth and analyze the causes of his success. The latter will be found to consist in elements of character by no means rare, in opportunities accessible to many, and in principles within the reach of all. It is delightful to contemplate such a life as Charles Robert Leslie's, — so consistent, satisfactory, and complete. Endowed with exquisite perceptions and a happy temper, eager for improvement, patient both in study and under criticism, with a keen relish of the intellectual, a fine sense of the humorous, with high and loyal social instincts, — honorable, genial, and refined, — he thoroughly enjoyed the blessings, earnestly cultivated the powers, and nobly used the privileges of genius. His success was as much the result of character as of talent, as directly the fruit of good sense and good feeling as of fortunate circumstances. Hence his autobiography and correspondence inculcate a precious lesson for the profit of others of like tastes and purposes.

He was eminently true to his convictions, — satisfied to do what he could do best. Few painters have wasted less time in vain attempts to work beyond their sphere, to sacrifice their individual gifts at the shrine of fashion or ambition. He soon learned wherein to him peculiar excellence was attainable. He thought and wrote in 1813, that, "to insure a picture currency, it is necessary that it should tell either some Scriptural or classical story." He believed then in Benjamin West more than in Raphael. Hogarth had initiated, and Wilkie had triumphed in, the then unrecognized field of the domestic and characteristic; sympathy with the household literature of his vernacular suggested to Leslie a new phase of this neglected

branch; and herein he found his mission. He had the sensibility to feel and the sense to follow its attractions. Having deliberately chosen the work best adapted to his powers, he systematically cultivated all means of progress therein; studying the elements of design, the laws of form, expression, and color, in the Elgin marbles, the cartoons of Raphael, the masters of the Flemish school, and other masters, like Paul Veronese; seeking subjects in the favorite scenes and characters of standard literature and inspiration from nature, the "comedy of life," and the graces and gifts of superior men.

Leslie's culture, as herein revealed, is singularly harmonious and complete; indicating, with remarkable clearness, the mutual relation of the arts, — how they interfuse as mental resources, and mutually interpret each other when studied with practical wisdom. It is true that specific branches of painting demand peculiar kinds and degrees of discipline, — that each department obtains facilities from somewhat diverse resources, — and that the pictorial range most congenial to Leslie derived advantage from tastes and habitudes not available to the same extent in other cases; yet his methods and means furnish no common lesson, and commend themselves to the sense and the sentiment so essential to excellence in all art as a vocation. Expression is the constant aim, — the grand desideratum; its scope in this instance was refined, human, familiar, — embracing the comic and the characteristic, rather than the sublime and ideal; and for this the painter looked to society and the drama, — to literature and life, — not in their grandest, but in their most delicately significant phases. We can imagine no better school, therefore, than the stage at the period of Leslie's early studies. His love of the drama was an affinity. When, a boy, in Philadelphia, he stood absorbed on the "flies" to see Cooke perform, and won his employer's co-operation in his project to become a painter, by the crude but faithful likeness he made of that great actor, he was unconsciously exhibiting both his claim and his endowment for his peculiar career. To him the theatre was a grand life-school; fortunately, he enjoyed its palmy era. The dramatic element of his art was thus made familiar. His earliest letters from London are filled with descriptions of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Elliston,

Young, Downton, and the other living masters of dramatic art. Not a trait was lost upon him; he sketched their faces, criticised their manner and costume, compared them with each other in different parts, and, by careful and sympathetic observation, became an adept in all the delicate shades of personation, the nice analogies of expression and sentiment. We are disposed to attribute no small degree of his aptitude in giving the right expression with his pencil to imaginary characters, to the facts and principles he thus acquired. When we remember how monotonous is the dress, conventional the manner, and prosaic the aspect of every-day London people, it is easy to conceive what a refreshment to the fancy, and how suggestive to the painter, the English theatre must have been. The instinct of genius led this artist in his youth to practise rigid economy, and undergo great personal inconvenience in order to witness the performances of the best actors. His reminiscences of them, by their precision and vividness, testify to his intellectual obligations. Campbell, in his well-known tribute to John Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, has eloquently compared the dramatic and the fine arts; and while he justly asserts that the former includes the latter, he recognizes the law of compensation in the fact that what the drama gains in completeness it loses in permanence. But the philosophical truth is, that these arts, if not mutually dependent, are at least mutually inspiring, in a manner and to an extent rarely so distinctly shown as in Leslie's experience. His artistic success is an impressive tribute to the practical value of the stage. Lamb renewed his humanity at that now desecrated shrine; but Leslie obtained there the choicest materials of his graceful art. It was at the theatre that he realized the infinite possibilities of human expression, and intelligently traced the relation of thought and feeling, fancy and character, to the wonderful transitions of physiognomy, attitude, and gesture.

Next to the stage, and more directly, Leslie was indebted to literature. The affinities between this pursuit and that of art, often recognized, have seldom been so exquisitely displayed as in his career. Indeed, his tone of mind, his scope of execution, the spirit he was of, seem almost identical with those of a certain class of authors. Character and scenes were the sub-

jects upon which he instinctively expatiated; but they were of a special kind, and peculiar to English literature, and the popular masterpieces, in the same vein, of two foreign tongues. When we examine the more felicitous results of Leslie's pencil, and read his favorite authors, it is easy to perceive that only an accidental difference in the mode of expression prevented the limner from being an author. He looked at nature and life with the same eyes. What the poets and romance-writers he loved, translated into words, he embodied in outlines and color. We detect the dominance of his peculiar taste in art in his choice of books while yet an art-student. Still later, the same tendency is evident in his social proclivities; and his works bear testimony to his ability to reproduce on canvas the characters so akin to his inventive faculty as to make them appear like original creations instead of suggested themes.

His correspondence with Irving is a charming illustration of the possible kindness between an author and an artist. Not only were his early sketches the pictures which his friend's writings impressed upon his sympathetic fancy, but such was the normal affinity between them, that the companionship of each was apparently essential to the other. The burden of their letters when separated was to ascertain precisely how they were respectively employed. Irving, sensitive and reticent as he was by nature in all that regarded himself and his works, freely and fondly wrote and talked to Leslie of what he was doing, hoped to accomplish, or failed to realize. He longed for his presence, his counsel, and his sympathy, and reverts to their "tea-kettle debauches," their visits to fairs and the play, their conversations and excursions, with the partiality and the regrets, not of romantic friendship, but of an intellectual necessity and moral resource. On the other hand, the artist cannot see a fine landscape, or an odd scene, — the grace of nature under a novel aspect, or the comedy of life in the shape of a casual adventurer, — without wishing his friend "partaker in his happiness," that to the personal advantage thereof may be added that other rare and benign privilege, "division of the records of the mind." One is glad his brother artist is "getting on so well with his picture;" the other hopes his dear absentee is "in the mood for writing." They suggest

subjects for one another; they indulge in playful badinage on their early privations; they mutually condole and cheer and congratulate, with the frankness and fervor only possible to kindred spirits. One uses, to describe his forlorn consciousness when alone, the expressive phrase of feeling "lobsided;" the other begs for a letter as for mental sustenance. "I not only owe to you," writes Leslie to Irving, "some of the happiest social hours of my life, but you opened to me a new range of observation in my own art, and a perception of the qualities and character of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other." How apt are some of the hints the author gives the limner, either for a new subject or an improved treatment of one already adopted; and how cordial and wise are the words of praise, of criticism, or of encouragement, with which the latter reciprocates! It was while detained at an inn at Oxford, with Leslie, that the subject of one of Irving's best humorous sketches — "The Stout Gentleman" — was suggested, to be worked out when their journey was resumed in a "pencilling by the way." Doubtless the name of the bankrupt husband, in "The Wife," was adopted from the painter's, — then unknown to fame; and how like an artist is the project of a composition, representing Shakespeare arraigned for deer-stealing, sketched in a letter from Geoffrey Crayon; while no small secret of his own style is hinted when, in answer to Leslie's matter-of-fact correction of a passage in the "Sketch Book," he inquires if it will not injure the melody of the sentence? "I am delighted to find your labors are to be so interwoven with mine," writes the author of the "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker" to the illustrator of those works. But it was not chiefly in mutual work that their early careers were thus identified. The aid which only genuine sympathy can give — the choicest inspiration of art and literature, as well as life — quickened and moulded their development. This process and principle is evident in a less degree, but continuous and efficient, throughout the artist-life of Leslie, and in his communion and companionship with Newton and Rogers, West and Constable, Scott, Allston, Coleridge, Wilkie, Turner, Stothardt, Kenney, and many other eminent artists and authors. It is impossible to estimate either the impulse or the

discipline for refined and admirable achievements, which Leslie thus realized. To the companionship and sympathy, the insight and example of these select intelligences, his conceptions and his executive skill owe much of their excellence, not on account of special teaching, but through the potent influence of a mental atmosphere which enriched and chastened the genius of the painter. In the case of Irving the intimate and genial relation is more distinctly apparent, and its fruits better defined. It has also all the freshness and beauty of youthful associations; and it is interesting to note its continued recognition when time, distance, and fame had separated the two friends. We can appreciate Irving's declaration, — "I find nothing to supply the place of that heart-felt fellowship;" and when we visited Leslie, four years before his death, the earnest and minute inquiries he made about Irving, and the interest with which he listened to every detail of his welfare, showed, even to a stranger's eye, the undimmed glow of that early love.

It was natural that Leslie's first success in his peculiar department of art should be in treating a dramatic subject, — the Death of Rutland, from Henry VI. Thenceforth, with the exception of an occasional portrait, a few Scripture scenes, and some historical pieces, popular literature furnished him with congenial subjects. With the instinct of genuine talent, he sought in that pleasant table-land of the Muses — where less impassioned phases of humanity find expression — the appropriate subjects for his pencil. There are vastly higher flights of imagination, deeper revelations of the soul, characters of more earnest and vital power, scenes grander and more tragic, than those he selected; but none more adapted to the delicate triumphs of the limner's art, more expressive of the pleasant and healthful side of human life, or better fitted to become household favorites. He gave a "local habitation" to some of the choicest creations of comic and domestic literature, made familiar to the eye what had long charmed the mind, and emphasized by delineation the wit and pathos which before haunted the fancy in vague and varying, instead of definite images. Think of the gallery of endeared ideal portraits, for which we are thus indebted to Leslie! — Sir Roger de Coverley, Master Slender, sweet Anne Page, Falstaff,

Sir Toby Belch and Aguecheek, Autolycus, the Merry Wives, Dame Quickly, Beatrice, Perdita, Don Quixote, Sophia Western, Viola, Hermione, Sancho and the Duchess, Uncle Toby, the Malade Imaginaire, Widow Wadman and Belinda, Jeannie Deans, Hotspur, and Lady Percy.

To appreciate the success of an artist in such works it must be remembered that every one of these characters was and is an ideal favorite; that all sympathetic readers of Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Molière, Cervantes, Addison, and Pope cherish a personal feeling towards imaginary portraits of their favorites. The painter addressed exacting critics and fond spectators every time he essayed to embody these conceptions of the dramatist, the novelist, and the humorist. To say that he gave satisfaction, often high delight, always pleasure, is awarding no ordinary praise. To meet the demand of such an ordeal required not only the ability to give accurate expression, the conscientious study of costume and accessories, the harmonies of Art, as well as the truth of Nature, but a rare degree of judgment and taste was also requisite in order not to offend the preconceived standard of excellence, the moral verisimilitude present to the countless minds to which these subjects were "familiar as household words." However inferior to sacred or historical art, therefore, his sphere may be in the estimation of the ideal aspirant, the standard it was indispensable to reach, both as to technical merit and felicitous invention, made Leslie's success a rare triumph. The period of Leslie's studies and first achievements was one of transition; it was a new era in literature, art, and politics. The supremacy of West in historical painting was still undisputed. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth represented the recognized victories of the English school, and their influence is obvious in the practice and the ideas destined to excel in a different department from that in which these consummate artists gained renown. The precepts of Sir Joshua were authoritative with Leslie, and few artists better appreciated the great portrait-painter of the previous age. His latest work was a biographical tribute to Reynolds. The approbation of West was Leslie's pride, his criticism a law; while no one can examine the touches of nature in his most expressive figures without feeling

how much Hogarth's manner suggested. A new and remarkable school of English artists, at this time, simultaneously wrought marvels; some of them — such as Flaxman, Martin Stothardt, Fuseli, and Constable — with genius above and different from the current taste. Others, like Wilkie, by the most acute treatment of familiar scenes in common life, or, like Turner, by a fresh, bold, and masterly style in landscape, especially in aerial perspective, opened a new and popular field of pictorial art; Etty in flesh-tints, Sir Thomas Lawrence by elaborate elegance in portraiture, and Chantrey in statuary, raised the character and fame of local art to a prominent though limited rank.

The arrival of the Elgin marbles in England awakened in the better class of artists a new perception of the ancient ideals, and the grandest method of following the teachings of nature. Landseer's marvellous skill in delineating animal life had made evident unimagined possibilities of meaning and merit in what had been deemed an inferior branch of art; and the beauty and effect attained by the best painters in water colors, had established novel precedents. Another fact singularly conspicuous was the great progress and increased popularity of engraving in England, — whereby popular pictures were multiplied. The pictures of Leslie were remarkably adapted to the burin, and thus became more valuable and famous. He advocated the admission of superior engravers to academic honors, from a grateful sense of his obligation to their skill.

The stage had reached its acme of celebrity; the novels of Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Porter had yielded to the historical romances of the Great Unknown, and the sensible narratives of Maria Edgeworth; a new poem by Scott, Byron, or Moore, was the literary sensation of the day; the tocsin of political reform had sounded; Lord Brougham's versatile powers and Horner's eloquence made an epoch in Parliamentary debates; famous travellers and *savans* rendered the soirées of Sir Joseph Banks attractive; the stage-coach had not been superseded by the railway; the curfew was yet tolled in remote districts; Napoleon's meteoric career made foreign news a perpetual military drama; it was the era of Percival's assassination and the war of 1812, of Waterloo and Trafalgar; — and

all these elements of civic and social life were more or less influential in that education of circumstances, which, despite his comparative seclusion from the world of affairs, shape the mind of the artist. A call from Scott to inspect his unfinished picture of "Christmas in the Olden Time;" a sojourn at a noble domain, or a visit to an old castle; a trip to Paris to explore the Louvre; attendance at the theatre to witness Mrs. Siddons's last appearance; a breakfast with Rogers, to meet a literary or artistic celebrity; a twelve-hour's vigil in the Abbey to see Victoria crowned, or a more brief and sad attendance there to behold the obsequies of West, — these and such as these were the opportunities and the exigencies which Leslie's times yielded; — enough certainly of outward interest to recreate and enlighten the mind in the intervals of an absorbing vocation.

How efficiently Leslie's social developed and disciplined his artistic life! In such memoirs as his we feel the blessedness of rare and true companionship. The "cheerful, innocent, scrambling student-life;" the subsequent period of youthful and manly work, enlivened by mutual counsel and fun between "Geoffrey Crayon," "the Childe," and the "dear boy;" and the succeeding great social privileges which came with renown, — all contributed felicitously to the success as well as happiness of the painter. Among the incidental means of this kind to which he alludes with satisfaction, is the "Sketch Club," whose meetings were held at stated periods at the residence of each member, in succession. Two hours were assiduously devoted to sketching a subject only announced at the moment; and the compositions became the property of the host of the evening. We had the pleasure of examining one set of these impromptu sketches, executed at Leslie's house, and sent by him to relatives in America. The subject was "Night," and it was marvellous how varied and complete were the results of the brief pastime. One artist treated Night for its sentiment, and drew lovers by moonlight; another made a picturesque effect of cliff, tree, and shadow; Stanfield had a fine sea-view in a midnight storm; a humorous sketch delineated a court-yard, with cats fighting, and an old fellow in his nightcap ludicrously expostulating from a high window; — in short, the nocturnal in nature and life was exhibited under

every aspect, from the most romantic to the most natural; and the cleverness of design, the degree of finish and individuality of each sketch, gave one a pleasant idea of the facility of execution attained by the artists. Leslie believed in mastery of ideas in art, more than imitative or technical skill. Even in portraiture he often gave the most expressive touches from memory, and commanded, to a singular extent, the requisites of facile execution in his chosen sphere. One of Leslie's latest pictures was the famous scene from the "Rape of the Lock," where the climax of that dainty social drama occurs. It was an excellent subject for the artist, giving him ample occasion to exhibit the graceful and effective grouping, the exquisite finish, refined expression, and apt costume, wherein lay his special force and fancy. We had the pleasure of seeing this picture on the easel, and recognized the process of patient study, consummate judgment, and intuitive taste, with which Leslie elaborated his conceptions. The picture was a reflex of social life, as well as a bright fancy. It is minutely true to the ideal story and the local circumstances.

To an American reader few portions of Leslie's Recollections and Correspondence will have a more speculative interest than those which illustrate the patronage of Art in England. The kind of dependence upon noblemen, habitual among first-class painters, has been regarded by many of our intelligent countrymen as inimical to self-respect and unfavorable to originality. It has been thought to involve a deference in matters of taste, and a conformity to arbitrary conditions, inconsistent with the freedom of genius and the dignity of manhood. The fact that, in many instances, aristocratic hospitality is extended to the artist alone, while his family are ostracized from the circles where he is a favorite guest, has also seemed irreconcilable with our republican and domestic notions. That, in specific instances, there is ground for these prejudices against Art-patronage in England, — that artists of distinguished ability have been meanly subservient to rank, and compromised the independence of their vocation and character, that "thrift might follow fawning," — it is useless to deny. But there is another and a better side to this phase of artist-life in Great Britain, which is one of the most auspicious and creditable aspects of

her social life. Elaborate works of art require not only time, but a free mind and a confident mood, for their execution; — both of which conditions are liable to be forfeited through the limited means and domestic necessities of the artist. Hence the most desirable, nay, essential encouragement for him is a liberal friend, who, by securing him ample remuneration, enables him to work without anxiety or haste, and whose knowledge of and interest in art make his sympathy not less inspiring than his patronage. There are many and beautiful examples of such a relation between the nobleman of fortune and the painter of genius. Leslie himself was eminently fortunate in this regard. The friendship of Lord Egremont, so spontaneous in its origin, considerate in its manifestation, and constant in its exercise, is one of the most pleasing episodes in the artist-life of Leslie. Lord Egremont's first commission to Leslie, his generous offer when the latter hesitated whether to abandon his vague prospects in England for a certain but limited employment in America, the annual visits of the artist and his family to Petworth, the facilities for study and recreation there so unostentatiously afforded him, and especially the warm, unwavering sympathy in his art, and interest in his welfare, which this kindly and endeared nobleman exhibited, make the record a charming exception to all that is derogatory in patronage; for that equivocal term was superseded by the more genial relation of mutual respect, taste, confidence, and affection. The patronage was of that rare kind which is the offspring of appreciation, — the consequence of an affinity of mind. The love of Art and her worthy votaries is, indeed, a delightful trait of the cultivated and the munificent; it often redeems rank from commonplace and selfish associations, and elevates its possessor into a minister at the altar of humanity. It is more or less characteristic of the English aristocracy. Lord Carlisle's first object, after landing in Boston, was to find Allston's studio; and Lord Ellesmere signalized his visit to America by liberal commissions to our best landscape painters. No unprejudiced reader of Leslie's Autobiography, who is cognizant of the obstacles to success in historical and *genre* painting, can fail to realize how much his talent was fostered, his taste improved, his labors cheered, and his efforts inspired by the

generous, intelligent, and sympathetic patronage he received from royalty, rank, and men of fortune. Devoid of this, at that period and under his circumstances, it is difficult to imagine how he could have worked auspiciously in a sphere so dependent upon individual appreciation and encouragement. It is not surprising that he loved England and felt at home there, both as regards society, art, and congenial influences. He lived to witness a surprising change in the resources of artist-life; for there is no more striking fact in regard to this subject than the munificent patronage which the wealthy manufacturers of Great Britain now extend to Art. Some of the choicest works of modern painters are to be found in Manchester; as if by the law of compensation the scene of the most exclusive material labor should be hallowed by the love and presence of the beautiful. "Almost every day," writes Leslie in 1851, "I hear of some man of fortune whose name is unknown to me, who is forming a collection of pictures; and they are all either men of business or men who have retired from business with a fortune." Through popular criticism, engravings, local exhibitions, and the facilities of travel, Art is becoming more and more a vast social interest, losing its exclusive character, and growing into and out of the economy and the taste of modern life. Erelong its lover and student will not depend, as did Leslie at the outset of his career, upon private favor to study masterpieces. Already the Cartoons of Raphael, the best antique models and specimens of the Venetian, Roman, and Flemish schools, are accessible to the humblest seeker after truth and beauty; and the most graceful works of the living English and Continental painters may be seen on the walls of tradesmen, or in the exhibition-rooms of New York and London.

The alacrity and earnestness with which Leslie cultivated the society of those whom he thought his superiors in mind, — the habit of appreciating excellence, — in no small degree account for his progressive intelligence and sympathy. Nor was this entirely owing to his refined and intellectual taste, but in a measure to the abeyance of self-love in his nature. He was an aspirant, not alone in Art, but in character and culture. He justly regarded the companionship of original and accomplished men and women as the chief privilege of his life. Not too

sensitive or complacent to be happy with those who, in some quality or gift, excelled him, he was receptive of the good and tolerant of the objectionable in character to a singular degree. Like his friend Allston, he was a "wide liker;" and consequently among the first to recognize the early triumphs of that artist. His youthful reminiscences of Coleridge give us a most vivid and pleasing idea of that remarkable man in his prime. With Rogers he enjoyed constant and improving intercourse. For Constable his love and admiration were deep. We remember the sensibility with which, a short time after that artist's death, he alluded to him. Throwing open the window of his studio, he pointed to a church spire, at Hampstead, just visible through a sunlit mist, and spoke of their walks in that neighborhood, and tenderly said that there Constable was buried. His biography of this artist-friend is as remarkable for its modest and judicious plan as for its personal interest. His visits to Newton, at the Insane Asylum, are noted with discrimination and feeling, and his written portrait of this and many other eminent friends betrays the liberal as well as sagacious observer. Rare and abundant, indeed, were Leslie's social resources. The artists and authors, the wits and heroes of his time, in Britain, have found few such appreciative companions. Always his estimate of character is tempered by humanity, and his chronicle of society chastened by taste. Many have heard Moore sing, Sydney Smith joke, Coleridge improvise, Rogers tell anecdotes, Irving indulge his humorous vein, and Wilkie, Turner, Haydon, Landseer, Fuseli, and Stothardt talk about Art; but no one has done more catholic justice to them all, as men, than Leslie. He reached a high point of independence in his judgment, and seems to praise neglected merit with the emphasis of conviction. He did not, like the mass, "see with ears," nor wait for fame to canonize what he felt to be intrinsically great. Although a social epicure, he was impatient of fault-finders. He could relish a *bonmot* as well as a felicitous tint, and delight in the picturesque in character as well as in costume. He reverts to his early struggles with the same manly candor with which he alludes to his prosperous days; and the contrast between the time when he economized letter-postage, and waited weeks for his turn to

read the new poem from the library, and that when he was the favored guest at Petworth, lunched at Windsor, and dined at Holland House, never seems to have unduly depressed or elated one whose "blood and judgment were so well commingled." He named a son for his earliest friend, — the Philadelphia bookseller who furnished the means for his visit and studies in England; his affectionate interest in his kindred never abated; his friendships were long and loyal; and, if his eyes grew dim with tears to see the young Queen partake of the holy communion, the same sensibility was exhibited in practical kindness towards impoverished talent or humble worth.

To a generous lover of beauty, one in whom the æsthetic element is pervasive, there is something almost frivolous in the extreme opinions that exist in regard to Art. It seems incompatible with an earnest sensibility to and appreciation of the world of interest which that term, in its broad acceptation, signifies, that any school should be utterly repudiated, or that any diversity of taste should lead to differences and controversies almost fanatical. How absurd, in the retrospect, appear the violent discussions which alienated artists from one another, to the extent of becoming actual enemies, when the fierce contest reigned in France between the votaries of the Romantic and Classic schools. And now what perversity in Ruskin and his disciples to decry the old masters in the same degree that they exalt certain modern painters, and carry the "return to nature," which is the desirable principle of Pre-Raphaelitism, to the extent of pedantic puerility! A catholic taste in Art embraces all kinds, forms, and schools wherein there is anything genuine; and a liberal mind of ideal aptitude, can find somewhat in sacred, historical, Italian, Flemish, Spanish, French, English, and German pictures to delight in and admire, whenever either is informed by truth, genius, sentiment, grace, beauty, or technical skill. The limitations of the English school are self-evident. The life of a London artist is essentially different from that of one whose home is at Dusseldorf or Rome. Each place and style has its advantages and its drawbacks; we find no obstacle in recognizing them all, though, of course, there must be strong preferences. With all its niceties

of execution, household sentiment, refined and pleasing influences, the school of pictorial art which Leslie illustrated, the system under which he studied and prospered, lack scope, earnestness and glow, wide relations, and high significance. His deference for and reliance on the Royal Academy, and indifference to many spheres and phases of artistic interest and knowledge, are results of that conventional dogmatism and routine which more or less invade and narrow human development in England. It is for what he did excel in, for the manner in which he worked out the truth and the quality that he grasped, both in art and character, that we honor Leslie, and deem his example valuable and his life attractive. In exhibiting the literary affinities of Art in their more delicate manifestations, his genius was peculiar; his social and professional obligations to authors were remarkable, and suggest vast possibilities in that direction. The truth is, his relish of character was dramatic; Murray's shop and Sterne's Calais hotel had attractions for him almost equal to a picture-gallery. His ideal of Art and life was modified by the English standard of respectability. He loved the beautiful in minute and casual, rather than in grand and abstract forms; and the single flower he delighted to put in a glass every morning to brighten his studio, his fastidious taste in companionship, his habit of noting his social experience, his provident, harmonious, and well-ordered life, are in striking contrast with the vagaries of German and the ardor of Italian painters. His patient, unimpassioned temperament and well-balanced mind suggest altogether a different being from those Vasari has chronicled, or such as are met at an Ostia picnic or sketching on the Rhine; and equally diverse from theirs are his productions, — refined expression, finish, and taste far exceeding creative and ideal power or profound sentiment.

Art. V. — GERMAN HYMNS.

1. *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche, Schule und Haus.* (Treasury of Evangelic Song, for the Church, School, and Home.) Von M. Albert Knapp. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1850.
2. *Auswahl Altchristlicher Lieder.* (Selection of Early Christian Hymns.) Von Ferdinand Bässler. Berlin. 1858.
3. *Evangelische Liederfreude.* (Joy of Evangelic Song.) Von Ferdinand Bässler. Berlin. 1853.
4. *In der Stille.* (In the Stillness.) Von Karl Sudhoff. Breslau. 1853.
5. *Deutsches Gesangbuch.* (German Hymn-Book.) Von Philipp Schaff. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1859.
6. *Sacred Lyrics.* From the German. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Many of our readers may be glad to be made acquainted with the titles of German hymn-books which we have given above. We might, indeed, have added many more, but these are of such as we ourselves have examined. Knapp's volume contains three thousand and sixty-seven pieces. The two by Bässler comprise a copious and choice assortment of hymns, first, from the second to the fifteenth century, and then from Luther down to our own times. Sudhoff's beautiful collection — a pearl of typographical beauty, and full of pearls of beautiful thought, sentiment, and expression, which might be entitled in English (like a recent little book on prayer) "The Still Hour" — is divided into five parts, headed respectively, "Stillness before God," "Holy Times," "Faith's Conflict and Victory," "Life in Christ," and "The Last Things." Dr. Schaff's neat volume contains a remarkably tasteful selection of pieces, and is enriched with valuable historical notices of hymns and their authors. And, finally, the elegant volume issued by the Presbyterian Board, for the combined fidelity, fervor, and grace with which its translations are executed, deserves the highest praise.

We have here indicated but a few of the best reservoirs of German sacred song. We shall try to give our readers a taste of some of the streams from which they have been filled.

How many hymns there may be, at this day, in the German language, is known, probably, to some of the all-knowing Germans, but not to us. The enormous abundance of the material for the historian of this branch of literature may be imagined (or rather, its *unimaginableness* may be guessed) by the fact that an enthusiastic amateur and antiquarian, about the middle of the last century, who had collected two hundred and fifty hymn-books, numbered, in his register of first lines, sixty thousand.

To such a sea of sacred song had the few rills that gushed up in Luther's day already swelled a hundred years ago; and when one thinks what a singing race our German brethren are, and that the hymnological catalogues omit multitudes of religious lyrics, not written by Church poets, or for Church purposes, — when one considers that almost every German poet has written a hymn, and (what it is hardly extravagant to say) that almost every German author has, at least in form, written poetry, — the very conception of what may be, by this time, the volume of that ocean of German Hymnology, (to say nothing of an actual sight of it, and then a plunge into it,) is almost enough to overwhelm the mind.

Even if we confined ourselves to the popularly or ecclesiastically acknowledged hymn-writers, there are twenty or fifty men, any one of whom would supply study for an article, not to say a volume. Luther, with his sword-and-trumpet songs of the Spirit, a handful and yet a host; Gerhardt, the flower of German Hymnology; Klopstock, the classic, the pious, and the patriotic, who would fain have built and occupied three tabernacles at once, on Zion, Parnassus, and the sides of his native North; Scheffler and Tersteegen, the sweet and soul-satisfying spokesmen of the mystic Church; Zinzendorf, the leader of the most musical Moravian; Matthias Claudius, who had all the sweetness and simplicity of Luther, but only the sunny, and not the stormy side of his character; Arndt, the veteran hymnist of the Liberation War, who "shows the Church how one may be a Maccabee and yet a Christian;" — any one of these, (and how many another name!) might alone fill our allotted space with pleasant and instructive study.

With all this embarrassment of riches, our plan will be, while

not neglecting the chronological, biographical, and analytical aspects of our subject, to depend most on letting the grand, simple, sweet old singers of the Fatherland (so far as they can in our English tongue, or at least by *our* English phrase) speak and sing for themselves. And thus, if we do not steer our readers very scientifically towards any port over the great deep that has been spoken of, we may at least let them hear across the waters some genuine tones from the rich German harp.

Most of the pieces we present will probably be new to most of our readers. In a few cases we have retranslated what had been rendered before; for we have an action against the translators, too generally, that, by substituting paraphrase for translation, by smoothing and softening, by turning homely expressions into handsome ones, and direct speech into sonorous circumlocution, they have sacrificed the nerve and grit and fire of their original, and failed to represent that simplicity which gives to lyric poetry, and to German song in particular, its most peculiar charm.

We take this occasion to protest against the way in which the German Muse has been despoiled and discredited, and by men, too, who could have afforded to be generous. Holmes says:—

> "Unblest by any save the goat-herd's lines,
> Mont Blanc rose soaring through his 'sea of pines.'
> In vain the Arvé and Arveiron dash,
> No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,
> Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
> Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
> And lo! the glaciers found at length a tongue,
> Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!"

But the truth is, they *had* found a tongue before, in a German piece, to which "lazy Coleridge" was too lazy, perhaps, to own his obligation, though he took it, not only in spirit, but bodily, as his own,—the massive and majestic hymn of Frederika Brunn. We will try to give an idea at once of the metre and meaning of the original.

> "Up from the fir-grove's shadowy silentness,
> Trembling I look to thee, brow of eternity,
> Dazzling peak, from whose lofty summit,
> Yearning, my soul to the Infinite soareth!

"Who planted the pillar deep in the lap of earth,
Firmly upholding thy mass these ages long?
Who lifted high in the vaulted ether,
Mighty and bold, thy beaming countenance?

"Who poured you down from old Winter's eternal realm,
O jaggéd torrents, with rumbling thunder's roar?
And who commanded loud, with voice almighty,
'Here shall be stayed the stiffening billows'?

"Whose finger points yon star of the morning his path?
Who crowns with blossoms the rim of eternal frost?
Whose name sounds out in terrible harmonies,
Through the din of thy waters, O wild Arveiron?

"'Jehovah! Jehovah!' crashes the bursting ice;
Avalanche thunders roll it down through the gorge.
'Jehovah!' sighs in the rustling tree-tops,—
Whispers in murmuring silver-brooklets."

Few of our readers, perhaps, are fully aware how much our English hymn-books owe to the German Muse. Not to speak of our indebtedness to the Moravian genius for Montgomery's sweet, solemn, and stirring strains, and to Germany for the pieces which the Wesleys translated, we may say that many of the pithiest and most pregnant lines or phrases in the Methodist Collection, those which are best remembered for combining meaning and melody, are of German extraction.

There is a piece accredited to Bowring in Greenwood's Collection, beginning,

"The heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn,"

which is really a translation, in a slightly changed metre, somewhat more flowing, but hardly more majestic, from the German of Matthison. It runs thus: —

"To Thee, Almighty One, ascends the spheral hymn!
To Thee, All-merciful, the song of seraphim!
The whole creation joins in praise sublime and tender,
Where planets roll, and suns pour forth eternal splendor.

"Thy temple Nature is; how full, O heavenly King!
Of thy mild majesty! The flowery dress of Spring,
The Summer's billowing fields, and Autumn's golden hour,
And Winter's silver heights, reflect thy glorious power.

"Before Thee what am I? Scarce have I drawn a breath;
And but a span divides my trembling flesh from death.
Yet joy and praise! The soul, its peaceful slumber breaking,
In Thy paternal arms shall know a blessed waking!"

But our chief indebtedness to German Hymnology is not so much for the individual pieces with which it has enriched, and is yet to enrich, our sacred treasury, as for the energy with which it has made the Christian lyre and the Gospel trumpet quicken that devotion to faith and freedom, that sense of the soul's immediate relation to God and his kingdom, which, long struggling in scattered souls through ages of ecclesiastical degeneracy, found its warmest and widest welcome at last on German ground and in the German heart.

The pioneer (if he is no longer the prince) of popular psalmody was Martin Luther. But a very small part of Luther's poetry is in the form of verse; almost all the poetry he ever wrote remains in those picturesque and pungent letters of his, in his commentaries and controversies, in his sermons and speeches and pithy sayings. In these you see Luther the poet, reminding one alternately of Burns, of Quarles, and of Bunyan. Even Luther the theologian is a poet, so full is his faith of heartiness and imagination. And then how much of his poetry never was written at all! The action of his life was epic poetry transcending all speech; and how beautiful a pastoral poetry did he make out with his flute, his fancy, and his faith, in those charming home festivals, and in his garden walks and talks with his children! What little verse, however, he wrote, may well be proudly prized by his countrymen, and revered by every Protestant and every Christian, not only for its intrinsic energy, majesty, and harmony, (qualities especially remarkable when one considers that Luther was breaking ground here in several respects at once, that this spiritual Hermann had to conquer a language for himself as well as a faith,) but also for the incalculable impulse and inspiration it gave, and still gives, to faith and freedom, even where the peculiarities of his creed are rejected.

It was many years before Shakespeare wrote the famous passage about "the man that hath no music in himself," when Luther said: "There is no doubt that many seeds of splendid

virtues are to be found in such souls as are stirred by music; and them who have no feeling for it I hold no better than stocks and stones. If any man despises music, as all fanatics do, for him I have no liking. For music is a gift and grace of God, not an invention of men. Thus it expels the Devil and makes people cheerful. Then one forgets all wrath, impurity, sycophancy, and other vices. Next to theology," — *that* was, with Luther, the music of the spheres, — "I give music the highest and most honorable place; and every one knows how David and all saints have put their divine thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song."

We may say that there were three reasons that set Luther to writing hymns: first, his native fondness for music; secondly, the example of that Psalmist to whose writings similarity in inward trial, and sympathy of nature, directed him for solace; and thirdly, his sense of the necessity of sacred song to bind his unchurched followers into a free church of the spirit.

This was one of the few things he envied the Romish Church, — its majestic minstrelsy. A number of the grand old Latin hymns he translated (not without some natural dissatisfaction with the result, for he missed the Roman majesty of utterance); but the new experience, the new events, of the age, required that men should "sing unto the Lord a *new* song." Often he took the popular melodies of the day and furnished them with new words, as when *we* sing "There is a land of pure delight" to "Auld Lang Syne," or Kirk White's "Star of Bethlehem" to "Bonnie Doon." Sometimes he parodied, or "Christianly altered," the text of the old song itself. Thus the old ditty —

"O thou naughty Judas!
What hast thou done,
To betray our Master,
God's only Son!
Therefore must thou suffer
Hell's agony,
Lucifer's companion
Must forever be.
Kyrie eleison!" —

suggested to Luther the following: —

"'T was our great transgression
And our sore misdeed
Made the Lord our Saviour
On the cross to bleed.
Not then, on thee, poor Judas,
Nor on that Jewish crew,
Our vengeance dare we visit, —
We are to blame, not you.
Kyrie eleison!

"All hail to thee, Christ Jesus,
Who hungest on the tree,
And bor'st for our transgressions
Both shame and agony.
Now beside thy Father,
Reignest thou on high; —
Bless us all our lifetime,
Take us when we die!
Kyrie eleison!"

But the greatest service Luther did in this department was where he furnished both the hymn and the tune, as, indeed, it was a favorite theory among the Reformers, that the poet and composer should be one and the same person. When the Holy Spirit gives any one a song, they said, it is to be expected that he will give the melody, too. In some cases, for instance "Old Hundred" and "Monmouth," Luther's music outlived his words.

We have in all only thirty-eight hymns by Luther, — a small number compared with Wesley's thousands; they are to be weighed, however, not counted, and weighed too in the scales of an historian's and a Christian believer's living sympathy.

These are the words of Spangenberg, in his Preface to the "Cithara Lutheri": —

"One must certainly," he says, "let this be true and remain true, that, among all Meister-singers, from the days of the Apostles until now, Lutherus is and always will be the best and most accomplished; in whose hymns and songs one does not find a vain or needless word. All flows and falls in the sweetest and neatest manner, full of spirit and doctrine, so that his every word gives outright a sermon of its own, or, at least, a singular reminiscence. There is nothing forced, nothing foisted in or patched up, nothing fragmentary. The rhymes are easy and good, the words choice and proper, the meaning clear and intelli-

gible, the melodies lovely and hearty, and, *in summâ*, all is so rare and majestic, so full of pith and power, so cheering and comforting, that, in sooth, you will not find his equal, much less his master."

This was written in 1545. And in 1845 the editor of Luther's Hymn-Book ends his Preface: "And now go forth, thou fine little book, and show the German people how their greatest hymnist believed, prayed, and sang."

To this Hymn-Book Luther himself gave a "Preface for all good Hymn-Books," as he calls it, headed "Frau Musica" (hardly a translatable phrase, which we may paraphrase the *Goddess of Music*), in whose name it was to be supposed spoken. It runs thus, and we give it in full, because we believe it has never been before Englished: —

"Far before all earthly pleasures
You will find these heavenly measures,
Which I give you with my singing,
And instruments harmonious ringing.
No evil mind can there intrude,
Where men sing in cheerful mood;
No envy, hate, nor wrath can stay, —
Sorrow must rise and haste away;
No flinty greed, nor wrinkled care,
Nor sullenness can tarry there.
And every one is sure of this,
Such pleasure nothing sinful is,
But pleases God himself tenfold
More than earth's other joys all told.
It interrupts the Devil's work,
When in the heart foul murders lurk:
And this King David well can prove,
Whose good, sweet harping ofttimes drove
The evil spirit out of Saul
When he on murderous thoughts would fall.
It makes the heart composed and still
To entertain God's word and will.
So Eliseus found it too,
Whose harp to him the Spirit drew.
It is the year's best time to me
When all the birds make melody:
They seem to fill all heaven and earth
With sounds of music and of mirth;
And chief of all, the Nightingale,
With her enchanting song, I hail,

Who breathes o'er all her joy and bliss;
Thanks must she ever have for this,
And He, the dear Lord God, much more,
Who made her so that she, before
All other songstresses, should be
A mistress of sweet minstrelsy.
To Him, all day and all night long
She sits and sings with tireless song.
Him, too, my song shall ever praise
And bless and thank through endless days!"

One does not readily imagine now what a hold Luther's little army of hymns must have taken on the people's heart. The new faith was not only a new doctrine, but a new song. God, says Luther, is calling on all the earth to sing a new song, and whoso will not join therein shows that he believes not *into* the new, joyous Testament, but under the old, lazy, unsocial Testament of the Jews and the Pope.

Hardly any of Luther's hymns are much known in English, except the one suggested by the 46th Psalm, the famous "Marseillaise of the Reformation," as Heine called it,—

"A tower of refuge is our God,"—

which has again and again been translated. We have room for only a specimen or two of the style, structure, and spirit of this class of his compositions.

Almost every one is familiar with those majestic stanzas, quoted in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and often before, beginning,—

"Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched
And gathered at the last."

They profess to be a translation from a hymn written by Luther on the burning of two martyrs at Brussels, in 1523. They form, indeed, in themselves and by themselves, though only a fragment, a sweet and soul-stirring poem. They speak to the heart like a trumpet. But it is not just the trumpet Luther blew. It is a little more silvery than that was. To change the figure, these lines (which are rather a transfusion than a translation) represent their original somewhat as do

those ideal pictures of places painted after a lapse of time by artists of genius, and called *memories*. We can only hope to give, ourselves, a hint of the picture and the music; indeed, it seems impossible to combine in our modern speech the strong, antique simplicity of the original, with its singular melody and harmony.

It was in the very autumn when Hans Sachs, who sat beating time on his lapstone to the music of the blessed revival, came forth with his "Nightingale," — who, soaring above the clouds, announces the return of day to a world so long slumbering in darkness, or walking in a dim, dubious, malignant lunar light, — that Luther, hearing of the good confession the two Augustinian monks had witnessed at Brussels, sent forth his hymn with a letter to the churches in those parts, in the beginning of which he says that the word is fulfilled again: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The hymn, consisting of over a hundred lines, begins: —

"A brave new song aloud we sing,
To tell the wondrous story,
What God hath done, our Lord and King,
And sound his praise and glory.
At Brussels, down in Netherland,
The Lord of gifts and graces
Hath well revealed his mighty hand,
By two young boys, whose faces
Now shine in heavenly places."

Then, after detailing, in precisely this measure, the particulars of the trial, condemnation, and execution, it concludes with the stanzas which we referred to as having been so freely paraphrased, and which somewhat literally run as follows: —

"Their ashes will not rest; world-wide
They fly through every nation.
No cave nor grave, no tarn nor tide,
Can hide the abomination.
They whom the foe with murderous flame
Had burnt to death, — upspringing,
Lo! in his ears they shout his shame,
Till every land is ringing
With their triumphant singing.

"Let Satan's lie go round, — 't is vain ;
Soon all his arts shall fail him ;
God, in His Word, hath come again, —
With thankful hearts we 'll hail Him.
Hard by stands Summer at the door ;
Grim Winter's chain is broken ;
The tender flowers put forth once more :
These things His hand betoken
Who 'll do what he hath spoken."

With one more specimen we shall pass on : —

"A HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN, WHEREWITH THEY CAST OUT THE POPE IN MID-LENT.

"We drive the Pope with iron rod
From church of Christ and house of God,
Where he has murderously ruled,
And many precious souls befooled.

"Pack off, begone, apostate son !
Thou scarlet bride of Babylon !
Thou art the Beast and Antichrist,
Whose lies have many a soul enticed.

"Thy Bulls and thy Decretals lie
All sealed and hid from every eye,
That robbed the world in God's own name
And put Christ's blood to open shame.

"The Romish Dagon 's lost his head,
The rightful Pope we take instead :
'T is Christ, the Rock, God's only Son,
Whom His true Church is built upon.

"High Priest o'er all is he, Lord Christ,
Who on the cross was sacrificed ;
His blood flowed freely for our sin,
His wounds the true indulgence win.

"The Church obeys his Word's behest,
Him God the Father doth invest ;
The Head of Christendom is he :
Praised be his name eternally.

"Now summer time will soon appear ;
Christ send us all a peaceful year !
Lord, save us from the Pope and Turk,
And finish all thy blessed work ! "

There are, of course, some among these holy songs of the Reformers, both of Luther and of his followers, which cannot, in any proper sense, be called hymns, being simple versifications of creed and commandment. Even these, however, are not without a certain poetic interest and inspiration, to one who considers what news even the old truths of Scripture were, to a newly awakened people, whose tongue was just being loosed, as well as its ears unstopped. Far otherwise was it when, as the glowing faith cooled and crystallized into creed, and Protestantism had organized itself and grew to a church and state affair, and hymn-writing became a technical business; then the substitution of rhymed homilies, or versified controversial sermons, or doggerel anathemas, for the true hymn — the voice of praise, the breathing after rest, the sinking of the soul into God — became a grievous impertinence and a gross imposition. Of this work there was more than enough in Germany during the century following Luther. No wonder that it provoked a reaction in the direction of that mysticism and quietism, which at length found a local habitation and a name in the Moravian communion.

John Scheffler of Silesia (self-styled Angelus Silesius, "a Papal angel," says an old writer, "but a good one") lived from 1624–77. His parents were Lutheran, but weariness of the word-warfare and the sword-warfare of the times, — of dryness in the fold to which he belonged, and distraction and distress in the world without (it was the time of the Thirty Years' War), — impelled him to take refuge in mysticism and finally in Catholicism, where, as Gervinus suggests, his mystical theosophy could find more comfort than among the argus-eyed Lutheran theologues of his time. He, too, was one of the class of whom Jean Paul says: "They were educated to be physicians, but the Spirit said, 'There are deeper wounds than those of the body,' and so they became authors." He wrote six books of rhymed epigrams, entitled, "The Cherubic Pilgrim of John Angelus Silesius, or Spiritual Sentences and Aphorisms in Verse, a Guide to Divine Contemplation." He also wrote "Spiritual Songs of the Psyche in Love with her Jesus," of which these verses may serve as a sample: —

"Nothing fair on earth I see,
But it straightway shows to me
Jesus Christ, my fairest star,
Source of all fair things that are.

. . . . .

"Sweetly in the garden-beds
Stately lilies lift their heads;
But than they far higher-priced
Is my Lily, Jesus Christ.

. . . . .

"When I to the fountain go,
When I watch the brooklet's flow:
Of that purest fount I think,
In his tide of love I sink.

"When I see the flocks go by,
Inwardly my heart doth sigh:
Ah! God's Lamb, how mild is he,
Who, as Bridegroom, weddeth me.

. . . . .

"Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Sweet the flute-tones down the vale;
But of tones the sweetest one
Is the title, Mary's Son!"

There is one hymn of Scheffler's, — suggested apparently by that touching passage in Augustine's Confessions, "Too late have I come to love thee, O thou beauty, so ancient and yet so new, too late have I come to love thee!" — which is in the very finest vein of the mystic piety and poesy. He sings: —

"Alas that I not earlier knew Thee,
Whom no man ever fully knows!
That I not earlier clave unto Thee,
Thou highest bliss and true repose!
O how my heart with sorrow burns,
That it so late to love Thee learns!

"I went astray in passion's mazes,
I sought, but found Thee not; — my sight
Was dazed with earthly glory's blazes,
Enamored of created light.
But now at length, all praise to Thee!
Through faith Thy beauteous face I see.

"True Sun, I thank thee, that hast given
The glorious light of truth to me;
I thank thee, holy joy of Heaven,
That thou hast made me glad and free;
I thank thee, O thou Power Divine,
That kindlest this new life of mine!"

There was, indeed, a noble band of holy singers, even in this troublous time, who lived above the world and yet in it, — whose spirits were so finely tempered in the furnace of affliction, that their expression was only chastened into a calm serenity, and all their strains expressed the feeling and taught the lesson that faith and piety towards God are most truly proved by the quiet enjoyment of his daily gifts, and devotion to daily duty; and the chief of these, and a name justly dearer to the German heart than that of any other save Luther, in the crowded annals of Hymnology, was Paul Gerhardt. He lived from 1606–76. The zeal with which, in the pulpit, he plunged into the theological contest between Lutheran and Calvinist, and the persecution he suffered, had no power to embitter the hopeful flow of his daily inner or outer life.

Gerhardt's hymns are pervaded by a spirit of the most cheerful and healthy piety, — a piety which shows itself not merely in direct devotion to God and to Christ, but in a pure and childlike love of nature, and good-will towards men. They exemplify Coleridge's lines: —

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

They have the homely simplicity of Luther's, and a strength like his, if not quite equal to it, with a versatility, smoothness, and literary finish not to be found in Luther's, and unsurpassed in any period of German Hymnology.

Gerhardt has been well described as one of a class in whom Christianity appears, not in contradistinction to humanity, but as humanity itself, in its most genuine form. The critic who says this contrasts Gerhardt's unpreoccupied enjoyment and celebration of God's natural world with Luther's way of using in psalmody these familiar things. He says, "Even when Luther

composes a child's hymn, it rings out from the mighty man's breast like a trumpet-toned choral." There are only two of Gerhardt's pieces that have become domesticated among us. The one is the ardent apostrophe to Jesus, beginning,

"O head, so gashed and bleeding,
With scorn and shame bowed down!
O head for sinners pleading
Beneath that thorny crown!
O head, erewhile adornéd
With grace and majesty,
Now mocked, reviled, and scornéd,
My greetings rise to thee!" —

being a paraphrase of a Latin hymn of St. Bernard's, which forms the conclusion of a series of seven, addressed successively to the feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, and face of the dying Christ. The other, which has also been several times translated, is the one on submission, beginning,

"Commit to him thy trouble,"

and has this quaintness in its structure, that it is a sort of acrostic, consisting of just as many stanzas as there are words, in the German, of the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass," — each word beginning a stanza.

We give a hymn which shows his piety in a more familiar play, and which, whatever may be said of it as a lyric, is certainly a noble compend of life-wisdom: —

"Thou know'st full well thou art a man;
Then wherefore shouldst thou strive
For things which only God's wise plan
Both can and will contrive?
With purblind wit and stubborn will
Through thousand cares thou gropest still,
Forever wondering,
What will to-morrow bring?

"Lift up thy head, see everywhere,
Around thee and above,
The tokens of thy Father's care,
His all-providing love.

Thy bread, bed, clothes, were ready here
Before thou didst on earth appear;
The milk awaited thee
That nursed thy infancy.

"And yet, forsooth, thy feeble sight
Must be life's guide for thee!
Thou hast no faith in higher light
Than what thine eyes can see.
Whate'er thou purposest to do,
Thy blear-eyed sense must carry through;
What that directs is wise,
All else thou dost despise.

"How oft hast thou to straits been brought,
For wilful passion's sake,
Because thy vain and foolish thought
Did death for life mistake!
And had, then, God but let be done
What thou hadst purposed and begun,
Thy folly long ago
Had wrought thy overthrow.

"But God clears up what we perplex,
His love makes plain the way;
He cheers us when our souls we vex,
And guides us when we stray.
For He is faithful, good, and kind,
And bears a Father's heart and mind,
And us poor silly sheep
From ruin's brink will keep.

"How oft He hides himself, and still
In silence works our good,
While we, with wayward heart and will,
Go on in sullen mood,
Seek here and there, and nothing find,
Because our pride has made us blind,
And vainly strive to tear
Our feet from out the snare!

"But God all-wise makes straight his ways,
More sure if not so short;
The storm he lulls, the wind he lays,
And brings us safe to port.
And then, when all is done and past,
Then feeble man can see at last,
How wise the Father's thought,
How kindly God hath wrought.

"Then, heart, take courage, hope the best!
Let care and fretting be:
God has a heart that will not rest
In planning good for thee.
He cannot hate thee, — no, nor yet,
Believe me, can thy God forget!
Let this quell every fear, —
To God each child is dear.

"Do like a child, and lean and rest
Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on his breast,
And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by his hand be brought
On ways which now thou knowest not,
Up through a well-fought fight,
To heavenly peace and light."

The first half of the eighteenth century was marked by a revival of emotional religion from the old formalism into which Lutheranism had degenerated, corresponding to the little later Methodist movement in England, creating the so-called pietistic period, and bringing forward a new school of hymn-writers. The foremost of these, chronologically, and one who stands as a middle point between the Mystic and the Moravian periods, is Benjamin Schmolke, who lived from 1672–1737, "a truly pious, much-tried shepherd of souls, of eminent poetic gifts, with which he edified and blessed many. He wrote more than a thousand hymns; — hence many less successful ones came from his pen. But not a few of them have a quite peculiar depth and warmth and an imperishable worth." So says my Evangelical authority. Gervinus, the historian of German poetry, who is a little of what the Germans call a Philistine, speaks of Schmolke somewhat contemptuously, — with what justice we leave to be inferred from two specimens which we shall presently give. He seems to be fond of pithy, proverbial verses. One of his hymns begins: —

"My life is where my love is;
I am, where I am not;
My home in heaven above is,
There dwells my every thought."

Another runs: —

"Me to-day, to-morrow thee!
This is what the bells are ringing,
When the dead, in sorrow, we
To the field of God are bringing.
Graves! ye murmur solemnly,
Me to-day, — to-morrow thee!"

Montgomery's hymn, beginning,

"Go to dark Gethsemane,"

would seem to have been suggested by one of Schmolke's, of which this is the first stanza: —

"Go, in thought, to Golgotha,
Christian! where thy Saviour bleedeth!
Take to heart each pang that, there,
With thy cruel coldness pleadeth.
Hard as rock thy heart must be,
If thou this unmoved canst see."

In the two specimens of his hymns which we present entire, we cannot presume to preserve the neat finish and flow of the original, but only the exact thought, a good degree of the spirit, and a fac-simile of the structure of the verse.

"AT LAST!

"Yes, at last, our God shall make
Blessed end of pain and sorrow;
Time's hard yoke, at last, shall break;
Dawn, at last, that endless morrow,
When the angel-reapers come
Bringing Heaven's bright harvest home.

"Canaan's fields shall smile at last,
Egypt's bondage left behind us;
When o'er Olivet we 've passed,
Tabor's heights, at last, shall find us;
Sorrow's midnight shades withdrawn,
Freedom's day at last shall dawn.

"Precious words! at last! at last!
All our crosses ye can sweeten;
Life's free streams shall flow full fast,
When His rod the rock hath smitten.
Courage, heart! thy doubts be dumb!
For 'at last' shall surely come!"

"HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!

"Hold *on*, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only, wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

"Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient sees God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'T is they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

"Hold *out!* There comes an end to sorrow:
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!"

The sweetest singer of this school or period, in whom it may be said to have culminated, is one whom we have already mentioned in the early part of our paper, Gerhardt Tersteegen, — familiarly known, in his day at least, as "Father Tersteegen," — a Westphalian ribbon-weaver, who lived from 1697 to 1769. He is the author of a beautiful hymn, which has been several times translated, but not so as to represent the liveliness of the thought and of the song: —

"Come, children, let 's be going;
The night steals on apace,
'T is dangerous longer staying
Here in this lonely place.
Come, gird your loins around;
From strength to strength ascending,
Courageously contending,
To life eternal bound.

"The way shall not appall us,
Though narrow, rough, and steep;
For heavenly voices call us
The upward path to keep.
Arise and follow them!
Trustful, all else forgetting,
His face each pilgrim setting
Full toward Jerusalem.

"Come, children! let us onward;
The Father with us goes;
His arms shall guard the vanward
Against our fiercest foes;
With him to guide and cheer,
His love like sunshine o'er us,
His truth a shield before us,
O what have we to fear!

"Move on, serene and solemn,
To the Commander's word;
Behold the fiery column,
The presence of the Lord!
Be firm each step and eye.
Who follows Him, unshrinking,
Shall find, in death when sinking,
Escape and triumph nigh.

"Come, each one cheer his brother!
As pilgrims, hand in hand,
Rejoicing in each other,
We tread this foreign land.
Come, show a childlike love,
All wayside strifes forbearing!
Angels unseen are sharing
Our march toward realms above.

"And if, by foes surrounded,
A feeble brother fall,
Lift up the weak and wounded,
Ye strong! — then rally all,
Close up your ranks for God!
Strive each to be the lowliest,
And yet to be the holiest,
In this our pilgrim road.

"It will not last much longer, —
Wait, brothers, patiently!
It will not be much longer,
Ere we our home shall see.
There will be endless rest,
When with the saints we gather
At home around the Father; —
How blest the hour, — how blest!"

Before taking leave of the hymns of Germany in the seventeenth century with these few, meagre glimpses, we would

say a word of a sweet hymn of the widest popularity, which undoubtedly comes to us from that century, and probably, in part at least, from that country. We mean the one beginning, in our common version,

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

It is not unlikely that this, like so many other hymns of the mystics, was inspired by the musical meditations of St. Augustine, who says, in prose that has not only rhythm, but even rhyme, in the original, "O holy city, beauteous city, from afar I salute thee, I cry to thee, I long for thee. For I desire to see thee and to rest in thee, but I am not suffered to, being detained by the flesh."

We have not, however, succeeded in tracing the hymn any farther back than to the German of Meyfart, who was born in 1590, and in whose version it runs somewhat as follows: —

"Jerusalem, thou high-built, fair abode!
Would God I were in thee!
My yearning heart grows weary of this road,
And is no more with me.
On wings of faith it cleaveth
The cloudless upper air,
And far behind it leaveth
This world of toil and care.

"O beauteous day! and hour more beauteous still!
When wilt thou come and shine?
And I, while joy and praise my bosom fill,
This yearning soul of mine,
A chosen pledge, deliver
Into God's faithful hand,
That it may dwell forever
In Heaven, its native land?

"O honored seat! my spirit greeteth thee!
Unbar the gate of grace!
How long my soul hath yearned thy walls to see,
And find in thee a place,
To quit this world's vexation
And all its vanity,
And hail the great salvation
My God hath kept for me!

"What countless tribes, what troops of shining ones,
Pour forth from out thy streets!

All that from earth went up, God's chosen sons,
To take their heavenly seats,
Come with the crown, to meet me,
And take me by the hand,
And on my journey greet me
Home from that tearful land.

"Prophets august, Apostles throned on high,
Martyrs, a countless host,
And all that bore the cross in agony,
Mocked by the tyrant's boast,
I see, above there, shining
In freedom's glorious light,
While round each brow is twining
A garland starry bright.

"O when I reach at length that Paradise,
And climb that heavenly hill,
What sights of beauty then shall meet my eyes,
What praise my mouth shall fill!
What loud hosannas blending
Shall fire my ravished soul!
Through ages never ending
What hallelujahs roll!"

When we speak of the *Moravian* Hymnology, we use the word with some latitude, signifying by it, not merely the hymns which have been written by professed Moravians, but that large class which the Moravian faith and feeling, manifested in so many quarters long before their brotherhood was organized, inspired. At the same time the Moravians have a prolific hymnist of their own,— no less a man than the founder of their order, Count Zinzendorf himself. Born in 1700, he was godson of the famous old mystic, Spener, and early a pupil of the hardly less celebrated "hero of the faith," Franke. Though some of his numerous hymns are, with all their fluency and fervor, neat in expression and pure in taste, many of them are disfigured by a childish fondling of sacred images, by that extreme of sensuous mysticism, which finds in the Song of Solomon the hints and materials of its inspiration. Here is a favorable specimen of his style: —

"Heart to heart in love united,
Rest ye in the heart divine;

Let your zeal, by Jesus lighted,
To his glory burn and shine!
He the head and we the members,
We the light, the fountain he,
He the master, we the brethren,
He is ours, and his are we.

"Come, ye children, mercy sharing,
And your covenant renew!
To our conquering Captain swearing,
From the heart, allegiance true!
When you feel your love-chain failing,
In temptation's mighty strain,
Seek the Lord in prayer prevailing,
Till he temper it again.

"Ah, thou gracious Friend, united
Keep henceforth thy chosen flock,
That, by thy last words incited,
They in heart-felt love may walk!
Thou, who art the uncreated
Word of truth and life, unite
All that are illuminated
By the clearness of thy light!

"Make our bond still wider, stronger,
With each other and with thee,
Till, on earth's whole round, no longer
We one severed member see.
When our love, a pure flame, blazes,
That from thee its brightness drew,
Then the world shall own, with praises,
We are thy disciples true."

In no Liturgy does so much of the expression take the hymn form as in the Moravian. The very name Moravian seems almost to convey, of itself, the twin ideas of mysticism and music. Very beautiful and wholesome, when rightly regulated, is that union of elements. But there was a period, of about ten years, in the middle of the eighteenth century, which showed the danger of letting anything but sober reason hold the reins, even (if we should not say *especially*) in religion. It has been called by the brethren themselves the period of "child's play," and seems to have led Zinzendorf to retract several of his hymns. In a Moravian Service-Book of 1823, under the head of Hymns for the Passion, we find a long

prayer in alternate verses, addressed entirely to the side of the crucified Jesus, perhaps a translation of one of those by St. Bernard already referred to. It begins: —

"(*All.*) Be thy name called glorious,
Lamb of God, that died for us!
We hail the opening of thy side:
Let all thy wounds be glorified.
Angels desire to look upon
What, for us mortals, there was done;

(*Sisters.*) But angels veil their shrinking sight,
Awe-struck with that mysterious light:

(*All.*) Only the Church of Christ, the Bride,

(*Minister.*) Which he has built from out his side,

(*All.*) She sees his wounds in glorious light,
With open and unveiléd sight.
Glory and thanks to thee
Through all eternity,
Heart that for us did break,
Transpiercéd for our sake!

(*Minister.*) Look up, and see the rocky cleft,
And in the cleft the fountain-reft
Whence you, ye saints, God's chosen race,
Were digged and hewed of his free grace!
Amen!"

But, with all its dangers, the idea in which the Moravian communion originated is too true to a want of the human heart to be ever abandoned; for it rests upon that word of the Master, "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" and the predominance of the musical element in their worship may well stand as a presentiment of the higher harmonies of the perfect Church.

Art. VI. — ST. AUGUSTINE AT HIPPO.

1. *The Confessions of* Augustine, *edited, with an Introduction, by* William G. T. Shedd. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1860.
2. Böhringer's *Kirchengeschichte in Biographien.* Band I. Abth. 3.
3. *Sermons on Selected Lessons of the New Testament, by* St. Augustine, *Bishop of Hippo.* Oxford: John Henry Parker. 1844.

The handsome edition of the Confessions of Augustine just published, under the supervision of Prof. Shedd, cannot fail to be most acceptable to a large religious public. The work is a reprint of the old English translation, already republished in Boston in 1843, and which has seemed to us, on a somewhat careful comparison with the original text, remarkably true to the author's meaning: but the present edition is far superior, in elegance and convenience, both to its predecessor in this country and to the Oxford translation under Pusey's supervision. The preliminary essay by the editor, if longer than need be, contains much that is valuable, and is well adapted to the class of readers among whom the book will chiefly go. Its characterization of the most remarkable features of the Confessions, however superfluous for those already familiar with them, is just and clear, and may lead fresh students into this wonderful work, which exhibits the consciousness of a great soul, so clarified by intense religious experience that the reader sees, as in a forest pool, at once the sediment which has been deposited below, and the blue heaven reflected from above.

Aurelius Augustinus was born in the little Numidian town of Tagaste, November 13, A. D. 354. His father, Patricius, was a pagan; his mother, Monica, one of the saintliest Christian women that ever taught a child to pray. From his birth, he tells us, he was "sealed with the mark of His cross, and salted with His salt." In all his wanderings through error and sin, this mother's love was ever drawing his heart toward the heavenly peace in which she abode perpetually. She yearned over him through those long years when he filled himself with the

husks of folly and with doctrines barren as the east wind; and at last had the joy of seeing him a believer, baptized into the Church of Christ. The loving son has preserved her portrait, drawn with filial tenderness, in the Confessions, where she appears at intervals, like an angel, above the troubled waters of Augustine's life, now receiving from the Bishop whom she consults about his errors of belief the comforting reply, "that it cannot be that the son of those tears should perish," and telling it to that son as a voice from Heaven; again, waiting all night in prayer at a church near the sea, while he sails for Rome, having first promised her that he would not go; following him to Italy; and at last dying in his arms, but not until the great desire of her life was fulfilled, and her Benoni, the son of her sorrow, become the crown of her joy.

Augustine's parents spared no pains with the cultivation of his active mind. He was early instructed in all that was taught in the schools of that time, learning with ease whatever pleased him, but incorrigibly dull in distasteful tasks, and especially averse to grammatical studies. Hebrew he never knew; with Greek his acquaintance was very superficial. This impatience of dry details, which hungered for the hidden meaning in all things, and which formed so marked a feature in his mental constitution, cost him many stripes, "as was approved by our ancestors, labor and sorrow being multiplied to the sons of Adam." To this period of boyhood Augustine looks back in after life with profound awe for that "individuality which is a kind of miniature of that mysterious Unity of Thine, whence I am derived."

Soon, however, the shadows begin to fall more darkly about his course of life. The fervid temper of his blood, quickly burnt into adolescence by that Numidian sky, drove him into miry excesses, in which he wallowed for sixteen years. "The restraining of the soul from appetite," says an Eastern proverb, "is the greatest holy war." Alas for the youth Augustine! in this war he was conquered and led captive in ignominious bonds.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to the college at Carthage, where he passed four years in rhetorical studies, his father dying meantime. The city of Hannibal had long been

a Roman colony, and at this time ranked with Antioch and Alexandria, and shared with the latter the privilege of supplying Rome with grain. The Punic deities had fled, and

> "mooned Ashtaroth,
> Heaven's queen and mother both,"

paled her "ineffectual fire" before the Star lately risen in the East; but Christian Carthage acquired a new celebrity as metropolitan see of one of the chief provinces of the ecclesiastical world, as the bishopric of Cyprian, the birthplace of Tertullian, and next to Rome the great focus of Christian life in the West.

While a student here, Augustine fell in with the "Hortensius" of Cicero, and to this now perished work of the great Latin he ascribes his first aspirations after higher things. He turned from its swelling sentences to the Scriptures for help, but found their style too humble for his taste. Intent on gratifying his fresh thirst for wisdom, he was drawn next to the company of the Manichees, and became for a while a disciple of that sect. It is easy to understand the fascination for a mind like Augustine's, of a heresy which occupied itself with the problem of evil. Torn with the conflict in his own breast between "the law of the members and the law of the spirit," he sought a solution of the practical problem of his own life in their confident promises; but he found only a mocking answer. He asked for bread, and they gave him dreams. "O Truth, Truth!" he cries, "how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and huge books, echoed of thee to me, though it was but an echo! And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after thee, they, instead of thee, served up the sun and moon, beautiful works of thine, but yet thy works, not thyself, no, nor thy first works. For thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they be, and shining." At this time, Augustine tells us that he "despised the religion of his ancestors as old wives' fables, the means only whereby to gain higher truth."

From his studies he went to his native town, where he established himself as a teacher of rhetoric; but, on the death of a dear friend, returned to Carthage to pursue his profession

there. He was a popular teacher, with his sparkling wit and fiery eloquence; but these years of outward success soon lost their glow, and remained in his memory as bitter ashes. The Carthaginian youth were too boisterous for their teacher's taste, and at last he parted from them and went to Rome, where report had led him to expect more tractable students. But here, too, he was doomed to disappointment. The Roman students, it is true, did not laugh their master down, but the way they had of leaving him for another, just as the bills became due, was equally trying. "These breakers of faith also," says Augustine, pathetically, "my soul hated." With this experience, he was thankful to be appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Milan. The tide of his life was now setting towards a peaceful haven, and Ambrose was the pilot that was to guide him into port. To the preaching of this great ecclesiastic Augustine listened,—first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last almost with conviction. He found that passages in the Old Testament might be taken "in a figure," and concluded, for a time, to be a catechumen in the Catholic Church. While yet miserably uncertain, he had that remarkable interview with a beggar in the streets, of which he has left a vivid picture,—the poor man sitting in his rags, joking and joyous, and the showy *rhetor*, preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, and surrounded by friends, "panting with anxieties and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts."

Still the same old question, regarding the cause of evil, haunted him, though with great hesitation he traced it to the free will. "God only, and no man," he breaks out, "knew what I suffered." And now appeared a glimmer of light from the writings of those philosophers who, as the old Fathers believed, were fed with heavenly oil by that Word who "was in the world, and the world knew him not." Some translations from the later followers of Plato "the Divine," came into his hands; he read them with deep delight in their spiritual doctrine, enjoying in them the mysterious harmony of the universe. They taught

> "Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt,
> Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!

Wie Himmelkräfte auf und nieder steigen,
Und sich die gold'nen Eimer reichen!
Mit segenduftenden Schwingen
Von Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmonisch all das All durchklingen."

Their theories were gorgeous; many of their views seemed true and sublime; but still the system did not come home to his heart. He has said that a wooden key that will fit the lock is better than a golden one that will not turn it. The philosophy of Plato, lofty and inspiring as it was, would not fit into the intricate wards of the human soul. "I met," says he, with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion, but in none of them do I find these words: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" So it happened that at length he betook himself to the Epistles of Paul, which taught him to seek God, in the language of the Moslem mystic, "by sitting in the shadow of his penitence." Slowly the doubts, which like drifts of sand had overwhelmed him in the dry and thirsty land wherein he had sojourned, were giving way, but the wild passions that had ruled him were not yet laid. Blacker and blacker seemed the sins that had entangled him. How true of him the plaintive words of Arab Ali: "The remembrance of youth is a sigh." Yes! all this round of voluptuous life at the first touch of utter remorse would crumble into a puff of dust.

"L' ora
Del buon dolor ch' a Dio ne rimarita,"

was at hand. That powerful will, and no less powerful animal nature, that penetrating intellect, trained in all the studies of the time, those spiritual longings, more than once directed amiss, but still unquelled, were to be wrought anew, in the furnace of a great affliction, for the service of God.

The scene of Augustine's final conversion should be read in his own words. He tells us how the story of the Egyptian monks, fleeing by thousands to the desert, brought home to him the conviction that the unlearned were gaining heaven, while he was lost in the pleasures of sense; how he lay on the ground in despair, beneath the noonday sky which seemed to

him hard as brass; and how, at the mysterious words, "Tolle, lege," from a neighboring house, he opened Paul's Epistle to the Romans at the thirteenth chapter, and read, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;" and how finally his soul melted, unresisting, into the divine love, "like a drop of wine thrown into the sea, which presently loses its force and substance, becoming water by the great ocean which surrounds it."

Augustine abandoned his profession, and on Easter Sunday of 387, in his thirty-third year, was baptized by Ambrose into the Church of Christ. Tradition relates that, as they advanced towards the great altar in the church where the rite was performed, they composed the Te Deum, reciting alternate verses. The tradition is a fiction, but certainly that solemn act of fellowship might furnish the key-note to an anthem of praise from all Christian souls. Monica, overjoyed at this event, prepared to return with her son and his friends to Africa. But the time was come for her to be received into her rest. She had trusted to see him a faithful Catholic, before departing from this life; her desire was accomplished. As they waited at Ostia to take ship, she fell ill. Her friends wondered at her calmness, in view of death; she told them that she did not fear, "for God would know, in the end of the world, whence to raise her up." She died in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of her son's. There is no one whose heart will not respond to the touching prayer of Augustine,—"that so many as read these Confessions may at Thy altar remember Monica, Thy handmaid, with Patricius her husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life, I know not how. May they with devout affection remember my parents in this transitory light, who are my brethren under Thee our Father, in our Catholic mother, and my fellow-citizens in that eternal Jerusalem which Thy pilgrim people sigh after, from their exodus even until their return thither. That so my mother's last request of me may, through my confessions more than through my prayers, be, through the prayers of many, more abundantly fulfilled to her."

With his mother's death concludes the autobiographical por-

tion of this remarkable work, in which Augustine "ravels out his weaved up follies," for the help of all true believers. It is addressed to God, tracing his hand in all the events of his life, and glows with a fervor scarcely to be found elsewhere except in the Bible. It is hard to

> "tie up our visionary meanings,
> And subtile individual apprehensions,
> Into the common tongue of every man,"

without either becoming tedious or extravagant; but in these Confessions neither of these defects can be found. They are the door by which we enter the inner chapel of the saint's hidden life, and join in the penitent litanies and the hymns of rejoicing.

The crisis with Augustine was past; a mighty change had come upon him, and everything was yet strange, as to "a blind man suddenly restored to sight." After a few months in Rome, he crossed the Mediterranean to Africa, and retired, with his friends Alypius and Euodius, to a small farm near his native town, Tagaste. In that age celibacy and asceticism were regarded as essential in an acceptable religious life. The spirit of devotion must be nursed in solitude, like those lamps in ancient tombs, which went out in the first breath of common air. The little company of friends conformed to the prevalent view on this matter, and lived in retirement for three years, occupied in literary labors, chiefly polemical, against Augustine's old associates, the Manichæans.

At Easter, 391, he was ordained presbyter at Hippo Regius, at the urgent solicitation of Valerius, the Bishop, whom he succeeded, in 396. He entered this great office with a firm determination to renounce all worldly cares, convinced that "only a quiet mind can look into the commands of God." The Church was to him the ultimate arbiter in matters of faith; here he had found repose from his own weary wanderings, and this he believed to be the divinely authorized guide for all men. "There is no place," he says, "of genuine worship, outside of the Catholic Church." How must he have been grieved with the rancorous divisions which now rent the sacred fold!

Three great controversies at different periods occupied the attention of the new Bishop, — the Donatist, the Manichæan,

and the Pelagian. The first of these, the Donatist schism, already ninety years old at the commencement of Augustine's episcopate, had originated in the irregular choice of a Bishop of Carthage in 315, against the will of some of the Numidian bishops; it soon spread into a national party, extending through all North Africa, and almost outnumbering the Catholics. In Hippo itself, at the time of Augustine's investiture, the Donatists were so numerous that it was hard to find any one who would bake bread for the opposite party. Donatism was only one form of the manifold opposition to the centralizing tendency of the Church. Already Rome had become a centre of ecclesiastical power; already the Church, instead of a society of the elect, had become a multitudinist communion, the conversion of Constantine having brought a new and baser element into the Christian fold. The new sect, then, embodied the principle that the Church is not a visible, but an invisible organization, composed of the pure in heart alone, and independent of any foreign authority. The Emperor endeavored to suppress them: he ordered a general council at Carthage, 405, which punished the laity holding such doctrines by confiscation of their goods, and the bishops by exile. The Church had not yet learned that, as Lamennais has said, "The sword of persecution has two edges: it wounds to the right hand and to the left."

Augustine at first opposed these measures, saying that he had to do, "not with the sword, but with the Word;" yet he soon consented to any course that would bring heretics into the Church where alone they could be saved. And there are few more striking instances of the influence to which the greatest minds are subject from their own age. We should judge him by the standard of his age, not of ours. He attacked the Donatists with pen and voice, and became the object of a most intense hatred in return. They called him the Wolf, who should be put to death for the safety of the fold, and thought that thus they would be doing God service. He conquered, however, and, though they lingered until the Saracens overran the land, it was only as a broken sect.

The Manichæans also he continued at intervals to combat during his official life. For he had known the mischief of their

errors; although he is thought never to have fully understood their system, and is accused of having a taint of its dualism in his doctrine of human nature.

But the most important, and to us the most interesting controversy in which he engaged, was that with Pelagius and his followers. This was no transient dispute about forms of church government, or abstract questions of philosophy; but a subject eminently practical, adapted to the Western mind, and indeed appealing with the same interest to every human soul. The English monk, Pelagius, had taught that sin is not inheritable, but that each man comes into the world with as white a nature, with a will just as free to leave the evil and choose the good, as belonged to Adam when he first woke in Paradise. He laid great stress on the *ethical* character of Christianity; insisted on works as distinct from faith,—a necessary addition to the latter, rather than its proper fruit; and, in general, adopted what Neander calls "the *quantitative* method of estimating moral worth."

Augustine controverted these views with all his strength, as fanciful, unscriptural, and unphilosophical. Like others who have had his fiery experience, he felt a living conviction of the presence of God with man, and the constant Divine intervention in human things. He saw the inequality between man's conduct and his task; he felt inherited sin working within himself; and he felt, too, that it was by God's immediate grace that *he* was "snatched from the burning." To such an earnest soul, how paltry it seemed, to be told to "work out his own nature:" he had strayed in that wilderness too long.

The polemical labors of Augustine were constant and enormous, filling three folio volumes in the Benedictine edition of his works; yet they seem scarcely to have occupied more than his leisure hours, when we consider the numerous daily claims on his time and thoughts. During thirteen years, moreover, he was occupied on his great work, *De Civitate Dei*, written after the sack of Rome by Alaric, to answer the assertion of the pagans, that these disasters to their country were a consequence of the desertion of the national deities by the Christians. It treats of the City of this World, comprehending all

who do not belong to the Church, and of the City of God, in which every Christian is a citizen, "and though the whole twenty-two books are written concerning *both* cities, they yet have received their title from the better one, so as rather to be called the *City of God.*"

Like every great man, the Bishop of Hippo should be seen at home, in his routine of regular occupations. He has given us with his own hand the picture of his life before conversion, in the Confessions; his deacon, Possidius, has given us a charcoal sketch of the subsequent period.

Hippo Regius was a small seaport, "inhabited chiefly by indigent mariners and a few Roman families," famous long before as the residence of Numidian kings, but of little note among the episcopal sees at the time of Augustine's assumption of that dignity, until his name made it familiar as far as Christianity extended.

Within his own bishopric, while in all but title the Metropolitan of the West, he was a model both in public and private life. The Christian feasts in memory of the martyrs had acquired a riotous and disgraceful character; the new Bishop put them down. A father, who had disinherited his son after a quarrel, left his property to the Church, but Augustine gave it back to the rightful heir. "I refused to receive the inheritance of Boniface," says he, "not through pity, but through fear; for I was unwilling that the Church of Christ should become a ship-owner." He instituted a custom among his people, of annually giving clothing to the poor; and when it was feared that Alaric would cross over to Africa, he admonished his congregation all the more on that account to relieve the necessities of those in want. For the sake of ransoming those who were captives in slavery, he even sold the plate of the Church. He reared in his own house the clergy for all the country round. Here, in this celibate community of abstemious, devout, and affectionate friends, he took great comfort. A portion of the day was allotted to labor with the hands, other portions to reading and to prayer. "Nothing is better," he remarks in a sermon, "nothing more refreshing, than in quiet to study the divine treasury. Preaching, convincing, reprimanding, building up, caring for all, is a great load, a great

weight, a great labor." He systematically resisted the temptations of the palate, and even refused to indulge in hearing music, in which his keen sensibilities greatly delighted, unless it were religious. The furniture of the table was plain, mostly of wood, except the spoons, which were of silver: the food was equally plain, consisting of vegetables and wine, with a little meat for the chance guests, of whom there were many. All were welcome; imperial officers bearing despatches, and monks from solitary monasteries in Gaul or Britain, alike turned eagerly aside from their journey to partake of his hospitalities. Temperate in his food, he made the meal an occasion for conversation, which was one of his great pleasures: but he would allow no slanders to be spoken of those who were not present, and placed on the table the inscription,

> "Whoever loves to assail the life of the absent,
> May know this table to be unfit for him."

And when this rule was violated, he would point to it, and say that either those lines must be erased, or he himself must retire from the meal. His garments were as simple as his office would allow, — such as, if necessary, he could give to a poor brother. He writes that it was his custom, "ut interiora vestimenta linea essent, exteriora lanea." If sumptuous robes were presented to him, he sold them. Shoes he wore on account of bodily infirmity.

He concerned himself with the education of the young, and every day, clad in black gown and cowl, sat for two hours at the church gate, to adjudicate disputes among his people. Possidius compares him with Mary in the Gospel, the type of the heavenly Church, sitting at her Master's feet and hearing his words. From these meditations he brought the bread of life abundantly to his flock. What he was within the church walls may be imagined from the numerous homilies preserved to us among his works. The volume whose title we have placed last at the head of this article will give favorable specimens of Augustine's power in the pulpit. It is one of the results of that famous movement, whose current, twenty years ago, set vehemently towards the past, and which stranded many clergymen of the English Church on the Romish coast. It is interesting

from its inherent merits; it is more interesting still on account of the glimpses which it gives us of the preacher's method in the ancient Church. We see in it the great Bishop of North Africa unbending from his abstract speculations, on which half of the Christian world waited, and instructing his humble congregation at Hippo in the elements of the truth. We can still call up to our minds the assembly of worshippers who thronged to hear him, the poor Christian slave close by the side of the African aristocrat, whose garments were richly embroidered with pictures of sacred subjects, such as the marriage feast at Cana, or the blind man restored to sight, or a kneeling penitent, in the most uncomfortable style of art. It was to this audience that he once said: "You are still young ones in the nest of faith, and receive the spiritual food; whereas I, wretch that I was, as thinking myself fit to fly, left the nest, and fell down before I flew: but the Lord of mercy raised me up, that I might not be trodden down to death by passers-by, and put me in the nest again." Böhringer * depicts the scene at the daily church-service. The Bishop enters, and after a brief silence reads from the Epistles of Paul; a psalm is sung, according to the custom introduced by Ambrose at Milan; and then the Gospel for the day is read. At first it had been the custom of the feminine part of the congregation to recline during this portion of the service, employed in gossip among themselves; but they were soon rebuked for this irreverent habit by Augustine. Then the sermon is preached, the speaker sitting while his hearers stand, as is usual in the African Church. After the sermon, the catechumens retire, and the communion service, held daily, is commenced. "Lift up your hearts!" The congregation answer, "We lift them up unto the Lord." The elements are consecrated by repeating the Lord's Prayer together; and when they come to the words, "Forgive us our sins," the faithful rise and smite their breasts with their hands, in penitence. The Bishop says, "Peace be with you," and the Christians give each other the kiss of peace; then, taking the bread and wine from the golden or silver vessels which the deacon brings, partake in silence. After a hymn of praise they depart.

* Kirchengeschichte in Biographien, Band I., Abth. 3, p. 717.

Augustine displayed in his sermons much of his fervid genius. He preached constantly, often for five successive days and twice in a day. In his old age his sermons became briefer, and also more impressive. He would not hesitate to violate the laws of grammar, in order that the illiterate might understand his meaning, although yet taking pains not to bring himself *below* their comprehension. Taking a text from the lesson of the day, he would pun on it, twisting its words recklessly; but gradually, with a quaint illustration or a statement of spiritual law, would bring home to every hearer the great truth that God is *here*, and *now*. Of his puns which are famous, the following, from the Oxford Homilies, is a fair example: "Totus hoc credidit *mundus*, qui non remansit *immundus*." His illustrations are sometimes homely, but always natural, and evidently suggested, for the most part, by objects which he has recently seen. Thus, to show how anger differs from hatred, he describes a cow butting at her calf. His homilies are generally expositions of the passages of Scripture which have just been read, allegorizing and mysticizing beyond the endurance of any modern audience.

"He has some passages," says Jeremy Taylor, "which a lamb might ford, and others which an elephant could not swim." Now he flies off into a mystical conceit, as where he says that the bread, the fish, and the egg, which in the New Testament the child asks of his father, denote,— the bread, charity; the fish, faith, which lives in the billows of temptation; and the egg, hope, because it looks forward to becoming a chicken. Again, he comes down to his people, pleading for the poor: "*I* am a beggar for the beggars." Sometimes he found that a random shot, totally unconnected with the text, would hit one of his hearers whom the methodical part of his discourse had missed, as in a case told by Possidius, when he rambled off at the close of a sermon into an attack on the Manichæans. Two days after, a certain Firmus came to Augustine as he sat in his room, which opened out into the rest of the monastery, and confessed with tears that he was a Manichæan, converted by that chance word. His congregation evidently hung on his lips, and followed his calculations of the mysteries of numbers with counting on their own fingers; for in one passage in a homily which is preserved, he stops suddenly in adding up the generations from Adam to

Christ, seeing that they are beforehand with him. When he said anything which they approved, they applauded, as was usual in the churches of antiquity, but he was not content till he had made them weep. "You have heard and applauded; God be thanked. You have received the seed, you have returned an answer. But these your commendations weigh me down rather, and expose me to danger. I bear them, and tremble while I bear them. Nevertheless, my brethren, these your commendations are but the tree's leaves; it is the fruit I am in quest of." He did not hesitate even to rebuke those who had been guilty of drunkenness or swearing, from the front of the altar, and, preaching of the former of these sins, he told them that he had discharged his responsibility for them, but that *without them he was unwilling to be saved.* His fertility in inventing the hidden sense of Scripture passages is really wonderful. Preaching on the ten virgins to whom the kingdom of heaven is likened, he tells us that "every soul in the body is denoted by the number five, because there is nothing of which we have perception by the body, but by the five-folded gate." Again, on the five pairs of oxen whom one of the guests invited to the marriage feast had bought: "The five pairs of oxen are the senses of this body. . . . . Why are they called pairs of oxen? Because by these senses of the body earthly things are sought for. For oxen turn up the earth. So there are men, far off from faith, occupied in the things of the flesh, who will not believe anything but what they attain to by the five senses of their body. In those five senses do they lay down for themselves the rules of their whole will." Lazarus hath been dead four days. "So in truth the soul arrives at habit by a kind of fourfold progress. For there is first the provocation, as it were, of pleasure in the heart; secondly, consent; thirdly, the overt act; fourthly, the habit. . . . . After the consent, progress is made into the open act; the act changes into a habit, and a sort of desperate condition is produced, so that it may be said, *He hath been dead four days, by this time he stinketh.*"

This remarkable power of allegorizing, strengthened by long practice in meditation, sometimes is developed in a still more striking manner. Thus, in the sermon on the ten virgins, mentioned above: "The lamps of the wise virgins burned with

an inward oil, with the assurance of a good conscience, with an inner glory, with an inmost charity. Yet the lamps of the foolish virgins burned also. Why burned they then? Because there was yet no want of the praises of men." But when they arose at the resurrection, they sought in vain "for what they had been wont to seek for,—to shine, that is, with others' oil, to walk after others' praises." He explains the mystical meaning of the cross as follows, speaking of the text Ephesians iii. 17: "The *breadth* is the transverse beam in the cross, where the hands are fastened, to signify good works. The *length* is in that part of the wood which reaches from this transverse beam to the ground. For there the body is crucified, and in a manner stands, and this standing signifies perseverance. Now the *height* is in that part which from the same transverse beam projects upward to the head; and hereby is signified the expectation of things above. And where is the *depth* but in that part which is fixed in the ground? For so is the dispensation of grace, hidden and in secret."

This system, of course, will allow a great deal of doctrine to be drawn from very short texts, sometimes with reason, and sometimes with none. The microscopic lens which Augustine applies often throws all the colors of the rainbow about the words which it distorts in seeking to magnify them. Thus, the shoes which Moses is commanded to loose from his feet, are the skins of dead beasts. In this way we are told, in a figure, to put off dead works. The stone which Jacob anointed, when he woke from his dream of angels, was understood by the patriarch to be "a figure" of Christ. And, still more strange, the three loaves, mentioned in Luke xi. 5, are the doctrine of the Trinity.

The keenly observing senses, which, when he was younger, took delight in field-sports, and made him, as he tells in his Confessions, always turn aside to watch the movements of animals, and even insects, fill his homilies with illustrations. He compares the body to a house, which closes its windows when the inhabitant is gone. Tribulation, he says, is a fire, which purifies the gold, but consumes the chaff. He likens the *types* in the Old Testament to the images of the Emperor, borne in processions where he is not himself present.

Many of his favorite images are drawn from the flame of a lamp. With it he rebukes pride. Flame burns the brighter the lower it is kept, while the smoke, which rises above it, is dark. And again: "At present we are in labor, and our lamps flicker amid the winds and temptations of this life; but only let our flame burn strongly, that the wind of temptation may increase the fire, rather than put it out."

Another very beautiful comparison, drawn from the construction of a house, has been imitated by Dr. Donne, the preacher at St. Paul's, in the reign of James I. "Thou art thinking to construct some mighty fabric in height," says Augustine; "first think of the foundation of humility. The greater the building is to be, the deeper one digs his foundation. The building, in the course of its erection, rises up on high, but he who digs its foundation must first go down very low. So then you see even a building is low before it is high, and the top is raised only after humiliation."

Most striking of all is the lesson which he draws from the account of the sleep of Christ amid the storm on Lake Gennesaret. "This sleep is a sign of a high mystery. The sailors are the souls passing over the world in wood. That ship also was a figure of the Church. And all individually indeed are temples of God, and his own heart is the vessel in which each sails; nor can he suffer shipwreck, if his thoughts are only good. Thou hast heard an insult, it is the wind; thou art angry, it is a wave. And why is this? Because Christ is asleep in thee." "Let not even the lesser sins be despised. Through narrow chinks in the ship, the water oozes in, the hold keeps filling, and if it be disregarded, the ship is sunk." "Men should have recourse to the pump. For otherwise by little and little will that enter in by which the whole ship will be sunk. And to offer prayer is to have recourse to the pump. But we ought not only to pray, but to do alms also, because, when the pump is used to prevent the ship from sinking, both the voices and the hands are at work." It was with such comparisons as these, full of reality and life, suggested by the commonest sights around him, that the Bishop of Hippo won his simple flock of sailors to listen and believe when he taught them the essentials of Christianity. His aim was to win souls

by any means. "Grant me," he exclaims, "the lowest place, O Lord, in thy kingdom, but let me have the happiness of seeing my children about me." In fine, his object was so to preach that all with him might live in Christ. "This is my longing, my honor, my glory, my joy, my possession."

"In dealing with the terms of Christian theology," remarks Bishop Hampden, "we little think that we are walking among the shades of departed controversies, among the monuments, and the trophies, of hearts that have burned with zeal, and of intellects that have spent themselves in the subtilty and vehemence of debate. But, as to the unconscious traveller over ground which history or poetry has ennobled, so to us, the land is mute, it brings not the rich recollections of other men and other days; and we pass on in careless haste, thinking it enough that these memorials of our fathers in the faith serve the actual occasions of our present convenience." This appears always to be the fate, especially, of theological systems; and, paradoxical as it sounds, it is perhaps essential to their continuing to rule successive generations, that they should part with their freshness and harden into a half-alive rigidity. The petrified flower has lost its sap and its fragrance in assuming a form that will last. To bring back the bloom to that compact system, into whose substance Augustine's mind spreading its roots through the Christian consciousness of his age, took up the various elements of the soil, is a thing not yet accomplished in any life of the Saint which we have seen. Here, of course, we can only examine briefly two or three of the fibres which may be picked out of the structure of the plant.

The whole is based on a majestic conception of the nature and attributes of God. In His eternity, past and future coexist. He fills all nature, yet is perfectly comprehended neither by saint nor angel. "His first great name is Good," and though He hears the inmost thought as men hear audible speech, his mercy is co-ordinate with his power, and "there is no place whither men can flee from him unless to him." Only the law of his own nature restricts him, but nothing else can impose on him any limitations. Whatever he sees is to be done, is done already. "The world itself is a miracle, the greatest of all miracles, and in it is included all that is miraculous."

In these speculations on the nature of God, of course, his mind was fascinated by the subtile proofs of the Trinity which all nature gave. Everywhere in the world of matter and in the soul of man he found an analogous triple division. In the defence of it, Athanasius alone, among the fathers, can claim to have done so much as Augustine. The latter found it most precious, and developed from it his scheme of man and redemption. He places man at the head of creation. "No creature stands between God and our spirits, wherewith we know Him." All his servants are divided into two great bands, one part still pilgrims on earth, the other hovering above to help them. But this help is only for those who have put off the old Adam, in whose transmitted nature we are utterly corrupt, "hunting after the last things as if they were the first." The natural man by this hard law of inheritance is totally depraved, and incapable of any good thing. The new-made soul is brought into the world burdened with the crushing weight of absolute incapacity for good, and makes divine grace a sudden, overpowering shock, never the heavenly dew always falling on the young heart which is kept free from thorns by its earthly guardians.

But man was, notwithstanding, to be brought to the Father; "the iron door" was to be unlocked; and this was done by our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom "the hand of the Father was stretched to us from heaven." The Word became Flesh, as body and soul are united in man, that "by following the man, which we can do, we might attain to God, which we could not do." Death, the doom of every sinner, must be suffered by a perfectly righteous being, in order to lose its power. Thus Christ becomes to believers the "royal road" to God.

It is through the Church alone that we can learn of him: out of *that* there is no salvation. This view was natural in an age when private judgment had no rights; and Augustine would have mourned bitterly, if he could have seen the Christendom of to-day, with its hundreds of differing sects; on whom no authoritative voice imposes the semblance of conformity. But it is far wiser to rejoice in this, regarding the Church as at first like a young and tender tree, which in growing hardens and corrugates its exterior into a thousand wrinkled folds,

continually more distinct in their divisions. Yet, if one will pierce through this outward shell, he will find the same common centre to them all, and will find, too, that the very thickness of the bark indicates the vigor of the tree.

Far down in Augustine's system lie the lurid circles of hell, where is eternal fire and ruin, not merely spiritual, but material also. "The first death separates the soul, unwilling, from the body; the second keeps it, unwilling, in the body," to be punished forever, while the blessed of heaven shall behold all this in the light of Divine justice, and rejoice.

Augustine is one of the most voluminous authors of antiquity. His works lie in ten huge folios in the Benedictine edition, — armories which have supplied the weapons of controversy ever since. Such sentences as the following are seed-grain, which retain their vitality though wrapped for ages in the cerements of an unspoken tongue.

"The difference of Law and Gospel is fear and love."

"Narrow is the way which leads to life; yet one goes not on it except with wide heart."

"No one is so wise as not to need light from above."

"As night does not extinguish the stars of heaven, so the world's sin does not obscure the minds of the faithful, fixed in the Word of God."

"A man may unwillingly lose temporal possessions, but eternal never, unless willing."

"Before sinning against another, one always sins against himself."

"That which first overcame man, is the last thing he overcomes."

"Every sinner, in so far as he is a sinner, is not to be loved; but every man, in so far as he is a man, is to be loved."

"Where love is not, justice cannot be."

"The love of earthly things is bird-lime on the heavenly wings."

"God is patient because he is eternal."

"God does everything to save us, except depriving us of our free-will."

"God is conceived more truly than spoken, and he *is* more truly than he is conceived."

"Cogitans de Deo, si finivisti, Deus non est."

"Whatever is without God is not sweet; therefore, whatever my Lord God is about bestowing upon me, let him withhold the whole, and impart to me himself."

"Men understand the whole sense of the Scriptures as soon as they know what it is to love God."

"Prayer is the measure of love."

"If thou seek what thou needest, but not from Him from whom thou shouldest seek, thou art impious."

"They are the most uncharitable to error, who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the truth."

"Alte dubitat qui altius credit."

"Faith must precede understanding, that understanding may be the reward of faith." This is the flower of Augustine's creed. Divine truths must be transfused into the life by the affections; then a man, "building on the foundation of humility, Jesus Christ," will also intellectually apprehend spiritual truths.

It was by this side of our Saint's teachings, that he had such influence in the Church during the Middle Ages. His system, as a whole, was treated with distant respect, but not warmly embraced by many of the early clergy. Anselm revived, and Thomas Aquinas advocated it, but the Reformers were the first to bring it home to the popular mind.

Augustine's last days were saddened by the invasion of Africa by the Vandals, at the instigation of Count Boniface, his friend. As they rushed in, while the evening of his life grew darker and the earth was overshadowed with gloom, his eyes turned more steadfastly to the brightening glories of heaven. He said to a group of his priests, that he had besought God either to free the state from its enemies, or to strengthen His servants to bear His will; or at least to take him out of the world to Himself. The last prayer was answered. In the third month of the siege of Hippo Regius, on August 28th, A. D. 430, after a short illness, — passed in solitary prayer,* and in repeating the penitential Psalms of David, affixed to the wall by his bed, — in the full possession of his fac-

* Possidius says, "jugiter ac ubertim flebat."

ulties, he passed out from his corruptible tabernacle of flesh to that other, "not made with hands, abiding in the heavens." He had no successor in his bishopric. That great Church which had towered on the North African shore, burst like a water-spout, leaving naught but a wild waste of tossing spume. Vandal, Greek, and Saracen rolled over the land; and Christianity there remained only in tradition. The tide of barbarism poured in, through all Europe, over the ancient civilization; but the work of Augustine's burning thought was not lost. His chief doctrines were borne on through the deepening waves, by the Church of Rome, from whose *hortus siccus* the monk of Erfurt took them and dipped them into a water of youth which caused them to blossom once more with fresh life.

In studying so marked a character, it is easy to make a geological map, so to speak, of the ground which produced such a rich crop of experiences and ideas for succeeding times. The first thing that strikes us here is an ambition which during his boyhood, and, in fact, until his conversion, preyed on him as a consuming fire: afterward the passion still remained, though purified and softened; but he never ceased to desire the praises of good men.

When he turned his face heavenward, he turned in a single day with all the strength of his powerful will. Perhaps also a part of the sternness of his system may be ascribed to this resolute disposition. Torn by struggle and aimless striving, he had gone through a most remarkable discipline, and had felt in his own soul all the bitterness of subjection to sin: he investigated the condition of others by light from himself, and, like all strongly individual minds, melted mankind into one mass, and put on the whole his own stamp.

One secret of his wonderful influence over others lay in his practical knowledge of men and things; but a deeper may be found in the intense spirituality which, derived from his mother, ran its woof in countless threads through the warp of coarser stuff inherited from his father. By this he was led with awe to spiritual things, and touched them with reverent care, knowing that "he will come to understand who knocks by prayer; not he who, by quarrelling, makes a noise at the

gate of truth." Mighty as he was in dialectics, he was taught by his own early years how to deal with those earnest doubters who had erred in seeking to penetrate the abysses of the Divine nature. And besides, to his great power in polemical dispute was added what rarely is united with it, — the *Mystic*. He could put on what Henry More calls his "spectacles made of the crystalline heaven," and look into the Infinite till he sunk back, weary with gazing. It is told that, while writing his Discourse on the Trinity, he wandered one day on the sea-shore, lost in meditation. Suddenly he saw a child bringing water from the sea to fill a hole which he had dug in the sand. Augustine asked his object, and he was answered that he meant to empty into this hollow all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible," exclaimed the Saint. The child replied, "Not more impossible than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou now art meditating."

In contemplating this profound thinker, it is most interesting to notice the stages in his development. We follow him as he searches in vain for the "Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new," through his Manichæan and Neo-Platonic wanderings. He turns to pantheism for it, and there, too, earth and sea and air and sky, with all their inhabitants, give answer to his inquiry, that they are only the handiwork of God. And at last we see him come, "stained with the variation of each soil," to a position where, though imbued with serious errors, he stands a new man with the spirit of love and peace. His old Manichæan associates doubtless thought him strangely fallen. "So," in the words of Dr. Donne, "if the spiritual antipodes of this world, the sons of God, that walk with feet opposed, in ways contrary to the sons of men, shall be said to fall, when they fall to repentance, to mortification, to a religious negligence and contempt of the pleasures of this life, truly their fall is upwards, they fall towards heaven."

Thus it is that he teaches men, by his writings, and in the persons of the Reformers, in whom he is reflected, as a light illumines the countless points of vapor which cluster about it in a nebulous haze. Luther studied him for ten years in his Augustinian convent, and placed his works only next to the Bible. But his own life teaches the best lesson. Pointing to

the entrance of a higher plane of being, he is pictured in our mind as Kingsley describes him, "tall, delicate-featured, with a lofty and narrow forehead, scarred like his cheeks with the deep furrow of many a doubt and woe. Resolve, gentle but unbending, is expressed in his thin, close-set lips, and his clear, quiet eye; but the calm of his mighty countenance is the calm of a worn-out volcano, over which centuries must pass before the earthquake rents be filled with kindly soil, and the cinder-slopes grow gay with grass and flowers." And on his lips are those words from his inmost heart, "Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te."

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

No feature is more striking in the recent developments of English thought, than the intellectual vigor and daring with which the most profound and comprehensive problems of speculation have been undertaken by women. We need only recall the writings of Harriet Martineau, Miss Evans's translation of Strauss and Feuerbach, and the "Essay on Intuitive Morals;" to which we have now to add the "Thoughts in Aid of Faith."* The writer is a sister of the late Charles Hennell, whose "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity" was the first reproduction, in English, of the naturalistic expositions of Continental critics, and still stands alone in the decision, clearness, and ability with which it presents the purely historical side of those expositions, — as well as, we are glad to say, in the very unworthy and depreciating judgment it gives of the first teachers of Christianity. Of his sister's point of view it is sufficient to say, that her essay begins with a very forcible and eloquent statement of Mr. Hennell's position, which she fully adopts; and that its aim is to bring together, as a help to other inquirers, the results of the most radical and uncompromising thinkers who have written since, and been made accessible to the English reader. Thus, Feuerbach represents for her the "Essence of Christianity," and Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," its development; in discussing the "Christian System," she traces the course of thought from Unitarianism through Mr. Martineau to Francis Newman, with whose pure

* Thoughts in Aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from Recent Works in Philosophy and Theology. By Sara S. Hennell. London: George Manwaring.

Theism she is not satisfied to rest; her "Principles of Psychology" are those of Herbert Spencer, adopted without qualification or reserve; her view of the "History of Philosophy" is wholly in the light of Lewes and Comte; and for the "Science of Morality" she starts with the expediency doctrine, as defended by Thomas Buckle. Six chapters thus cover the wide field of modern speculation. They are preceded by an Introduction, setting forth the personal motive and experience from which the inquiry has started, and followed by a Conclusion, in which the bearings of the whole on personal faith and hope are courageously and calmly stated. The argument of the book is not, as might possibly be guessed, to protest against anything in the most radical and seemingly irreligious of the results she registers; but, explicitly reducing psychology to physiology, religion to anthropology, and morals to philanthropy, renouncing all personal hope of another life, and holding the conception of a personal God to be only the image of himself which man projects upon the vast Unknown, — nay, denying the very distinction of matter and spirit, holding a living Will to be an absurd and impossible thing, and maintaining that life, thought, emotion, and holiness are simply the successive products of necessary and (apparently) causeless evolution, — her purpose is still to vindicate the intellectual harmony, the moral progress, and the spiritual calmness and trust, which belong fitly to the domain of faith.

It would be easy to throw mere odium and reproach upon a treatise which so begins with the denial and overthrow of each single thing we have been wont to associate with any objective religious belief at all. But it would be a better task to explain the process of thought that has led a conscientious and devout mind to this pass, and to show how even such results as those we have enumerated may be sincerely set forth "in aid of faith." Nay, if we thought the results themselves inevitable in any given case, — if we knew any young student of divine philosophy who had been drawn into this vortex by the current of his speculations, — we should make haste to refer to this very book, in proof that there is no speculative error so hopeless, no intellectual heresy so complete, but that a good and honest heart may find in it, not the food of mockery and despair, but the material, or at least the ally, of a fresh order of religious thought.

We have begun by stating at full length the radical and extreme negations which Miss Hennell accepts, and attempts to reconcile with religious piety and trust. A certain dreariness she acknowledges in some portions of the way; it has been to her a "Northwest Passage through the dim icy region of speculation," although it has brought her "round again into the genial clime of temperate habitation;" — and the tone is rather that of resignation than of hope or gladness at the end. We should be sorry to think precisely this course of speculation necessary with any one; the results, we are sure, are not destined and inevitable to humanity at large. The writer moves, with all nobleness and composure, in a vicious circle. She accepts, with admirable consistency and courage, the results which follow from a set of postulates she was noway bound to start with. She reasons and meditates with

an elevation of moral tone and a real humility of spirit which we wish were more common among Christian theologians, — but under the spell of a few able thinkers, to whom she has surrendered the independence of her mental life. Not to go into details of theological criticism, — which indeed would be to cover the whole ground of recent controversy, — it is enough to state a single point. Herbert Spencer's sterile dictum, that "life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," is seized by Miss Hennell as a key to the whole grand mystery of Being; and is applied, as a standing explanation, to each successive phase of organic, intellectual, and moral evolution. Just as if such a phrase were anything more than a generalized expression for a great multitude of facts, — convenient perhaps to those who already know the facts, but of no more service to explain them than a man's christian name is, to betoken what manner of spirit he is of. If we go a step further, and say, Life is the *force* which continuously adjusts internal relations to external relations, we are a step nearer the truth. But the nature of that force remains a problem unsolved as ever. Again, the facility — we should say flippancy, but for the earnest spirit of the book — with which moral freedom, which is the necessary postulate of all moral doctrine, is denied. Certainly, an intelligent will is no more inconceivable than any other form of Origin; and to our mind — virtually, to any mind dealing with purely moral relations — it is as much a necessary first principle, it answers as nearly to Mr. Spencer's "universal postulate," as the existence of material things or the reality of mathematical truths. The easy denial of it is another instance of the very needless fallacies of which we speak.

Admitting that the writer moves in a vicious circle, it is a satisfaction in its way that the circle should be so well rounded and complete. We cannot but honor the consistency, decision, and courage with which principles are stated, and results traced out. The intellectual character of the book is rare and high. Except slight errors of language — as *genii* for *geniuses*, and *truthfulness* for *truth* — and an occasional over-straining and obscurity of style, as if the matter were not quite assimilated to the mind, or the writer were beyond her depth, it is almost a model of vigorous and thoughtful composition, and rises often to real eloquence. Perhaps there is something especially feminine in the glow and eagerness with which not only the intellectual abstractions of the book are set forth, and a single-hearted deference is yielded to able reasoners, — an example (shall we say?) of the "man-worship" which she thinks (p. 376) characteristic of the nature of woman at the present day and a response to the chivalry of an older time, — but in the remarkable power of entering by sympathy into the character or the circumstances with which she deals. A very striking instance of it is in her setting forth of the political circumstances and human motives that bore upon the ministry of Jesus (Chap. I.); and another, in this portraiture of a philosopher, whose features are dim enough in the usual sketches of the ancient schools, — "the earnest philosopher, who was also the fanatical rhapsodist, Xenophanes, who went about with big astounding utterances, pouring into vulgar, gaping ears thoughts too

high even for the schools, to relieve the fulness of a soul that could not hold itself in silence; a Carlyle of his ancient day, that could not find words large enough, nor sensibility deep enough, even in himself, for the exquisite beauty of thought, whose keenness was pain; 'the great rhapsodist of Truth,' and no shams, who must needs rave against false gods and their foolish worshippers, because of the 'deep sincerity of his heart, and the holy enthusiasm of his reverence;' one who was capable of seeing that not even his own highest thought was that demanded Truth, and who therefore looked upon Nature, not with satisfied placidity, but with 'questioning and wrestling;' so that — while in the great object of his vituperation, in Homer, sunny clear, there is a resonance of gladness, a sense of manifold life, activity, and enjoyment, — in this deeper poet 'there is bitterness, activity of the spasmodic sort, infinite doubt, and infinite sadness.'"

We think that religious writers have too often failed to recognize or understand the intellectual calmness — which often bears so remarkable a likeness to the repose of faith — that follows, when the conflict of theories and doubts has subsided into ever so cold and barren a system of negative belief. Those who recall the language of Comte himself, or of both his English interpreters, Lewes and Miss Martineau, will remember the almost fervent and grateful way in which they speak of this resolution of the spiritual conflict of our times. As a mental phenomenon, we think it deserves the attention of Christian philosophers. We do not for a moment compare it with the victories of faith, and the calmness of a filial trust; yet it is a mood of mind as much above the selfish cravings and hopes and doubts and fears that too often beset the religious life, as it is below the glorious assurance of infinite holiness and love as attributes of a living God.

We cannot certainly commend this volume as a sound manual of instruction in theology or philosophy. But as a faithful review of the present grounds of investigation, and as an earnest, able, and eloquent expression of those questions that move the deepest thought of the time, — all the more valuable for the consistent fearlessness which presents them in full array, and in all their mutual bearings and connections, — we think it well deserves the attention of the curious, and the refutation of those who would plant their faith impregnably in the restless and bold intelligence of the present day.

The letters of Félix Pécant* are the ablest and boldest expression of the liberal movement now going on so vigorously in the Protestant Church of France. His position in regard to orthodoxy is substantially that of Jowett, Williams, and Temple in the English Church, and it is defended with a sufficiency of learning, an abundance of ingenuity, and a spirit as free as it is earnest and reverent. The arguments of those who defend the infallibility of the Bible, and the

* Le Christ et la Conscience. Lettres à un Pasteur sur l'Autorité de la Bible et celle de Jésus-Christ. Par Félix Pécant. Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1859. 12mo. pp. 451.

absolute perfection of Christ, are stated with a force and candor of which none may complain; and in the refutation which meets them, there is no appearance of levity or injustice. M. Pécant has taken his position slowly, reluctantly, but deliberately. He has cut loose from traditional orthodoxy only so far as the stress of truth has compelled him. His careful study of the Bible has brought him to see that the letter of this can never be a final authority in matters of faith; and he is constrained to believe that the conception which the Church has held concerning the character and work of Jesus, is not according to the Scriptural account of Jesus. While he admits that the son of Mary was the best of men, the finest of all souls of whom history leaves us the witness, he denies that the holiness of Jesus was in any sense of a supernatural kind, or that it has the marks of an absolute and unquestionable perfection. He points out what seem to him facts in the life of the Saviour inconsistent with this theory of essential sinlessness. Jesus, he thinks, believed himself to be, and intended to be received as, the promised Jewish Messiah, and encouraged by his word those ideas of his followers, and of the early Church, about his near second-coming. In common with the Evangelists, he misunderstood the ancient prophecies, applying to himself what could have only a rhetorical application. In regard to miracles, M. Pécant reserves his opinion, except so far as to say, that in no case can they be the foundation of enlightened spiritual faith, and that many of the recorded cases will not stand the test of criticism. From many of his conclusions we dissent, though with much of his reasoning we are compelled to sympathize. We have read the volume with great interest, enchanted by the sincerity and the pathos of its tone, and by a style which is at once rich and masculine. Such a book will make its mark upon the theology of France. And many who reject and regret its bold negations, will rejoice in and profit by its profound affirmations. The author is strong in the confidence that he utters the opinions and doubts of a great multitude within the Church who have waited long for such an expression.

As a whole, the sermons of this second volume of M. Colani * are not quite equal to those of the previous volume. Some of the views are crude, and some opinions are ventured which a sound criticism will not justify. Yet still the volume is remarkable for originality, both in thought and expression, for freedom, earnestness, and a certain subdued, but real eloquence. The topics, partly biographical, are such as illustrate the advanced position which as a theologian Colani dares to take and is able to maintain. It is cheering and auspicious that an audience can be found in the Protestant Church of France for sentiments so entirely in harmony with our Unitarian Christianity. These sermons, both the first and second series, ought to appear in an English dress, which they can wear with scarcely any loss of grace or force. We

* Nouveaux Sermons par T. Colani, Directeur de la Revue de Théologie. Strasbourg et Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz. 1860. 12mo. pp. 305.

regret that Dr. Davison could not find in England sufficient encouragement to publish his translation of the first series, and can only express the hope that, if such a translation should be made on this side of the Atlantic, it may find a publisher. An occasional translation, too, of one of these discourses, may, as we have had occasion to know, agreeably vary the ordinary routine of pulpit ministrations.

No one can deny that Cherbuliez is a most liberal publisher. The bane and the antidote follow each other in rapid succession from his enterprising house. The Unitarian sermons of Coquerel herald the orthodox sermons of Bouvier,* and the orthodox treatises of Bungener prepare the way for the rationalistic speculations of Pécant. A. Bouvier, the son of a distinguished father, has inherited an easy style and a talent for effective preaching, without the liberal opinions which might have been expected in such a stock. His sermons are well constructed, but their orthodoxy is bold, unimpeachable, and confident. He believes in the literal fall of Adam, and finds the third person of the Godhead, like Mr. Bickersteth, in every part of the Bible where the Spirit of God is mentioned. His critical views are of the crudest kind, and his philosophy of salvation would quite satisfy average New England Calvinism. We have no fear that such superficial theology as this of M. Bouvier will overthrow the liberal Church of Geneva, or undo the work that a century of free thought has accomplished for the Protestantism of that city. M. d'Aubigné must find stronger coadjutors if he would accomplish his purpose of restoring the old divinity in the home of Calvin. One sermon of Colani, for truth, insight, and profoundly spiritual tone, is worth all the rhetoric of this volume of Bouvier, with all its fine pictures and specious pleas. It is melancholy to see such force of expression wasted on such poor material of thought.

The exquisite style of Madame Bourdon's † illustrations of the Beatitudes is by no means their only merit. Though their tone and spirit are intensely Catholic, there is in them a sweet and gracious temper which disarms criticism and prevents the antagonism of a Protestant reader. The plan is a good one. Each Beatitude is made to appear through the medium of a tale, and is stated in words only at the conclusion of the story. The order is slightly changed, and in one or two of the stories, as it seems to us, the resulting moral would be other than the assigned Beatitude. There is, however, accuracy enough and variety enough to satisfy any reasonable demand. Some of the tales are historical, others are facts of the author's own knowledge, and all are professedly accounts of what has actually happened. There are tales of endurance, of martyrdom, of faith and charity, of life in the early Christian ages, and of Christian life in the present age. The most objectionable, in our view, is that which illustrates the blessing of

* Sermons par A. Bouvier, Pasteur. Genève et Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1860. 12mo. pp. 335.

† Les Béatitudes, ou la Science du Bonheur. Par Madame Bourdon (Matilde Froment), Auteur de la Vie Réelle. Paris: Ambroise Bray. 1859. 16mo. pp. 240.

"Hunger and thirst after righteousness," in which a Jewish heiress is made to desert her ancestral faith, to give her fortune to the Church, and to become a nun in the most unnatural and unnecessary way.

ALL religious works which emanate from any "Southern publishing house" are sure to be orthodox according to the strictest pattern. In that region a cruel, a vindictive, a partial, and an awful God is absolutely necessary to uphold the social custom and satisfy the general demand. Liberal Christianity is dangerous in its tendencies, and the doctrines of "grace" and damnation alone can be "comfortable." Mr. Dayton is one of the exemplary Christian reasoners of the Southern section of our land. It is his pleasing task to write down and argue down any form of scepticism, unbelief, neology, or liberalism. The narrowest type of Baptist Gospel is to him the sole method of salvation. In the volume before us,* he argues with an intelligent infidel, and though he tries hard to pervert the language of this infidel, and so arranges the discussion that the infidel shall get converted at last, yet we think four out of five unprejudiced readers would say that, even by Mr. Dayton's own showing, the infidel had the best of the argument. According to stress of logic, the Christian ought to have been converted to infidelity; and, barring the dulness of the production, the work would have more influence in raising doubts about the existence of God, and about revelation, than in silencing them. It is dangerous for our Baptist friends to publish volumes which state the case so strongly on the infidel side, unless they can furnish a better reply than this of Mr. Dayton.

The last third of the volume is specially devoted to Universalism, with an incidental notice of Spiritism. The arguments here are not new, and are certainly not convincing. The "*aionios*" question is treated in a most unscholarlike way; and though the Greek concordance is brought in and examined, it is quite evident that the good Pastor Clayton has no critical knowledge of the Greek language. The Devil, of course, is defended. All Southern preachers are ready to give the Devil his due; and this is in praise of their honesty. The intention of the writer of this book seems to be honest. He evidently believes that he is right, that his view of God is the correct one, and that in stating it as he has here done, he renders the cause of God, if not the cause of truth, a valuable and timely service. The language which he uses is moderate, — never intense, and never abusive. He has no horror at infidelity, and appreciates the feeling that leads men to doubt. But he is not wise enough, or strong enough, or brave enough, to meet doubts as they must be met in this nineteenth century. When will these orthodox writers understand that infidelity now is not to be put down by a reiteration of the old arguments from Paley and the letter of the English Scripture, which have been so many times met and shown to be inadequate?

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* Emma Livingston, the Infidel's Daughter: or, Conversations upon Atheism. Infidelity, and Universalism. By A. C. DAYTON, Author of "Theodosia," "Ernest," &c., &c. Nashville, Tenn.: Graves, Marks, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 371.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

We can only speak briefly, at this time, of the second volume of Dr. Palfrey's History,* which is just now published. If the brook were not the source of one of the deepest and broadest of rivers, it would be impossible to give more than superficial interest to the annals of early New England. This has been said by a thousand orators in a thousand ways. It is true of the history of the first emigrants even, and when the historian deals no longer with those adventurous, scholarly, and even chivalrous men, but with their children of the first American generation, settled in business, indifferently taught, and careless of the elegances of the feudalism which they had disowned, his task is all the harder. We confess that our sense of the difficulty of this task — a difficulty so great that it has not been met, and has been scarcely attempted, in two centuries — was so decided, that we doubted if it were worth Dr. Palfrey's while to cope with it. Before he wrote his first volume, we knew that that was possible and necessary. But we doubted so far whether the second was possible, as to doubt whether the attempt for it were necessary.

The difficulty is this. In 1642, when this volume begins, here were say thirty thousand people scattered broadcast over New England, and here their numbers doubled perhaps in the next twenty years. In these twenty years England was so far convulsed with civil war as to let them alone. They were busy themselves in trapping beaver, cutting masts and clapboards, building houses and ships, and learning to cook and to like Indian meal. In their lives there must have been romance and excitement, for they were men and women. But if they had met yearly at the altar, and sworn that they would willingly leave no shred of detail of the adventure or novelty of their lives behind them, — that, if they could help it, their descendants should learn nothing of the impressions which wilderness life, pioneer excitement, the new climate, and new flora of a new world made on them, — they could not have succeeded better than they did in concealing from posterity the peculiarities of their position. Of such men, who seem to have wished to die forgotten by their descendants, is it worth while to attempt the history? Almost any county in New England to-day contains as many men and women. In almost any county there are many more men and women of thought, of enterprise, and of depth of feeling. Yet he would be a bold man who should undertake to write a valuable volume from the local history of the last twenty years of any such county. Why give more pains to the scattered wrecks of information which we have regarding the lives of the fathers of the first generation after the settlement of New England?

To all such doubt the new volume is a very triumphant answer. In spite of the desperate reticency of the fathers as to their home-life, — a reticency which lingers in New England character to this day, and

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* History of New England. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 640.

blunts the interest of almost every New England newspaper and chronicle, — in spite of this, in contempt of the fathers' vow of secrecy, Dr. Palfrey drags out from every corner which their watchfulness neglected bits of material for a fascinating sketch of their manners and customs. He is obliged to guess that they lived in log-cabins like ours, when they built of logs. If we remember rightly, no letter or journal of the day gives a hint as to the method of building a log-cabin. But this is his only guess. As to amusements, work, worship, instruction, trade, and manners generally, he wrings from the most reluctant generation of modern history its involuntary confession as to what men, women, and children were, thought, said, and did. The opening chapter of this volume is the American parallel to Macaulay's English chapter of manners and customs. That celebrated chapter has been preposterously pecked at, and its flaws have been industriously detected. But it is still a triumphant vindication of modern history from the accusations most frequent. Dr. Palfrey's chapter on our manners and customs in the first generation well deserves to be mentioned at its side.

Now, let us grant that the rising set of Mathers, Dudleys, Hills, and Sewalls were second-rate, not to say third-rate men. Let us grant that they were so happy that their history came very near being unwritten. None the less were they the men by whose hands the great web of republican government was to be woven. And the result of the weaving, the success of the great experiment, has been a thousand times the more valuable, because the men who wove were not men of genius, but only men who believed in God and meant to do his will. It needs very little of history to teach us that men of genius are never worse employed than when they are creating constitutions. The practical talent which understands human nature, even in its most stupid forms, and sympathizes with it at the same time, is a much more reliable constitution-maker. It has no razor to cut blocks with, and the blocks get cut therefore. It has no fine arts in its cookery, and therefore does not eat its mutton cold. Thus much is due to the generation which followed the planters of New England, — to say that, if they could not write poems, or memoirs, or diaries, not even sermons that could be read, or letters that told anything to posterity, they could build up states, and create government out of nothing. That they did, and the world has to thank them for it.

And, as those twenty years ebbed by, it began to prove in England, that, unless they succeeded in this business here, nobody was going to succeed in it anywhere! The Commonwealth of England was becoming an autocracy. One set of men was establishing that Commonwealth and our Commonwealths. On this side they settled the rights and duties of "selectmen" and "church-members," — then they were recrossing the ocean — O how slow the voyage must have been to such men! — to storm Drogheda, to advise Cromwell, or to give him check when the time came. As the twenty years passed, these men's hands proved to be too full. After all, England must try the Stuarts for twenty years more! But for all that, they did not mean to give up New England. How they held one, and how they lost the other, is the story of that gen-

eration. It is not merely trade in peltry, or the settling of province lines, — it is the policy wholly intertwisted of the Puritanism of the Old World and of the New.

The volume before us begins with the Confederation of the four Colonies in 1642, and ends with the dispersion from Boston, in 1667, of the royal Commissioners, involving the defeat of Lord Clarendon's attempt to bring the New England Colonies into subjection. During this period there was more emigration from New England to Old, than from Old to New. England had paid in her whole investment, and for the future was to receive her dividends. The great distinction of Dr. Palfrey's History is, that he does not pretend to write one half of this history without the other. As well write the history of Kanzas for the last six years without telling the story of the politics of the United States for the same time. So in his Old World chapters and those of the New World, the titles interlace with each other as diverse, yet as critical, titles as these: "Downfall of the British Monarchy;" "Conversion of the Indians;" "Settlements on Narragansett Bay;" — the last, as our Rhode Island friends are fond of persuading themselves, ultimately of the most importance to the world of the whole.

Not only is the constant reference to the story of England's life necessary to the truth of history; it is a great relief to the narrative, else necessarily so heavy, of the politics of Piscataqua and Muddy River, of the west line of Rhode Island, or even of the more widely celebrated controversies with Stuyvesant. Dr. Palfrey avails himself of this resource with artistic skill; — and yet he is so loyal to his ancestry and to his home theme, that he will not thank us for insinuating that it required either foil or illumination. But the truth is, that these two important decades of our history, which have been generally left to drop unstudied, now assume, in consequence of such management, a general interest. These are no longer annals. The subject rises to the dignity of history, so soon as we see that these men had a policy all interwoven with the policy of the most critical period of modern times. To trace along that policy, to illustrate their successes and reverses as they follow, is the agreeable duty, admirably performed, of this historian.

We are more tantalized than satisfied with the volumes of Michelet's protracted history, as they come at intervals of about a year from his hot brain and busy hand. Nothing can be finer in their way, than some of the earlier chapters of his work, where the poetry, mystery, and passion of the Middle Age supplied the warp and woof of his brilliant page. Gregory VII. and Innocent III., the fate of the Maid of Orleans, the pathetic tale of the siege of Dinant, and "The Passion as a Principle of Art in the Middle Age," are among the ineffaceable and most living pictures that any historian has contributed to the vast gallery of the Past. When he had brought his narrative down to the threshold of the great events that have made the modern world, and passed from 1470 to 1789, — anticipating the showy but dreary drama of the intervening centuries by their tragical consummation, — there was something in his reading of the popular heart, and sympathy with the revolutionary

passion of that epoch, especially in his detailed picture of events in the country at large, away from the glare and noise of the capital, which made us feel as if we were reading of those events for the first time, — a story which Thiers, and Alison, and even Carlyle, had left only half told. To a singular degree, Michelet writes as an eyewitness of the events he relates. His story reads as independent testimony, given at first hand. It has the merits and defects of contemporaneous writing. It has the passion, the partial view, the heat, the lack of finish, — and along with these, those singular touches which make one feel as if he had laid his own finger on the very throbbing of the pulse of the life he registers. And now that in completion of his plan he returns upon the age which he had left, these merits and defects are combined in a result a good deal less satisfactory than before. Then we were content with the vague outline, and were satisfied to take a picture in shade and color in lieu of a clear and comprehensive plan. In the stately middle period of the French monarchy, we want something different or something more.

The volume last received * is the seventh of the series on this middle period. The six preceding it bear the following titles: The Renaissance; The Reform; Religious Wars; The League and Henry IV.; Henry IV. and Richelieu; Richelieu and the Fronde. A glance at these titles shows the extraordinary abundance and splendor of the material gathered into that period of struggle and change. And when we recall the events amidst which that stormy part of the annals of France was passed, — the Reformation, the great discoveries, the Italian wars, the rise of the Dutch Republic, and the Thirty Years' War in Germany, all which make part of the narrative here, — we have enough to lead us with eager interest and curiosity to listen to one who has lived so near the times he describes, "breast-deep in archives for twenty years."

We have endeavored to indicate something of the faults and merits which run through this brilliant presentation of them. The merit of impartiality as an historian Michelet rejects and disdains. He professes to be a partisan, — to be always "partial for liberty against despotism, and for right against wrong." And it is a little curious to have to correct the cold-blooded vindication of French policy under Richelieu by the Englishman Buckle, who cites facts as an advocate, and suppresses whole classes of them that tell against his argument, with the plainer speech of this ultra-Frenchman, who can never pardon the crime against French Protestants, and who passionately tells the story of their wrongs. The interest in his volumes is in fact the interest of a contemporary pamphlet. We cannot rely upon them for either the fulness, breadth, or balance we expect in a history of so grave proportions. He complains of the lack of space, and that he must crowd half a century into a single thin octavo. But of his three hundred pages perhaps fifty will be taken up with some court intrigue, of which the reader hardly

* Histoire de France au XVII. Siècle. Louis XIV. et la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot.

sees the slender connection with the plot, or with some criminal process, or a full-length picture of some horrid popular superstition, very curious as illustration, but out of all proportion in a history of the time. This passion for covering new ground and telling new things is a natural exaggeration, and a very useful one in an original contributor to history; but the reader needs to get his larger and clearer knowledge from other sources. Here he will find only studies and single groups. It is in these that Michelet holds a place altogether his own. Some glimpse is given of an obscure or forgotten fact, some side light is thrown upon the motive or character of an actor, some abyss of horror or revelation of nobleness is opened to us a little way, which puts the life of the period in a new glare of light, and we feel as if we saw it now for the first time. These are just the merits and defects of contemporary evidence, to which we cannot avoid comparing this work almost constantly. Examples of what we mean are the account of the mustering for the Thirty Years' War, the chapter on the Armada, the details of St. Bartholomew, and the character of Coligny, the Protestant sanctuary of Geneva and its heroic missions, the trials for sorcery, and, in the present volume, the native and foreign parties in Holland, the feud of the families DeWitt and Orange, and the prisons, galleys, and hospitals under the false brilliancy of the monarchy of France.

The general purpose of this volume is to exhibit the "drift of the entire century" in France towards the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The more general aspects of that great public crime are sufficiently familiar to all readers. Indeed, so is the memory of a great crime branded upon the life of nations, that we read even now of "a large colony" in the eastern districts of London, of descendants from the Huguenot refugees, whose "dark eyes and foreign features still attest their Gallic origin," and who at this moment are the chief sufferers by the new commercial policy of the French sovereign. But the miseries of that emigration, and of the horrors sanctioned by the government of Louis XIV. have never, we think, been so vividly told as here. We copy the following paragraph: "The emigrant of 1793 wished to save his life; that of 1685 wished to save his conscience. The flight of the Protestants is a voluntary thing. It is an act of loyalty and sincerity; it is the horror of falsehood; it is reverence for the word. It is to the glory of human nature that so great a number of men, in order *not to lie*, sacrificed all, — passed from wealth to beggary, — hazarded life and family in the perilous adventures of so difficult a flight. Men have seen in them obstinate sectaries. I see in them men of honor, who through all the earth have shown what was the *élite* of France." (pp. 351, 352.) Among the pitiful and shocking incidents of the brutal campaign against these men, we cite only this beautiful and touching fact: "A child of four or five years, put in the convent by its Catholic mother, retains eight years the fixed desire to return to its Protestant father. Another of nine years remains faithful to its Protestant mother; though carried away several times, it still resists. Such is the instinctive nobleness, the innate generosity, of the human heart. The child, constituted by the insensate authorities judge in the family, judged that the truth must

be where he saw the martyrdom." (pp. 338, 339.) And again, after narrating some of the horrors of the dragonnades, the furious persecution of the Vaudois, and the ravaging of the Palatinate: "*Memento.* It would be a thing too convenient for tyrants if history spared them these hideous remembrances. The delicate, perhaps the selfish, will say, Spare us these details. Paint us this in grand features, nobly, conventionally. You disturb our nerves. To which we will reply, So much the better if you suffer, — if your icy soul at length feels something. The public indifference, the swift forgetfulness, is the curse which perpetuates and renews the wrong. Suffer, and forget not." (p. 376.)

Having recently had to notice the first issue of what promises to be the most brilliant and ablest history in English of the French nation, we are glad to renew our acquaintance with one who has narrowly missed being its finest native historian. If we seek a narrative, large, consecutive, and complete, we believe that Michelet yields the rank to Martin; the vast proportions of whose work promise the completest exhibition to be found of that more than fourteen centuries' nationality.

We have already called attention, very briefly, to the Memoir of an excellent and admirable man,* whom we wish to see more widely known in this country. The name of the Rev. George Armstrong, of Bristol, is familiar in particular associations, and to certain classes. He was known pretty extensively as a vigorous controversialist in theology, and especially as one of the most vehement of the denouncers of American Slavery. But to those who did not know him personally, this volume will be a fresh and very delightful revelation of the man. It is an excellent specimen of religious biography. Of private letters, journals, and utterances of devout affection, or of personal loves and sorrows, enough is given to let us see his whole mind and heart, — as far as strangers may; while enough of the varied and outward incidents of biography are given, to furnish a narrative far exceeding in interest the great majority of such productions.

Both the circumstances and the character of the man account for this. Mr. Armstrong inherited, along with his Irish blood, the warmth of temperament, the positive tone of thinking, the gift of strong and impetuous utterance, which we connect with the land of his birth. Receiving a generous education at the College in Dublin, and with a mind so liberal already, that, while a clergyman in orders in his native Church, he both subscribed for and read a Unitarian magazine, he was won by Channing's Baltimore sermon to pass at a single step into the ranks of Unitarian dissent. The warm, glad, and grateful faith in scriptural Unitarianism which never flagged or abated, and the fervor of his gratitude and admiration towards Channing himself, are prominent and very pleasing traits in this Memoir. An interval of a few years — from 1833 to 1837 — passed before Mr. Armstrong, now forty-five years old, took the position in his new communion which he held to the end of his

* A Memoir of the late Rev. George Armstrong. By Robert Henderson. London: Edward T. Whitfield.

life. His admirable qualities as preacher and pastor seem to have made themselves felt at once, as soon as he embarked once more in the profession of his youth, and he continued for twenty years one of the most prominent, honored, and beloved among the Unitarian ministers of England.

Among the most charming features of the volume are the illustrations given of Mr. Armstrong's tender and devout love of nature, delightful glimpses of the English scenery amidst which he dwelt, his enthusiastic yet simply truthful recognition and criticism of religious art, and the confiding and intimate tone of his relations both as Christian pastor and as personal friend. But perhaps the most striking and characteristic mark of the man, is his distinct brave acceptance of Politics into the domain of practical Religion. In defending his own interest in the Corn-Law agitation of 1841, he speaks thus: —

"All that morality, and with it religion, insists upon is, that for the due discharge of an act the most momentous in which a member of society can engage, — his vote or other support, — he previously take all proper means of enlightening his understanding, and, having so done, to suffer no personal considerations whatever to sway him in the giving effect to the opinion he has formed.

"Here, then, properly and ordinarily, the connection of politics with religion ceases.

"But it cannot fail to be observed that, occasionally, some prominent subjects will start up, when the connection cannot be so easily dissolved. I need name only slavery, war, and religious persecution under the sanction of law. The Society of Friends every year protests against war. Dissenters of every description especially, by the combined and energetic demonstrations, contributed very essentially to the overthrow of slavery throughout the British dominions; while it will be superfluous to remark on the struggles which for so lengthened a period of time, and finally with so large a measure of success, engaged the best efforts of those bodies whose interests were involved in purging legislation of the crime of religious persecution." (pp. 135, 136.)

With this extract, illustrating somewhat the character of the man and his work, we close this brief notice, too long deferred, of one of those noble English champions of independence in thought and freedom in the state, whom our generation should be glad to honor.

CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

It was a worthy custom of old, for the candidate for academic honors to present some proof, in the shape of dissertation, treatise, or address, of his fitness to wear the learned laurel. We are glad to record a revival of this usage in the case of the two new Greek Professors at Cambridge, who have given each an evidence of his special competency, in a work well sustaining the cherished fame of our ancient University.

The modest title of "Glossary" hardly does justice to the amount of industry, scholarship, and curious erudition which Professor Sophocles has embodied in his recent "Communication" to the American Acad-

emy.* The title, we suppose, signifies that we are to look here only for a register of words and their uses; while for the more intricate questions of philology, inflection, and grammatical construction, we have still to consult the standard Lexicons of the Hellenic tongue. Properly the work consists of two parts. The Introduction covers about a hundred and fifty quarto pages of history and dissertation, and is an independent work of great value. The "Glossary" proper fills more than three times that bulk. It assumes to give "whatever is peculiar to the language of the Roman and Byzantine periods," — that is to say, "such words, meanings, phrases, and idioms as occur for the first time in later writers, from *Polybius* [who died B. C. 129] to *Scylitzes* [who died A. D. 1081], including the Septuagint version of the Old Testament," and is followed by an Appendix of the earlier Modern Greek words.

The Introduction shows how the Attic dialect supplanted all the others, and became, as early as the third century of our era, the sole recognized type of the language; and traces its development through the Alexandrian, Byzantine, and Turkish periods. It then exhibits the various foreign elements which crept in, — Persian, Semitic, Gallic (or Keltic), Latin, Teutonic, Hunnic (or Tatar), and Slavic; the changes in rhythm and the gradual use of rhyme (of which traces occur in the choruses of Sophocles)†; and the grammatical forms and usages peculiar to the later tongue. The most important epochs affecting the language were the Roman Conquest (B. C. 146); the removal of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople (A. D. 330); and the taking of the latter city by the Crusaders (A. D. 1202), and by the Turks (A. D. 1453). While in one sense Greek has continued to be a spoken tongue from Homer's day to ours, and the fashion at Athens now is to restore old names and phrases, — while we hear of the revived Olympic games, and read the old familiar words on modern maps, and find no more difficulty in a newspaper printed at Athens or Corfu, than in a page of Herodotus or Plutarch, — in point of fact the changes are many and curious. So that all along we observe two tendencies; — that which affected the purism of classic Greek, (mingled more or less with the phrases and ideas of Christianity, and corresponding nearly with mediæval Latin,) such as we find in the ecclesiastics and historians of the Lower Empire; and that inevitable modification of time and conquest which at length wrought out virtually another tongue, differing in idiom, rhythm, and grammatical construction so widely as Romaic from Hellenic. The extremes of these tendencies are represented on the one hand by the descendants of the Latin conquerors of the thirteenth century, who "discovered heresy and schism even in the Greek characters, in consequence of which curious discovery they generally wrote (that is, such of them as could write at all,) their vernacular tongue in Italian characters;" and on the other, by those Byzantine pedants who assume "that everything written in Greek characters is to be derived from the

* A Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek, forming Vol. VII. (New Series) of the Memoirs of the American Academy. By E. A. Sophocles. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co. 4to. pp. 624.

† The earliest Greek poem in rhyme was published at Rhodes, A. D. 1498.

Greek," — who find in the modern Persic name of the *ass* (ἀείδαρος) his unlucky fate to be always cudgelled (ἀεὶ δέρεσθαι.) or his mulish way of planting his feet on the ground (γῆν δέρειν), and who derive the Greek for *sausage* (λουκάνικον) from Luke the Evangelist, because swine are slain in the Archipelago about St. Luke's day.

Most scholars are familiar with the Hebrew words appearing in the Greek and English Testaments, and easily recognize the Greek words that have found their way into the Book of Daniel and the Odes of Horace. As long as a language is organized in living tissues, it suffers a change as of *endosmosis* from simple contact with other tongues; and purists protest in vain against the infiltration of strange elements. In running our eye over the Glossary which Professor Sophocles has so laboriously prepared, we find many curious instances. The most frequent and obvious is the adoption of Latin words and phrases, chiefly official, and the reader is delighted to see old friends in new and rather troublesome disguises, as κουαίστωρ, ἰμπεράτωρ, ῥαίκτωρ, πάτρων, σενάτωρ, κουράτωρ, and μαΐστωρ; he finds that the conquerors brought with them the meaning of ἰνστιτουτίων and κομμέρκιον; that when turned Greeks, they still spoke in Roman phrase of their μαϊώρης, and cherished the οὐετέρεμ μεμορίαμ of the republic; that the ἐξέρκιτος (whether ἐξτράνεοι or ἐξπεδίτοι) still followed its δούξ, marched in κοόρτης, and raised its σίγνον, and entrenched its κάστρα, while the sailors hoisted the ἀλφὸν βῆλον (album velum); that in the forum (φόρος) one might still hear discussed the ἀννώνα, and the δατά of ταξατίων on δομέστικα φάβριξ; that the law-courts still listened to the δηλάτωρ and the δεφενσίων, and judged of the τεστάτωρ and the φουρκίφερ; and that the youngest hope of the φαμιλία still bore the tender name of ἴμφανς. These are simply cases of change in alphabet, and illustrate that part of the Roman habit which remained unchanged.

Another example is of what we should take to be a sort of *euphuism* in the use of old vocables under new forms or senses, as ἀμνηστία for *forgetfulness* and also *pardon* (a sense as old as Plutarch), and λυπέω in the sense of *pity*. A large part of the Glossary is taken up with similar modifications of form or meaning. Then, as we verge towards the modern era, we notice the gradual alterations of syntax, after the analogy of other modern tongues, as where θέλω governs a direct accusative, and μετὰ τοῦ is used instead of the dative of instrument. These changes are fully exhibited in the Introduction. Sometimes a word is drawn queerly from its native sense, into some special use, — as ἄλογον (brute), which has quite displaced ἵππος in popular parlance, and μυῖα (*fly*, signifying the bolt or dart shot from an engine) has given us, being interpreted, the Italian *moschetto*, and the English *musket*. Sometimes a word suggests a choice bit of etymology, — unsuspected cousinships among the tongues; as γούνα (a fur robe) gives us the plain English *gown;* and we find, following from its Armenian source, that the *apricot* (early ripe) is a transmutation of *præcox*, πραικόκιον; the Oriental κάλπις suggests the Occidental *gallop;* and the Hellenic naturalist needs no translation of the great herds of our western βίσσων. Of modern words, with a mere fig-leaf of Greek orthography, are βούκλα (*buckle*),

σεργέντιος (*sergeant*), γαρδία (*guard*), γαρσονιστάσιον (station of a servant or *garçon*), σκλάβος (*slave*), and κουγκέστα (*conquest*); with the Latin words βῖνον (*wine*), and βινεάριοι (*vineyards*), which seem to have quite crowded out the native forms of speech. To these we may add καφητήριον (*coffee-house*), and καπνοπωλεῖον (*cigar-shop*), i. e. where smoke is vended.

Occasionally a curious custom or superstition comes to light, as in the word πομπή (in its new sense of *disgrace*), since "the most popular mode of disgracing a man of rank was to put him him on an ass with his back towards the head of the animal, and make him hold the tail by way of bridle"; and in the word ψοφῶ, *to perish* or *die* (like a brute), used by low people with reference to all the unbaptized races, "it being regarded by them as a species of blasphemy to say ἀπέθανε ὁ Τοῦρκος, and the like;" and in the use of ῥιπίδιον (*fly-brush*), which, being of constant service to protect the Eucharist from those troublesome creatures, came to have the mystic signification of *angel's wing*, possibly, to guard the elect from the assault of Beelzebub, the demon-god of flies. While a more formidable superstition is recorded under the word στοιχεῖον, the *genius loci* (such as Virgil describes under the form of a serpent, Æn. VII. 85 *) to which "builders used to bury human beings alive under every important structure, as a propitiatory sacrifice," a crime for which the builder "was required to make three hundred genuflexions each day for twelve years by way of penance." This cruel superstition, of which we find proof also among the Hebrews in the case of that rebuilder of Jericho, who "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gate thereof in his youngest son Segub." (1 Kings, xvi. 34,) is illustrated by a curious poem in Modern Greek (Glossary, p. 613), on the lovely bride whom a master-builder thus buried under the pier of a bridge.

Church customs and (no doubt) popular preachers have contributed a large number of fresh significations, as οἰκονομία in the sense of *alms*, πάρεδρος a *familiar* (dæmon), ἀπομύρισμα, *odor of sanctity* (the liquid exudation from sacred bones), τὸ ἁγιαθόν, the *eucharist*, σῶμα, the *real presence* in the same, ἀνέσπερος ἡμέρα (*without evening*) for *day of judgment*, ἐνδουλγεντία, which needs no interpreting, and the convenient imprecation in the word θεοβύθιστος, "whom may God send to the bottom." A complete chapter of archæology is given under the word λειτουργία; and under μερίς we find the following, of "the portions of bread set apart by the priest, at the Eucharist, in honor of the saints. They are nine in number, the first of which is sacred to the Deipara, the second to John the Forerunner (Baptist), the third to the Prophets and the Apostles, the fourth to the great Teachers of the Church, the fifth to the Martyrs, the sixth to the Anchorites, the seventh to the Ἀνάργυροι [certain sainted healers of the sick,] the eighth to Joakim and Anna, the parents of the Deipara, the ninth to Chrysostom or Basil, according as the liturgy of the former or of the latter is used. In addition to these, there are μερίδες for the spiritual and everlasting good of all orthodox Christians, both living and dead."

* The Glossary cites *Sophocles*, Philoct. 1328, and *Herodotus*, VIII. 41.

We have indicated some of the points of curiosity and interest in this noble and handsome volume. Of course, its chief value must be for special students, and its readers will be few. Yet the whole world of letters should acknowledge, as a public service, so much of diligent and scholarly toil bestowed as a labor of love, to aid the progress of sound learning, and contribute to our means of acquaintance with that tongue, which is at once the chief marvel and the most illustrious monument of the human faculty of speech.

THE monograph published * by Professor Goodwin we have examined with peculiar satisfaction. It is altogether the handsomest specimen of the printer's art we have ever seen for a book of the kind, — in all externals, elegant enough for the most fastidious. Nor will any one be likely to complain that substance has been sacrificed for show. It is, indeed, a complete and exhaustive treatise upon its special topic, and that one of primary importance. Formerly it was considered enough if the pupil found in the grammars full paradigms, and in syntax a tolerably complete statement of the relations and dependence of cases. Of the philosophy and internal structure of the Greek language, — of radicals and their use in the formation of that marvellously copious vocabulary, — and especially of the verb, a familiar acquaintance with which is so essential to any due appreciation of the richness, flexibility, and infinite variety and strength of the Attic tongue, — of all this comparatively nothing was taught. But no teacher or scholar can hereafter be excusable for ignorance. Mr. Goodwin has given us the best results of his German training in patient fidelity to details, and of his own sound scholarship and careful thought in the rigid method, and clearness, and accuracy of statement, which mark the work throughout.

The general plan and arrangement are excellent, and the working up of details exact and complete. We have, indeed, occasionally thought, in examining the treatment of special topics, — for example, in the discussion of the *oratio obliqua* (§§ 13, 15, 21, 70, 73, etc.), — that it would be better if the whole subject were developed under a single head, so as to give a connected view of it in all its bearings. Still, as this is not a text-book for the inexperienced learner, but a book of reference for students already familiar with more elementary treatises, it is doubtless better to adhere strictly to the carefully matured plan.

We have been much pleased, too, with the clear and well-chosen language used throughout the book, so different from the vague form of words under which the meaning is often concealed in similar works. A rule need seldom be read more than once to catch its purport. Mr. Goodwin's skill is especially seen in the ease with which, in a few neatly-worded sentences, he disentangles the intricacies of some difficult subject, and makes all plain. We would especially refer to his treatment of the important subject of the aorist, the particle ἄν, indirect quotations and indirect questions, conditional sentences, and the use of the optative.

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* Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb. By W. W. GOODWIN, Ph. D. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1860.

The work is unusually rich in illustrative examples drawn from a large variety of authors. This is a very important feature; for it requires much judgment and care to select such examples as shall at once most aptly and most variously illustrate the several principles. We have found them in all cases judiciously chosen, and in most cases carefully translated, serving as illustrations and models of every kind, both for reading and writing Greek.

To the number of excellent manual Greek Grammars already in use, an addition has been made by Professor Hadley* of Yale College. The merits of it, apparent on a brief examination, are, its extremely neat, compact, and readable style of typography, its clear and admirable arrangement, especially of the paradigms of verbs, the fulness of its treatment of syntax and prosody, and its practice of giving full translations in English of all its Greek citations, which are very numerous. It deals a good deal less with philosophical principles and philological fancies than Crosby's Grammar, which in size and style it most resembles. For purely didactic purposes this seems to us an improvement, though less interesting and suggestive to the advanced scholar. Much to the pupil's convenience and relief of utterance, it adopts λύω as the leading example of verbal inflection; and its arrangement of tense-systems will be found a great help in studying that most subtle and characteristic feature of the tongue. It is "founded on the *Griechische Schulgrammatik* of GEORG CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Kiel"; but embodies, besides, the results of independent study in comparative philology, as well as in the special literature of its subject.

WE have received the sheets of a volume which will add another to the long series of attempts to simplify the pupil's introduction to Latin.† The exercises, alternately in English and Latin, are on the general plan now almost always followed, and space is saved by constant reference to the Grammar most widely accepted as the standard. Lesson I., we think, overlooks the extreme difficulty an ordinary scholar must find in grappling at once with all the roots and inflections of a Latin verb. It assumes, in fact, a groundwork equivalent to at least two weeks' study. With this qualification the plan seems excellent, and the fair, clear page is very attractive. We are glad to find a few samples of lively dialogue among the reading lessons. Corderius and Erasmus have given way too entirely to Julius Cæsar, in the shaping of our first notions of that great dialect. The times will not come round again, when a Scaliger got his wonderful mastery of it as a living tongue, at his father's knee. But something may be done to relieve the leanness and hardness of our school-boy erudition, and we welcome the example given here. The

* A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By JAMES HADLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† A Handbook of Exercises and Reading Lessons in Latin, for Beginners. By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Rector of Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

Notes seem full enough, and aim almost exclusively at familiarity with the grammar. The Vocabulary is uncommonly ample and varied for a work of this class; and calls attention, in bold type, to the most important and familiar English derivations from Latin. A brief account of Cato the elder, and the Life of Hannibal by Cornelius Nepos, with the dialogues we have referred to, make up the reading lessons.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Dr. Krapf's eighteen years' residence in the field of his missionary labor, if constant travel can be called residence, entitles him to speak with authority upon Eastern Africa.* No other of recent explorers has had this advantage. His artless narrative proves him, too, a man singularly enduring, indefatigable, resolute, intrepid, fond of loneliness, exposure, difficulty, strange dialects, and peril of life. Moreover, approaching very near to Anderson's and Livingstone's explorations on the south, and Barth's on the west, he nearly completes our knowledge of this least-visited continent. His discoveries have a wider interest than their relation to English Church Missions. He happens upon traces of a pigmy race, the Dokos, so profoundly savage as to be destitute of disease, of marriage, of clothing, of houses, of weapons, and of government, yet not without some idea of a God. Dr. Krapf's strange view that a nation's degradation helps its reception of the Gospel, did not, however, secure these ant-eaters the advantage of a visit. Next, he encounters thousands of Mohammedans, exceedingly anxious to extirpate Christians, as hostile to their profitable trade in slaves, which they seem to be pursuing with the utmost zeal. And last, his meetings with various friendly tribes superior to the natives of the coast, inhabiting cool, healthful, productive districts, in a semi-civilization, alike promising to commerce and Christianity, make the staple of his instructive volume.

As usual, the accompanying map gives hardly any assistance, having but few of the places with which the narrative makes us acquainted. Kegnia, a mountain perpetually topped with snow, was seen by his associate missionary, November, 1849, thirty-six leagues from the seaport, Mombaz. On his second journey to the Ukambani, the same clergyman slept at the base of this mountain, and saw the snow distinctly by moonlight. Ndsharo, the English of which is Mount of Whiteness, or Libanon, is the name of another snow-mountain, where a native expedition suffered severely with cold, and brought away some silvery earth, which, to their astonishment, melted and ran away. In relation to the real source of the Nile, this snow-mountain lies in the region of Captain Speke's Lake Victoria, and supplies it with water; so that, as far as the missionaries' observations extend, they confirm the recent discovery of the principal supply of the great river of Egypt from this grand lake.

In the immediate establishment of Christian institutions, Dr. Krapf

* Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa. By Rev. J. L. Krapf. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

seems to have generally failed. The Gallas proved hostile. Abessinia (we give his spelling) was closed against his labors. A single convert at his favorite station of Rabbai Mpia, the establishment of connected missionary posts, the distribution of Bibles in the native tongue, the announcement to various chiefs of future Christian missions, seem to be the limit of his effort. Excepting the importance he attaches to a missionary's being married and presenting the picture of a Christian family, Dr. Krapf differs from the more celebrated missionary, Livingstone, in believing that our religion can be propagated without the aid of our civilization. When the Abessinian mission has to be abandoned without any apparent results for many years' labor, he comforts himself with having distributed nearly eight thousand copies of the Scriptures, without any misgiving of their having been employed, as some later traveller has stated, for extemporaneous snuff-boxes.

Dr. Krapf's word sustains the common denial of the Gospel's needing assistance from the civilization it has developed and is perfecting. Dr. Krapf's experience contradicts his printed opinion. Livingstone says expressly, "Sending the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than a man going about with a Bible under his arm," — an exact picture of this eighteen years' unsuccessful laborer. In his valuable contribution to these Travels, Rev. Mr. Rebmann yields the point in question, when he writes that "these tribes, at once sensual and destitute of all the conveniences of life, should have Christianity presented to them not only in sermons and teaching, but realized and embodied. People out here do not believe us when we tell them that our country is so much better cultivated than theirs; that, with us, oxen and cattle are used in the tillage of the soil. Christian families with well-nurtured children, are the tools which are chiefly needed for missionary work in Eastern Africa."

In his second journey to the interior of the country, Ukambani, Dr. Krapf undergoes fearful sufferings. His guides are murdered or dispersed; his provisions are stolen and destroyed; his gun even is broken; his own destruction seems to be certain; he is obliged to fly as well as he can at night, and night after night, alone, amongst wild beasts, with little water, and no food but roots and leaves, under the expectation that the tribe through whom alone he could escape, would make way with him for not protecting their favorite chief, the leader of his party. When even the roar of the lion is music to his ears, and the rustling of the rhinoceros a relief, because they show that water is at hand, and that the savage is far away, we have the most vivid picture language can give of the dread of the uncivilized native felt by the unprotected, civilized foreigner.

INDEFATIGABLE Dr. Bowring's Visit to the Philippine Islands * is chiefly remarkable for exhibiting the Spanish government's imbecility in a particularly glaring light. Inexhaustibly productive as these islands

* A Visit to the Philippine Islands. By SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., F. R. S. London. 1859.

are of the most precious metals, of invaluable gums, of precious woods, of the famous Manilla hemp and equally famous Manilla cheroots, under the most stupid mismanagement these richest island-spots in the known world have nearly run to waste. Protection, monopoly, absurd taxation, perpetual meddling with everything, has made the government an unspeakable nuisance. At one time, a law was in force that no vessel should be permitted to enter from China which did not bring five hundred birds of a species known to wage war upon certain insect pests. The regulation was too absurd ever to be enforced. Not a "shrike" was brought, and yet the commerce went on. Had it been a pair of birds, for which the Spanish officers would pay a handsome sum, the islands would gradually have been supplied. But these antiquated restrictions are gradually giving way; and as a consequence, every year is adding to the commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and population of the Philippines. Part of that wonderful Chinese exodus, caused by over-population, is in this direction. Imperfect at present, because for temporary profit alone, and unattended by women, at no distant day it will put forth unexpected power, to the benefit of two neighboring regions, relieving one of that condition in which population has outgrown the means of comfortable support, and reclaiming in the other vast regions of fertile territory, now condemned to waste their treasures on the barren air.

Mr. Olmstead's "Journey in the Back Country"* is the conclusion of his very valuable series, "Our Slave States." And, whether for interest to the reader or profit to the thinker, it is a worthy companion of the other two volumes upon the Seaboard Slave States and Texas. It renews their charm of pleasant narrative and brisk story-telling, and continues their important instruction in that matter upon which our country so much needs true and discreet teaching from its lovers. Like its predecessors, it proves how the same book may join the amusement of a summer day's reading, and, what is more to the purpose, the weighty stuff of long and earnest thought.

Mr. Olmstead's humor and quick sense of the ludicrous furnish the amusement in his book. His travels lead him among queer people and into many laughable adventures, and he makes the most of them. The reader catches the spirit of the fun, and makes merry with the writer over the mother-wit and uncouth ways and nasal twang of the Captain, Mr. S., and Yazoo. The myriad discomforts and annoyances of travel in an out-of-the-way and semi-barbarous region are all made to turn their funny side out. From the abundant furnishing of the book one might select enough to make a volume of "Laughs for the Long-favored," or "Funny Felicities."

The fun, however, does not take from the serious purpose of the book. It only relieves what indeed were otherwise too grave and sad in the clear presentation of the great evil and wrong, which includes in itself so much of all that is shameful and dangerous to our country.

* A Journey in the Back Country. By Frederick Law Olmstead. New York: Mason Brothers.

It is a presentation not less calm and judicious than clear. It is entirely free from fanatical haste and heat. Somewhat too cold, some may think it, with such incentive to burning words. Such, however, do not fit Mr. Olmstead's plan in this, any more than in the preceding volumes. He wisely leaves them, with the enthusiasm which begets them, where they belong, and are useful or required. Not that it is anywhere doubtful which way his sympathies are, or that the impulse is wanting which might prompt them. His book is all the more powerful because of this reticence from warm-hearted exhortation and hot rebuke. They do not come within his scope, which is to tell a plain story of his experience while travelling in slave territory and collecting damnatory facts of slave economy. And his argument from facts is the needful supplement to the great argument from religious principle, and to the fine persuasions of generous sentiment. With the high conclusions of the ideal Christian practice, it is worth while to join considerations of political and economic practicability. All arguments are suitable here. When one fails, another may apply. Everything is fair in the war with slavery. And the greater modes of attack need not despise the aid of smaller devices against the enemy.

To call the book a destroyer of fallacies, may tell its excellence in a word. Its writer is a man after Mr. Carlyle's own heart, in his quiet stripping off of shams, and his firm belief in the "all-devouring fact." He puts an end to the fraudulent sentimentalisms and affectations which have gathered about this matter of slavery, and make the argument for it seem made up mainly with equal terms of nonsense and iniquity. The assumption of superior refinement and high-breeding arising from "the habit of command" nurtured by it, and of greater hospitality and a finer way of living found in the house of its friends (unless in peculiarly favored circles), is met by the fatal denials of a long and wide contrary experience. And, further and better, that supreme fallacy of slavery as a blessed missionary work of Christianity, finds here the impudent conceit taken out of it by proof of a type of religion prevailing where this great mission spreads its peculiar virtue, hardly more humane and elevating than the heathendom from which it claims to have saved its professors and votaries.

The book needs no recommendation, though it invites a much larger notice and praise than can here be given. It is sure to make its way, or rather to have its way in the good cause, with all the other arguments now brought to bear against American slavery, whether of righteous appeal or of destructive fact.

As a set-off to Mr. Olmstead's keen observation and pleasant story-telling, we have an extremely rose-colored view of a residence in the "Sunny South," * purporting to embrace "Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton." Every *bona fide* contribution of fact is to be welcomed, especially on a matter where judgment is so perplexed by sectional sympathies and political

* The Sunny South; or, The Southerner at Home. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

animosities. The value of these letters depends solely on their being, what they profess to be, the honest record of a real experience. As literary compositions, they are wordy and extravagant trash. But as light, gossipy letters, written veritably amidst the scenes which they describe, they are sufficiently amusing, lively, picturesque, brimful of incidents trifling in themselves, but all the better as illustrating the course of every-day life in a Southern home. Nothing can be more filmily and transparently superficial than its views of things, both what it loves and what it hates; but for just what it pretends to be, — a summer-day surface-picture, by an ardent graduate of some "university for maidens," — we give it greeting in all good-will.

NOVELS AND TALES.

If "Fifth Thousand," prefixed to a volume of sermons, is a satisfactory rejoinder to all exposures of bad scholarship, bad logic, carelessness of statement, and unjust insinuation, much more may the piratical novelist of the Episcopal Church parade the immense sale of his romances as "my answer to my critics." No matter where or how often the inaccuracies and absurdities of these profane travesties of Scripture are brought to the light, — the steady demand is a reason for the fresh supply. Among all its rhetorical recruits, the Episcopal Church has gained no "Professor" whose works can have a reputation or a sale to compare with the works of Professor Ingraham. He has catered for the public taste long enough to know that comparatively few care to read theological arguments, and that the most ingenious recasting of the faith of the early Church will interest a far smaller class than those who demand a more French style of fiction. Instead of fixing upon Origen and Tertullian and Clement and Paul dogmas which they never taught, he prefers to construct anew the language and the lives of more familiar Scripture characters, to adapt Moses and David and Jesus to the wants of the reading public of the nineteenth century; — as he modestly remarks, to "invest with interest" the histories of the Bible, and "to present them to the imagination of the devout reader." He certainly does "invest" these Jews of the Bible with that "interest" which belongs to the "Wandering Jew" of Eugene Sue, and he presents them to the reader's imagination in the style of Lalla Rookh and the Arabian Nights.

The volume before us* is the third of Mr. Ingraham's Biblical extravaganzas. It will be less popular, we think, than its predecessors, not because it is less reckless in its dealings with facts, persons, places, and

* The Throne of David, from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus: in a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, resident at the Court of Saul and David, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the Reader as by an Eyewitness. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Author of "The Prince of the House of David," and of "The Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860. 12mo. pp. 603.

history, but because there is less of "love story" in it. The tender passion has much less prominence here than it had in the first novel, where amatory experiences were invented for the friends of the Saviour. There is rather a tendency to avoid those details of carnal love of which the annals of the Hebrew kings furnish such an abundant supply. Prince Arbaces of Assyria is considerably smitten with the daughter of the governor of Jericho, who turns out to be a princess in her own right; and there is a spasmodic attempt to get up a little sentiment about the Princess Michal and her boy-lover. Mr. Ingraham is inspired to tell some things concerning this affair which do not agree with the statements of the Bible. He finds it, however, rather an embarrassing theme, and rather lets it drop after a few letters.

The scope of this new sacred romance is exceedingly vast. No work of fiction which has ever come under our notice covers so large a tract of history. It takes in the whole interval from the death of Moses to the death of Absalom, more than 550 years by any reckoning. The period of the Judges, to be sure, is rapidly passed over, and a few chasms perplex the reader; but Mr. Ingraham has great facility in leaping chasms, and gets his story on from Joshua to Saul with pleasing adroitness, managing to throw out numerous "improvements," as he sails over these ages in his painted balloon. He leaves this portion of Scripture "Ingrahamized," as all the other portions which he has touched. Of this writer we may say that he not only "adorns," but "transmutes," all that he touches. The force of his embellishment, however, is reserved for the reigns of Saul and David, and the views which he gives of the courts and the style of these primitive kings entirely correct the false notion which the Books of Samuel would give to a common reader. Their splendor and glory, if not their righteousness, is vindicated.

It is very agreeable to have so fine a portrait of Samuel as Mr. Ingraham has given us. The "awful eyebrows, stiff and black as night, not a single hair turned gray thereon," the "imperious eyes," the "high, arched nose," the "blue cap on his head," his crimson robe, and the "sort of carved throne," — all these details help to fill out the lamentable meagreness of the Scripture narrative. Samuel's *Library*, too, was one of those fine collections which the scholar must ever regret. It contains (p. 130) "copies of nearly all the books ever written in the known world: Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Indic, Arabian, Babylonian, and parchments from the land of Tarshish in the farthest East and from the isles of Grecia in the farthest West." It is also satisfactory to have the critical question of the authorship of the Book of Ruth definitely settled. "*David* wrote it," we are told, in his nineteenth year, to preserve the genealogy of the family!

David's challenge to the giant is dramatic; — yet here we have a fuller account, and see "the young champion," like a knight of the Middle Age, "stoop and lift the iron gauntlet from the ground, and throw it down derisively and walk over it." The trophies which David brings back from Ekron are one hundred *heads* of the Philistines, which is certainly a novel rendering of the Hebrew. The connection between

Jonathan and David is very different from that given by the Biblical writer; and David's relation to his wives is very much "improved." The treacherous behavior of David to Nabal is called by Mr. Ingraham "an interesting incident," and the fact that David took back Michal, having *six other wives* already, "reflects upon him the highest honor, and is singularly creditable to the tenderness and devotion of his heart."

We read of "Saul's phylactery," which he wore bound upon his wrist; and of the extraordinary Indian costume of Prince Ishbosheth, "on whose wrist was perched a beautiful Arabian *bulbul*, which he was teaching to imitate a warlike air he was whistling to it," said Prince being represented in Mr. Ingraham's story as utterly unwarlike and effeminate, — amusing himself constantly with singing girls, who enchant him by their "*trills;*" — and much more of this sort. On p. 594, Mr. Ingraham rather intimates that he writes by inspiration. "If there is romance discoverable in this book, it is not of the author's creation."

The honest, decent, and ingenious, if not always just, criticisms upon the Biblical narratives, which have come in these latter years from German and English scholars, are stigmatized in the religious journals as "infidel" and impious. Yet these same journals do not hesitate to advertise and commend a series of works, which for blasphemous abuse of the Scripture exceed any production of the most extreme rationalism. Sunday-school Libraries and Christian homes are supplied with these profane burlesques of the Bible, and the ministers say, Amen. To suggest a new *translation* of the Scriptures is dangerous heresy; but let Mr. Ingraham continue to weave from them his motley fictions and disguise them in his coat of many colors. Let the critics carp! The book *sells!* "This is my answer to my critics."

In spite of crudeness, improbabilities, and bibliolatry, "The Sisters of Soleure" * is an interesting tale, wrought up with considerable power. Its pictures are well drawn, its characters distinct and positive, and its ground tone is sincerely religious. It attempts to show the spirit of the Roman Church in the age of persecution; and by no means overstates the iniquities of that Church in zeal for the Reformed faith. The conversions, perhaps, occur somewhat too hastily; and *love*, on both sides, makes rather a more prominent element than may seem to us fitting in so grave a matter. Yet conversions wrought by *love* are more respectable than many which come ostensibly from the flimsy sectarian pleading which it is customary for Evangelical books to employ. The charms of Marie were really a better argument for the winning of the priest Bernau from his Catholic faith, than the pious sophistries of the good Protestant pastor, who would spurn the idea that *works* have anything to do with justification. The initials of the title-page give us no clew to the author; but we should judge her to be a young, though not exactly an unpractised writer, and probably a Sunday-school teacher in some Orthodox church. We say "*her*," since the descriptions of the details of the ladies' dresses indicate the sex of the writer.

* The Sisters of Soleure. A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. Concord: Edson C. Eastman. 1860. 16mo. pp. 272.

THAT the respectable publishing house of the Appletons should have risked their credit by issuing such unmitigated trash as "The Ebony Idol," * may well amaze the reading public. Who the "New England Lady" is that has disgraced herself by writing this feeble burlesque upon the Anti-slavery movement and cause, we are not told, and we do not care to know. If she is wise, she will keep the secret. Her book has no merit in any kind. Its fine sentences are inflated verbiage; its attempts at wit are fearful; not one of its characters is drawn with any distinctness; and where it is not silly, it is profane and disgusting. The scenes are as absurd as the events are improbable. No amount of newspaper puffing can make such stuff as this popular. Pro-slavery literature like this will hardly offset the volumes of Mrs. Stowe, and Abolitionists can ask nothing better than that the efforts of their enemies may take this shape. The few illustrations which garnish the pages are in keeping with the composition. It is rare that a book has come under our notice so thoroughly foolish in style, thought, plan, execution, and spirit, with absolutely no redeeming feature.

JUST now, when Spain is about to be restored, by solemn vote, to a rank among "the Great Powers" of Europe, and we hear from day to day of her new military prestige, her duplicated commerce, and the prosperity of her manufactures, it is pleasant to refute the fallacy we have cherished so long, that Spanish is, to all literary intents and purposes, a dead language. It is pleasant to have something to show, beyond the old-fashioned fun of Cervantes, which gets a little stale and dreary, or the vigorous verbosity of Lope de Vega, or the pious and tender fancies of the "Floresta," to illustrate the powers of so noble a tongue, and to reinstate the old Castilian in its place of honor and popularity. The series of tales whose general title we give below† supplies a want which readers and teachers of Spanish must have often felt. The first thought that occurs is a sort of refreshment and gladness at this revival. Presently we find that Fernan Caballero is a lady, — as indeed the tone of the narrative would betray, if we knew it in no other way. But we are really a little surprised, and the tone of our congratulations is a little abated, when we are told that she is a German lady! and that this restoration is only another of the triumphs of that cosmopolitan tongue, which is going through the process of assimilating and reproducing every known literature, from Ormuz and the Ind to the Straits of Hercules. German by birth, the writer is however a Spaniard of the Spaniards in national feeling and faith, having lived, indeed, from early childhood among the scenery and customs and traditions of the Peninsula. The tone is even intensely and fondly national. No word or phrase that we can recall indicates any association or affection — except for sundry literary allusions, we were going to add any knowledge of anything — outside that southwest bastion of Europe and its dependencies. For local interest, and popular feeling, for racy and

* The Ebony Idol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 283.
† Relaciones por Fernan Caballero. Madrid: Francisco de P. Mellado.

idiomatic phrase, for a certain provincial fondness and pride in custom, scenery, and mood of thought, for sympathy with the tone of current religious emotion and belief, apparently sincere, which represents the better and gentler faith of Catholicism,—for all these qualities the tales we have read of the series are very charming. One is a story of retribution long deferred, — its scene lying first among the peasantry of the country lying back of Cadiz, where the rather crusty humor, the blunt proverbial wit, and the moralizing temper native to Spain are very skilfully exhibited; and then proceeding with the fortunes of a showy and ambitious but profligate adventurer, whose crime confronts him suddenly, and blasts him at the summit of his ambition. Another is of "The Daughter of the Sun," a bride of dazzling beauty, who is almost beguiled into a criminal attachment to a showy young officer, and is rescued by a strange scene of his assassination by robbers in her presence and burial by her own hands, — "a veritable miracle," vouched as a well-attested fact, — when she confesses herself to her husband, receives his forgiveness, and retires to a convent. The plot of most of these tales is simple, and the narrative brief. Except for the difficulty of idioms and allusions here and there, they are a timely relief to the dulness of the standard reading lessons, and deserve a careful selecting and editing for the uses of our higher schools.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. About has followed his brilliant essay upon the Roman Question by two more political pamphlets, which have made some stir in the Parisian world. The first of these, entitled the "New Map of Europe," * is a witty extravaganza, in which he expresses his opinion concerning the desirable and possible readjustment of European and Eastern nationalities. The Pope is to go to Jerusalem with Cardinal Antonelli and live in a quiet cottage there. The Sultan is to retire to Mecca, and content himself with pipes and siestas. The Greek Empire is to be restored, with Constantinople for a capital. Italy is to become a united kingdom, with the popular sovereign of Sardinia for head, Venice being surrendered by Austria; which Empire, indeed, is to become stronger by divesting itself of all its troublesome and turbulent dependencies, Hungary and Gallicia as well as Venice. Russia is to have the Caucasus and all the barbarous part of the Turkish Empire. Poland is to be reorganized as an independent state; and in return for the sacrifice which Prussia makes in giving up her share of that realm, she is to absorb all the smaller German dukedoms. England is to have Egypt, exchanging for this her possessions in the Mediterranean. And France, strong in her own consciousness of strength, asks nothing, wants no more territory, but will take, if desired, the small and affiliated kingdom of Belgium. Such is the result of the pleasant colloquy which the representatives of the various nations, America with the rest, hold over

* La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe. Par Edmond About. 8vo. pp. 31.— La Prusse en 1860. Par Edmond About. 8vo. pp. 32. Paris: E. Dentu. 1860.

their brandy in the Hotel du Louvre. The whole is done in M. About's best style, and if not very convincing as argument, is very pleasant to read.

The other pamphlet is less spicy. Its general purpose is to persuade Prussia that France is friendly, and has no sinister design against her territories. It has a tone which indicates dictation from some higher authority, and we are inclined to credit the popular report that, while the language is M. About's, the ideas are those of the French Emperor. It would convince the ruler of Prussia that it is time to unite the several German states under one government, which shall rest on popular suffrage; and that Prussia, rather than Austria, should be the power to gather these states together. Lacking M. About's usual fun, it has still his inevitable point and strength of expression, and is worth reading.

WERE it not presumptuous to speak of compensations for great disasters, or to attempt to strike the exact balance between the good and evil in them, a great deal might be said in that vein of last winter's calamity at Lawrence. Ministrations of charity, in every form, manifestations of heroism, courage, self-sacrifice, quick sympathy, wise and thoughtful tenderness, relieve the agonizing spectacle of physical suffering, and the desolations of bereavement, to an extent to make us almost doubt whether the event should, as a whole and finally, be regarded as a *calamity* at all. This pamphlet* — so interesting for what it modestly tells, and the more it suggests — certainly raises such a doubt. As the history of the catastrophe was reported from day to day, we felt that there was in it evidence of a singular absence of panic and confusion, and a singular presence of calmness, sound judgment, and practical wisdom controlling and directing humane and benevolent feeling. Our impression, it seems, was correct, — as every reader of this Report will confess. One hardly knows which deserves most admiration, — the benevolence which placed such abundant means in the hands of the committee, or the good sense and excellent discretion shown by that body in the discharge of their duties. Amidst the solemnity and sadness of their work, there is a steady restraint upon sensibility, — all the more obvious because thus subdued, — and a clear, undisturbed, sagacious intelligence, an ability to plan and execute, which remind us of the self-possession of the surgeon, when his untrembling hand guides his knife close to the hair-breadth line that separates life from death, or that of the ship-master, who retains all his faculties, and exhibits all his resources and skill, when the storm is wrecking or the fire burning his doomed vessel. A hint of how much was done, and how well done, may be gained from a single paragraph, — the only quotation we have room for.

"Here is a catastrophe, instantaneous and unforeseen, by which eighty or ninety lives are lost, some three hundred persons wounded, and nearly a thousand families deprived of their daily means of subsistence. No waves of the Atlan-

* Report of the Treasurer of the Committee of Relief for the Sufferers by the Fall of the Pemberton Mill, in Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th of January, 1860. Lawrence. pp. 51.

tic swallow up, hush, and conceal this mass of human suffering, but visibly, palpably, audibly, in its whole extent, it strikes full upon the senses. A few hours pass, and relief arrives from every quarter. Within three days the city has been canvassed, the list of the injured and the dead very nearly completed. A committee, self-appointed, has met and organized a system of inspection and relief, assumed the responsibility of its management, and within six days the Inspectors, fully installed in their office, are regularly visiting and relieving all within their respective districts, their duties defined, their reports regularly brought in, accountability in money transactions provided for, and the whole working harmoniously and efficiently. In two days more a Hospital, called by the better name of 'Home,' is prepared for those who have no other home; and in less than two weeks from the day of the disaster, the announcement is publicly made that enough from abroad has been received, that charity, if left to its own impulses, would be too profuse to be wise, and that its hand must be stayed, or directed to other necessities." — p. 11.

THE associations which belong to a book of devotion, and especially to a hymn-book, are slow to gather and slow to change. We own to a regret which we have often felt, that there has not been some one among the numerous collections of that class in our American churches, if not to take the place of the Book of Common Prayer in the Episcopal communion, at least to be what Martineau's has been in England, something approaching to a standard widely and voluntarily received. At one time Greenwood's collection was very near occupying this place; and the fiftieth edition,* just published, seems to show that it at least holds its own with every rival, and is likely to have a renewal of its former favor. Intrinsically it may be no better, perhaps not so good, as some of them. But it has been known for qualities which some have too easily parted with, — absence of mere sentimentalism and prettiness, and purity of text. Rarely, and by a delicate hand, a needful alteration can be made, to preserve a hymn to the uses of those whose belief or whose taste is jarred by its original form. No purist, for example, would hesitate to accept the common reading in place of George Herbert's, —

"Who sweeps a room, as for thy cause,
Makes that, and the action, fine."

And no recurring to the elder text has displaced the noble line,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

But we wish to take occasion of this new testimony to the general excellence of Greenwood's collection, to protest against the needless and injurious alterations which have almost crowded the true reading out of the memory of large numbers. In one of the most popular works of this class, the Cheshire collection, we have marked the following, all of which seem to us very unfortunate and wrong.

In hymn 186, we have the quite needless alteration,

"Boundless love, through Christ, I find,"

instead of "in Thee."

In hymn 232,

"O God, make bare thy arm,"

in place of the Scriptural "The Lord makes bare his arm."

* A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship. Fiftieth Edition. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. (With a new Appendix, of 173 hymns.)

In the beautiful hymn (290) beginning "Our blest Redeemer," — no one word of which could be spared or altered but for the worse, — one verse is marred by the simple substitution of the harsh "breeze" for the tender phrase "*breath* of even."

Hymn 406 is but a mangled fragment of one of the exquisite hymns of Charles Wesley, one of the most perfect as a composition, and one of the tenderest as a chapter of the spiritual life, ever written. It begins with altering its key-note in the very first word, — "O God my strength," instead of "My God;" and in the fourth line, "And know thou hearest prayer," instead of "my prayer." Three fifths of the entire hymn being omitted, we have at length the abrupt "Lord, let me still abide;" and for its pure and lovely close,

"Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love,"

the stale phrase "to better worlds above"!

In hymn 297 the beautiful Scripture reference, "The book unfold, unloose the seals," is lost in

"Make me delight to do thy will;"

the first line also being altered for the worse.

And the chain of old association is painfully jarred in John Newton's hymn, 714, where in the last stanza we have,

"Bless thy word to old and young,"

(instead of "young and old,") for the sake of rhyming ill with

"And when life's short *race is run*,"

and so losing the solemnity of that Psalm, — "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

These may seem very slight and captious criticisms. Perhaps a generation bred to the altered reading, or forgetful of the delicacy of association in the words of Scripture and of public devotion, will not feel the force of them. But the words distress and irritation are not too strong to express the emotion that rises in the place of reverence and composure, as the eye falls on some such phrase as we have quoted. We greet with all joy a new edition of a book which has never been charged at least with this grave offence to the thoughts that belong to worship. And we entreat both editors and publishers, who deal with so much that is sensitive and sacred in this regard, to preserve — and, where it is possible, restore — the words consecrated by generations of Christian use.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Rock of Ages; or, Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. By E. H. Bickersteth. With an Introduction by F. D. Huntington. Boston: E. P. Dutton. 12mo. pp. 214.

The Words of Jesus. Boston: E. P. Dutton. 32mo. pp. 128.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Moses Stuart. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins. 4th Edition. Andover: W. F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 575.

Thoughts in Aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from Recent Works in Theology and Philosophy. By Sara S. Hennell. London: George Manwaring. 12mo. pp. 413. (Noticed, p 280.)

Prolegomena Logica; an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes. By Henry Longueville Mansel. From the Second English Edition, corrected and enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 291.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 363. (Reviewed, p. 218.)

Memorials of Thomas Hood, collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 310, 327. (To be noticed.)

A Missionary among Cannibals; or, The Life of John Hunt. By G. S. Rowe. New York: Carlton and Porter. 16mo. pp. 286.

Life of William T. Porter [Editor of "Porter's Spirit of the Times"]. By Francis Brinley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 275. (Including a history of the American "Turf," and a chapter on Angling.)

The Queens of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 488.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A Journey in the Back Country. By Frederick Law Olmstead. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 492. (See p. 301.)

A Run through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 552.

Echoes of Europe; or, Word-Pictures of Travel. By E. K. Washington. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 12mo. pp. 697.

The Sunny South; or, The Southerner at Home, embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Prof. J. H. Ingraham. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 526. (See p. 302)

Appleton's Companion Hand-Book of Travel, containing a full Description of the principal Cities, Towns, and Places of Interest, &c. through the United States and the Canadas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 285.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Castle Richmond. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 474.

Lovell the Widower. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 60. (Paper.)

Jack Hopeton; or, The Adventures of a Georgian. By William M. Turner. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 364.

The Ebony Idol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 283. (See p. 306.)

Rosa; or, The Parisian Girl. From the French of Mme. de Pressensé. By Mrs. J. C. Fletcher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 371.

EDUCATION.

Course of Ancient Geography. Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By H. I. Schmidt, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 328.

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 366. (See p. 298.)

Virgil's Æneid, with Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 598. (A handsome volume, very fully annotated, and passably illustrated by antique drawings.)

Harper's Greek and Latin Texts. Euripides, Vol. I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. X. Jerusalem — Macferrin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 796.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 490.

History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 468.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 378.

A Man [or, the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect]. By Rev. J. D. Bell. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 12mo. pp. 462.

Studies in Animal Life. By George Henry Lewes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 146.

What may be learned from a Tree. By Harland Coultas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 190.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Part 18. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Church Choral Book, containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and adapted to Choirs and Social Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 8vo. pp. 203. (A handsome and carefully prepared volume, containing 506 hymns, the melody at the head of the page, and the full harmony below. A few of the hymns and doxologies are Trinitarian; otherwise the selection is well made, and the adaptation generally excellent.)

Cassell's Popular Natural History, Part 6. New York: Cassell, Potter, and Galpin. 8vo. (Abundantly and well illustrated: the text agreeable and popular.)

Ida Randolph of Virginia; a Poem in Three Cantos. Philadelphia: Willis and Hazard. 12mo. pp. 60.

PAMPHLETS.

A Discourse preached in the West Church, on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. (By far the finest and most discriminating of the published discourses on the subject, and containing the needed vindication of the relation of the Unitarian clergymen of Boston towards Mr. Parker.)

Scriptural Evidence of the Deity of Christ. By Rev. David B. Ford. Andover: W. F. Draper. pp. 42. (From the Bibliotheca Sacra, July, 1860.)

Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of the Progressive Friends. New York: Oliver Johnson. pp. 64.

An Address delivered before the American Peace Society, in Park Street Church, Boston, May 28, 1860. By Samuel J. May. Boston: American Peace Society. pp. 24.

Report of the Treasurer of the Committee of Relief for the Sufferers by the Fall of the Pemberton Mill in Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th of January, 1860. Lawrence. pp. 51. (See p. 308.)

The Relation of the Sunday-School to the Church. By Rev. N. M. Williams. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. pp. 48. (Review of an Address by Prof. Huntington.)

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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NOVEMBER, 1860.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

Art. I. — RITUAL.

1. *Ratio Disciplinæ Fratrum Nov. Anglorum.* By Cotton Mather. 12mo. Boston. 1726.
2. *Correspondence between the Right Reverend the Bishop of Massachusetts and the Rectors of the Church of the Advent, Boston.* Boston. 1856.
3. *Proceedings in the House of Lords on Lord Ebury's Motion for a Revision of the Liturgy,* May 6, 1858. *Pamphlets on the same by* Rev. J. C. Proby *and* Rev. C. Robinson. London. 1858.
4. *Liturgical Revision. Progressionist Church Tracts.* No. 1. London: Whittaker. 1859.
5. *The Diversified Ministry of an Unchanging Gospel.* A Sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. Oct., 1856. Boston.
6. *Home Pastimes, or Tableaux Vivants.* Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1860.

In discussing, not long since, the characteristics of Asiatic civilization and barbarism, we spoke of the marvellous facility with which the people of the East, the Hindoos in particular, arrange processions, and other ceremonies in which many persons are united. With the smallest amount of "properties" an effect is produced far surpassing the most elaborate preparations of our Chief Marshals and Lord High Chamberlains. With them a procession always succeeds. With us it always fails. We have been attempting, for two thousand years, more or less, to express everything we have to say in written language, — in that habit of the mind which results in creeds, constitutions of government, and Complete Letter-Writers.

The Oriental, on the other hand, has been willing to avail himself of that larger range of language, in which a thousand forms besides verbal forms are used to express sentiments, and even convictions. His pantomime, therefore, — or his ritual, to use a graver phrase, — is vastly more effective than ours.

Of Western nations, the Anglo-Saxon races have certainly the least power in expressing themselves without the help of verbal symbol. It would not be hard to show that the Fine Art of England and America rests much more on the help of the words of the catalogues, — on the "This is a horse," or "This is Samson and Delilah, with three Philistines and four Hebrews, as described by Milton — *See* Samson Agonistes," — than does the Art of any other lands. Our symbols, when we attempt them at all, convey sentiments only through the medium of something which has been written down. The English and American fireworks, for instance, are the worst in the world. And where the pyrotechnist of any other nation triumphs in the harmonies of his coloring, or the ingenuity of his forms, with the Anglo-Saxon crowd the great victory is to see some letters which they can read, — "Our gracious Queen," or "Liberty and Independence." So the East Indian procession, of which we spoke, expresses its jubilant enthusiasm by a brilliant series of contrasts of color, — in all which there is not a nominative case or a verb, there is not even a jot or a letter. The Anglo-Saxon who looks on is moved by the grandeur of the spectacle, — but when he analyzes it, he finds it is the display of rags. When he goes home and joins in a procession himself, he instantly becomes literal and statistical. He takes the idea of his banner, not from God's rainbow, but from the Government's Almanac. He selects the strongest man in his company, to whom he appoints an Aaron and a Hur as assistants, who shall carry a broad sheet along the street, which shall announce, in large letters, that "The Boston Association of Bellows-Menders was formed MDCCXXVII. and incorporated MDCCXXXIX.," and that Robert Throckmorton is at this moment President, and Henry Fettyplace Vice-President, and that this sheet was painted by Apelles & Co., No. 99 East 24th Street. And this he calls "a banner." Even in music — which, as addressing itself to the ear, has a better chance to suit his taste — he relies as

little on any expressions which do not state facts to him. There is hardly a symphony of Beethoven which can be performed without an explanation printed for the audience of "what it means." And in place of being soothed into revery by a series of harmonies wholly above and beyond speech, — instead of being left to adjust these to the necessities, habits, and experiences of our own lives, — we have some rigmarole given us in print to tell us that all this means Orpheus descending into hell to find Eurydice, or some similar narrative, which we can better read in Lempriere.

The Southern European nations, which have a little imagination mixed in with their Western traits, sometimes seize on a symbol which does not need a dictionary to interpret it. Thus, Castile and Leon were satisfied with the device of a castle and a lion for their emblems. But when you come upon Anglo-Saxonism pure, you get at no such conceit as that. Good types of the Anglo-Saxon's symbols are the seal of the State of Alabama, which is a map of the State, and that of the State of Michigan, where they make their motto an advertisement to settlers looking out for a home: "If you are seeking for a pleasant peninsula, look here!" — "*Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice.*"

We do not propose to go into the æsthetic questions as to fundamental differences of race, which are thus suggested. Our simple opinion is, that there are native differences of race; that a Greek, for instance, preferred to recognize a statue of Bacchus by his fulness of muscle, his drowsiness of eye, his languor of position, and the general good-nature of his expression; while the Romans preferred stupidly to spell out the letters, B A C C H U S, under the statue; and a German, like Winckelmann, indifferent at heart both to expression and to inscription, is delighted to identify the figure by finding a bit of a Thyrsus in its hand. We believe that this native difference, however, is largely modified by the amount of attention paid to letters in a community. The alphabet ascribed to Cadmus has great conveniences. As it is introduced and studied, it gradually "runs out," as the farmers say of a vigorous grass, systems less accurate and compact. The Egyptians could express "lion" by a picture, or they

could express him by spelling his name. Gradually, but certainly, the spelling takes the place of the portrayal. When, then, an unimaginative and practical race, like the Anglo-Saxon, cultivates letters for three centuries with a terrible assiduity, like ours and our fathers', the result is a gradual disappearance of symbols, which are more picturesque perhaps, but more cumbersome and less definite. In the natural progress of such refinement, the tumultuous crowd which would have cheered bluff Harry or young Edward three centuries ago by the throwing of hats into the air and the ejaculation of unnominatived and unpredicated hurrahs, now meet and appoint a committee to draw up an address, which they sign on parchment, and send to Prince Albert Edward, as a concise statement of their enthusiasm.

Not tempted, however, into the discussion of the cause of the decline of symbolic or ritual expression among people of English race, we have to add, that, for every reason, it has been most rapid and fatal in America, especially in New England. We left behind us in Europe the symbols which thousands of years had consecrated; and again, we pushed the verbal and literal system of expression to its height. We compel every child to learn to read, — and, if he does not read, he may die for it. For instance, the only protection we give the traveller who crosses a railroad rests on the presumption that he can read the English language. The Frenchman or the East Indian sees a triumphal arch over a roadway, with an inscription which he cannot decipher; he hears the glad clangor of bells, and drives on to see the fête, — to find himself run down by a locomotive engine, and cursed by many passengers because he has thrown them from the track. We carry him to the hospital, — and when he murmurs that he had no token of danger given him, we tell him that, with us, those who cannot read English die justly, — convicted in that fact of *lèse majesté*. This absolute worship of the letter leads to disregard, more and more distinct, of the symbol. We still pretend to seal documents, while we sign them; but the seals have really been imprinted by the printer or the stationer before the blanks were filled. And a challenge to a duel and its answer, or two lovers' billets-doux, will most likely be sealed

by the same impression, which is, alas! the *sanguine* of the heralds, — stamped by the envelope-maker on every one of the innocent millions which he sends out over the land.

In New England, as we are disposed to think, the constitutional or climatic reticency of the people has to do with this indifference to symbol. It is well known that the New England Indian hated to say anything. The more talkative Englishmen, while yet unsubdued by climate, wondered at his pertinacity of silence. And in the horrors of his own warfare, stake and fagot would not extort from him a groan. He often spent weeks without uttering a sound, — not from any Chartreux vow, but because he did not want to say anything, even if he had anything to say. The artificial life of our cities in New England certainly does not present this reticency. In them we are tinged too deeply with the effects of foreign culture, and literary. But in the regions least settled of the mountains the old sagamore silence may still be found. Stop in Coös County to ask your way, and "admire," as Standish may have done, the syllabic beauty of reply. Blandly, and with a foreign exuberance of diction, you say to the young lady whom you call to the door of the wayside home, "Will you be kind enough to tell me if this is the road to Jefferson?" *Answer.* "It is not." After a moment's pause, vainly waiting information, you ask, blushing, — still exuberant in your expression, — "Is that the road which I passed at the foot of the hill?" *Oracle.* "It is." And you, with your useless Greek gabble of an artificial civilization, waste a dozen words more in thanks, and resume your journey, reflecting to how small a limit in number may be reduced the words of essential conversation. The popular impression, that, of nature, the Yankee is talkative, is a superficial error. Take him from his home, — make him think himself important for his facility, his versatility, and activity, — and, in the new temptation, the reservoir of twenty years' silence overflows, and great babble, plash, and even roar follows. But seek him in his home, — where that reservoir is filling, — and the shortest "Yes" and "No," "It is" and "It is not," are sufficient for him. He never commits himself. And to one who will not commit himself words are dangerous.

These tendencies of climate and of education being superadded to the general Anglo-Saxon inability to use symbols of expression, the New-England people have, perhaps, the least power in this way of any people in the world. Trust them with words, and such men as Mr. Webster and as Benjamin Franklin show what they can do with them. Trust them with things, and every theatre, every holiday, every public square, and every church shows what they cannot do. We have placed at the head of this article the name of a most diverting book, which undertakes to instruct New-England families in the preparation of *Tableaux Vivants*. The author is not satisfied with copying the "bust of Proserpine" by a real Proserpine, — "fine, regular features, high forehead, and good form, dress pure white, *cut extremely low in the neck*," — nor with representing "Washington's entrance into Portsmouth" by a real Washington, on what is almost a real horse, so like is he made of curled hair or hay, cheap cotton cloth sprinkled with black, and "his eyes imitated by using the bottom of a small black glass bottle." He flies higher, and attempts those types with which we are dealing. There is a magnificent tableau, for instance, which, by a revolving stage, studied from a cider-mill, and worked by an unseen operator below, contrasts Paganism with Christianity. After Paganism has passed, Christianity appears. We cannot better illustrate a New-Englander's sense of symbols than by copying this delineation.

"THE TABLEAU OF CHRISTIANITY.

"*One Male and Two Female Figures.* — On the side of the platform which is covered with white cloth there should be erected a small pulpit. Make it of boards, cover it with cloth, and paint it in imitation of mahogany. A small red cushion should be placed on the top, supporting a large Bible, and on each side place lamps, with glass shades. In the pulpit stands a young man dressed to represent a minister of the Gospel; one hand resting on the Bible, the other raised upward. In front of the pulpit place a small table, covered with a white cloth, on which set four silver goblets. By the side of the table place a plaster pedestal, with a white urn on the top, to represent a font; on each side of the pulpit, and at the extreme ends of the platform, are two female figures; both are kneeling by the side of small pedestals; these can be made of small boxes, covered with white cloth, and ornamented with

myrtle. The female figures should face the audience. One holds a large Bible with the right hand, and points to the pages with the left. The eyes are cast upward; the face expresses meekness and serenity. The second figure, at the other end of the platform, holds a cross in the left hand, and points to it with the right; the eyes are raised upward, the face expressing pleasure. Their costume consists of white dresses, *cut low at the top*, sleeves quite long and flowing, and ornamented with white muslin; the waist is encircled with a band of satin ribbon; a wreath of white flowers adorns the head, and *gauze wings are fastened to the back of the waist.* The hair should be dressed closely to the head, and a few curls allowed to hang on the shoulders. The length of the cross is three feet; color, light blue. On small pedestals, between the pulpit and the female figures, place models of the steam-engine, steamboat, printing-press, and telegraph. The tableau of Paganism must be first produced, after which the machinery should slowly revolve, bringing into view the tableau of Christianity."

Such is a New-Englander's representation of Christianity!

We should, however, do great injustice to this absurd book, — which has afforded us more amusement than any novel of the summer, — if we did not say that it is by oversight, apparently, that the kneeling figures named above have these low-necked dresses. In general, in about forty instances, the directions for dresses cut low in the neck are intended for the symbolizing of beauty in some of its forms, — while religion and piety, in every instance except this, wear dresses "cut very high." As the book is our only printed guide to the symbolism of New England, so essential a point in costume deserves attention.

This inability to express anything by ritual or symbol appears, of course, in every social arrangement of such a people. There is no New England State, but Massachusetts, which retains any formality worth mention, of any sort, in the opening or closing of a legislature. When their time comes, they begin; when their time comes, they go home. In Boston there was formerly a pretty and not inconvenient symbol, which indicated when the Legislature was in session. A flag was raised on the State Capitol when it met in the morning, and at the daily adjournment was drawn down. But we have observed that this practice has given way. Why should it last, indeed? Do not

the morning papers tell when the houses will meet? Do not the evening papers announce their adjournment the moment after? "Let us have words," say these descendants of the Puritans, "and not signs." In front of one of the State Capitols of New England there is, at the moment we prepare this paper, a deserted mowing-machine, or reaper, or horse-rake, left in the *débris* of some Agricultural Fair in the most conspicuous position. It is not a statue meant to symbolize Agriculture. The man who left it there had not occasion to take it home. It does no harm there. There is room for it. It is nobody's business in particular to take it away, and so it remains. The indifference of the people to symbolism is illustrated in its presence. It is carefully drawn up under a platform from which some speaker has addressed some constituency. If the whole arrangement were not neat, it would not be left there an hour. But, as it is neat and orderly, the New-England sense is not shocked by its obtrusion in front of the pretty yard of the Capitol. Yet how oddly would it strike one to see either the platform or the war-worn machine in front of the statue of Columbus at Washington, of Westminster Hall at London, or of the Uffizi at Florence!

It is the same deficiency which makes all our public gatherings as monotonous in programme as they are. The New-Englander's idea of "meetings" is based wholly on the religious meetings of his fathers. And they, though they urged very strenuously their right to cast off old forms of service, soon adopted a very rigid form of their own, which has been the model for every meeting of every kind from that day down. The anomalies, the sports, as the botanist calls them, soon fall back to the type. The Fourth of July came up, for instance. It has to be celebrated. But there is no new form for the celebration. It is celebrated on the pattern of Sunday. The inevitable "procession" is a poor travesty of the Sunday throng of worshippers pressing up to church at one hour. Then, to match the sermon, there is an oration; to match the reading of the Scripture, we must read the Declaration. Put the prayers in the place of the prayers at church, substitute odes for hymns, and the "celebration" is complete. So inevitable is this order, that, the moment a celebration is

spoken of, we do not say, "Is there to be an address?" We say, "Who is to deliver *the* oration?" And, wherever the celebration takes place, — on a ship's deck, in the forest, or on the top of a new-climbed mountain, — *the* oration is an essential, — as essential as *the* sermon was to the ritual-hating Puritan. It is almost impossible, indeed, to meet a few friends at a house-warming without the inevitable oration, or to take some children on a picnic without two occasional songs and *the* address. We launch a ship, or we dedicate a school-house, on the same pattern by which we worship God. A more curious instance of copying is our practice of ringing the bells on such occasions. Where there were chimes of bells, which could play appropriate tunes, bells naturally were rung to play them. We have but two or three chimes in New England. But though all the bells in a village should be inharmonious with each other, we ring them, because other people ring theirs; though perhaps we express discord where we mean to express union.

For it is to be observed all along, that the New-Englander's inability to devise symbol or ritual does not imply any dislike of it. People are apt to like most that which they do not have, whether they be travellers in the desert, eager for water they cannot get, or word-ridden Anglo-Saxons, thirsting for forms of beauty which they cannot devise. While we say, therefore, that the New-Englander has, in general, the least power of ritual expression conceivable, and that he employs, generally speaking, the worst ritual conceivable, we must add, in the same breath, the pathetic truth, that no nation uses more eagerly such ritual as it has. This is part of the New-Englander's loyalty to law, written or unwritten. Custom requires, for instance, in the case we have named, that there should be *the* oration. What if there is no one to deliver it? What if there is nothing to say? What if everybody knows there is nobody to deliver it, and nothing to say? None the less does the sturdy New-Englander sit gallant through his celebration, and listen to the nothing which is said, because such is the received ritual of the occasion. Every one of our readers has assisted at meetings where the animated conversation of the members, on the very subject which united them, was cut short by a

moderator, who "called to order," and bade them "proceed to business." Vain to explain to such a moderator that they were really at their business before! Vain to show him, by sad silence, that there is none of the formal business to be transacted for which he calls! The ritual of the meeting must go on. How often we hear such a moderator call upon the exhausted reservoir before him for more speakers to "occupy the time"! — his only object being to keep strictly to the programme or ritual which has been adhered to by three hundred and forty-seven meetings before. So, in a frank moment, the greatest of geologists complained that the American stratifications were very unconformable to the geological theories; — unwilling, for that, to make the theories conform to the stratifications. Let us hold to our ritual, though we die! The arrangements, almost imbecile, of the different charitable lodges, — the curious displays of uniform, often very multiform, which they borrow from the stage, from their notions of heraldry, and elsewhere, — all show how eagerly attached our people are to any ritual which offers itself, and with what readiness they avail themselves even of the worst, if it comes to hand.

We have chosen our illustrations without any regret that they come to us so often from movements utterly unimportant, because we are willing to show, in whatever way, that we do not consider this national deficiency in symbolism the great misfortune which it is often called. It is a little misfortune. We may say, however, that, like many little misfortunes, it has often worked us great good. The two habits of looking at the real utility of everything, and of being willing to act all alone, without direction, are habits which are closely connected with it. These habits have been of first-rate importance in the establishment and development of this country. When General Washington entered Boston in triumph, and took the deserted quarters of General Howe, he called to him his new landlady's little daughter, and asked her if she liked the red-coats best or the Americans. The fearless child, as sensitive as any child to the charms of uniformity, owned that she preferred the red-coats. "Do you, my dear?" said the chief, patting her on the head; "but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." That struggle would have been ended in a fortnight, and on the

wrong side, if the "ragged boys" who engaged in it had been cowed by their want of uniform; if they had not been willing, in the phrase, since proverbial, of one of them, "to fight on their own hook." And in all our somewhat sentimental and æsthetic longings for more of beauty, form, and harmony, we must remember that not only the military, but the social and moral triumphs of this nation, have been won under the banners, so grossly unartistic, of individualism. It is the lonely settler who subdues our wilderness. It is the untaught navigator, following no man's route, who opens our Northwest trade, and our fisheries. It is the determination to avoid precedent which invents our machinery. It is always in such short cuts across desert and mountain that we have escaped the world of old-time evils, which all those nations battle with who travel upon the beaten highways.

It is not merely preposterous, then, to claim that the symbols employed in the nation's social movements involve questions of the first importance. It is almost wicked to do so. These things are not of the first importance. They only deserve consideration after the great first questions have been decided. Then, however, they do deserve attention. They have a secondary importance.

When a people has gained freedom, dignity, peace, civil order, and general education, it is not amiss, as a question of a lower degree, to ask if it cannot improve on the external forms which it has received from past ages, for the expression of its sentiments on any occasion which calls together bodies of men.

Our principal business with this question, whose secondary character we thus acknowledge, is with relation to the exhibition by symbol or ritual of religious sentiments or convictions. The efficiency and deficiency of the ritual of the New England churches, of every school, has been much discussed. In proceeding to discuss it ourselves, we have thought it necessary first to show that the deficiencies are no peculiarities of our worship, but that they are equally observable in everything we have to do. We are just as unsuccessful in creating first-rate spectacle on the stage, as we are in church in satisfying the demands of Eastern tastes or Roman. Whether we can

improve on these deficiencies in our worship or not, is a fair question. But it is not in any sort an isolated question. We cannot ascribe the present ritual of any church exclusively or chiefly to the doctrine of that church; while in matters of political arrangement, of amusement, even of the fine arts, and every other exhibition of social habit, we find symbolism of the same merits and the same demerits. If we were a people highly successful in the ritual of every other public meeting, we might complain the more sadly that our meetings for worship show no very characteristic forms, or very harmonious observances. As we, however, share with our mother, England, a habit of mind which makes us singularly slow in all external observance, — as we even go beyond her in our imbecility in that regard, — our religious observances are to be considered, not as so many unfortunate exceptions, but as springing from deep-grounded traits of national character, whose other fruits, similar to these, are appearing all along.

The theory of the emigrating Puritans as to ritual in worship was simple enough. It amounted to an abandonment of everything that they had seen in the churches at home. Thus they saw the dangers of reading prayers. Therefore they read nothing at church, — not even the sermon or the Bible, — and propounded the hymn, couplet by couplet, from the pulpit. So they saw the idolatries connected with funerals, and therefore prayer, and sermon even, were omitted in the burial of their dead. The apostolic succession was implied in ordination, and therefore "for these things the churches of New England have *no forms*," writes Cotton Mather, in his *Ratio Disciplinæ*. "The churches of New England have no forms," may indeed be taken as the motto of the worship which was established here by those men, who, in fact, were exiling themselves precisely that they might avoid the forms which had been consecrated by Rome.

But none the less did the trait exist in their national character which we have been illustrating. Obedience to law, written or unwritten, was one of the fundamentals of a New-Englander's life. Just so soon then as the Puritan worship established itself, though on the mere platform of the omission of the forms current in England, the form which omitted form

became itself the model for succeeding generations. Thus, the congregation sang without instruments of music. That form — for it is a form as much as the singing with them — became the New England type.

Their notions about instrumental music are stated by the greatest of Puritans in the passage where he describes the first service of morning prayer, — where he also enters his protest against the monotony of a liturgy: —

> "Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
> Their orisons, each morning duly paid,
> *In various style*; for neither various style
> Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
> Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
> *Unmeditated*, such prompt eloquence
> Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
> More tunable *than needed lute or harp*
> *To add more sweetness.*"

The Congregational worshipper attached himself to his form with a conservative bigotry equal to any other. When, after a century and more of this particular form, the proposal was made by a degenerate posterity to introduce organs or other instruments, it was met by an opposition which showed very thoroughly the attachment of the people to the ritual which had taken the place of them. A generation or two of discussion finally forced in the innovation. But it is matter of history, recorded by Dr. Lothrop, that when the first organ built for a Congregational church — that in Brattle Square — arrived in Boston harbor, an influential member of that church offered to pay its worth to the charity funds if he might have the privilege of throwing it into the sea.

The introduction of the reading of the Scriptures into public service was another of the new forms where that innovating church led the way. And it required nearly a century after that unpopular introduction to reconcile all the Congregational churches to the custom. Indeed, the frequent omission of the reading now shows that it is not yet considered a central part of the service. In neither of these instances, however, was the opposition to change conducted on the principle which had governed the first Puritans. It was just the reverse principle. It was no fear of old customs, but a love of them. Those who

struggled, a hundred years ago, against organs and the Bible in church, had no dread that Popery would come in with them. They simply wanted, with true New England deference to law, to keep the observances of religion as they found them. The spirit is exactly the same which gives to the eighty-fourth anniversary of American Independence a programme identical with that of the first celebration of the Boston Massacre.

The Puritan no-ritual thus established itself very soon as the Puritan ritual. The inability of the Anglo-Saxon mind to appreciate visible forms of expression other than those reduced to words, then played its part in a conservatism which hindered any criticism of the ritual thus established by custom. The same conservatism and hindrance exist still. Most people do not observe the language with which their ecclesiastical arrangements speak to a few sensitive and exceptional persons. We remember, for instance, that, not long since, there was one form of communion-table generally in use in the churches in one part of our country. It had been introduced probably by the accident that it was rather dissimilar from the ordinary parlor-table used in the neighborhood. Some parish committee had examined a cabinet-maker's stock, — had found a pretty table, which opened and shut by a convenient arrangement, admitted of sufficient ornament, and was already made. For these reasons, they bought it. Other churches bought similar tables because the first had done so. The fact that the peculiar pattern was that commonly called *a card-table* did not occur to any of these purchasers as having anything to do with the purchase. The table was convenient, pretty, and ready for use. Indeed, the incongruity between the ecclesiastical use of that table and the general use which gives it its name, would not occur to more than one in a hundred of the worshippers in that neighborhood. If it answered its purpose when needed, they would ask no more. The idea that a mere mechanical construction made any suggestion to anybody of scenes of levity, of folly, or of vice, would not occur to them. The same thing is illustrated by a trifle, at almost every assembly which crowds a congregation of laymen and ministers in one church. The ministers, from habit, sit in the pulpit and on the stairs to it. The crowd becomes more dense and more, and as space is more

and more valuable, they take their hats from the floor and heap them on that communion-table which to worshippers of other creeds is so sacred. A pile of twenty or thirty hats gradually grows in front of the pulpit. In a picture of the scene it would be the central and most conspicuous object. An East Indian would consider it a symbol of something in the service. But the New England eye does not, of nature, observe its presence there at all. Most New-Englanders would leave the church without having noticed this grotesque pyramid.

These instances are simply ludicrous. Certainly there is nothing strictly *wrong* in such use of the place which is set apart for the most affecting service of our religion. It is not an altar. It never bears up a sacrifice. But we must add, in passing, that the habit, almost universal, of making it the support of a coffin and corpse, when a funeral is conducted in church, is so nearly wrong that it deserves to be spoken of more seriously. At that place, on that table, are brought together at solemn times the memorials of the world's new life, — the symbols of the New Covenant. Its every association ought to be an association of joy, life, and victory. To make it then the last earthly resting-place of perishing clay, — to associate it, in the minds of mourners, with their farewell to features that they will never see again, is certainly an indifference to symbol which nothing but the severest Puritanism would justify, — and which, in any recoil from the severity of Puritanism, the least tender conscience would avoid.

We specify these particular instances, not from any thought of bringing together a catalogue of forms in poor taste in our New England ritual. We have no such intention. It would be business as worthless as easy, — though as easy as disagreeable. We adduce them simply to say that each of them, and of others like them, would vanish at once, were there any strong critical feeling in such matters. But, as we attempted to show in the beginning of this paper, — from the illustrations which may be taken from un-ecclesiastical life, where there is no danger of a Puritanical prejudice, — our people are not keen-eyed or critical about any such things. No change is made in them, because, in general, they express nothing to the observer. There is the same indifference as that which curtains

a church with a color which will not harmonize with the color of the carpet, cushions the pews with other unharmonious colors, and, by way of making the pulpit grander than the rest, puts yet another carpet there of another unharmonious hue, and arranges cushions of yet another upon its reading-desk. This is not Puritanism. It is simply an indifference to all symbolic or æsthetic arrangement, — a national, not a religious characteristic, which results in an absence of all criticism.

A clergyman who had lately visited Rome once favored us with his own experience in this matter, in an anecdote which will illustrate this position. "I went," he said, "the week after I came home, to officiate at a funeral in the chapel of one of our favorite rural cemeteries. In the desk I did not find Bible, hymn-book, or prayer-book, as I had expected, and I went myself in search of them. Walking through the snow to the superintendent's lodge, I found they had been removed there for security. He produced them at once, — and asked if I would carry them up to the chapel, or if he should send them. Now I was not in the least above my business, and was perfectly willing to take them. But the books were large, the way was long and very slippery, and I feared the mourners would arrive at best at the chapel before I returned, — as in fact they did. Availing myself, therefore, of his kind offer, I hurried back to my place, permitting him to send the books after me. When we were all seated in the chapel, in the hushed silence of two or three hundred persons, a heavy step announced that they had come. A laboring man, whose costume suggested at once that he had been called from digging a grave, entered, with the Bible under one arm, the prayer-book under another, some hymn-books piled together in his hands, — delivered them upon the desk much as he would have done from his wheelbarrow, — and departed with as much noise and as little ceremony as he came. Now I dare say this method of bringing the books there was all right. They were safely brought and promptly delivered. I know that when at the Cathedral at Florence, a few weeks before, I saw a priest in full costume bring to the Archbishop his prayer-book, kneeling and kissing the book as he did so, I thought the form preposterous. Still I asked myself now, for a moment, if nothing was possible be-

tween the two systems. That is not, however, my reason for speaking of it. What impressed me on after thought was this: that had I not been fresh from the Duomo, and St. Peter's, and Canterbury, I do not believe I should have thought of what seemed to me irreverence a second time. And of the two or three hundred persons present there, I do not believe *one besides myself* thought of it at all."

We believe our friend's estimate of proportion to be quite correct. There is no general nor considerable criticism of any such matters of ritual among our people. Any changes which are planned or made are of interest only to the sensitive few. The great body of worshippers would rather prefer to hold to the form, expressive or inexpressive, to which they are accustomed, than of their own motion to change it. Their attention may be aroused, but it is not aroused by any dissatisfaction of their own.

This is as true, according to our observation, in the Roman churches here, and in the Episcopalian, as in ours. No ritual could be worse, if judged from intrinsic merit, than the starved and fragmentary responses so often heard, or not heard, in the Episcopal churches. They are held to only because they are responses after the fashion of the last generation. So in a large Roman Catholic church in Massachusetts, one Christmas day, we saw the priest, after inveighing against his people's idolatry, — comparing their worship of the bottle to the heathen's worship of Bacchus or of Venus, — stop and take out his own private fetish, in the shape of a large snuff-box, and slowly offer his own elaborate devotions to it, under the eyes of a thousand people, waiting to know what might be the next head of his discourse. He never would have done this in presence of any congregation in the least sensitive or critical as to the symbolism of a service.

Such general indifference to these details is to be remembered all along in discussions of any change of the outward ministrations of devotion. It is true that we hear occasionally of a person who is detached from the Congregational order because she is attracted by the dignity, pomp, and reverence of the Roman service. But, in this country, for one such it would be easy to find ten who are detached from the Roman order by

what seems to them its millinery, frippery, and general materialism. Nor is the "decency and order" of the Episcopal service any exception. To a congregation not bred to it, it is partly a puzzle and always a cross. Our Episcopalian friends are scarcely aware of the difficulty with which a congregation unaccustomed to the "decency and order" of their ritual maintains a proper sympathy in assisting at their services. When, in the parlor of a mountain hotel, for instance, three or four "priests and deacons" conduct a service according to King Edward the Sixth's directions, the unwonted Baptists, Freewill Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, who make up nine tenths of their congregation, follow the movements with surprise, which only does not break into laughter because the motive of all parties is devout and sincere. There is nothing in the ritual itself which suggests the sentiment intended. We may doubt, indeed, if even kneeling, often spoken of in arrangements of service, naturally suggests much in a nation where no subject kneels to any king, no squire to any knight, no vassal to any squire, — nay, no lover to his mistress.

As an illustration of this sort of surprise, we may mention the doubt, even agony, of a young bride and bridegroom who had come into one of our shire towns to be married. With that almost proud indifference to form which we have tried to describe, they had asked, as such couples do, for a minister, quite careless of his "denomination"; and, finding the Rector of St. Stephen's in town, had gone with him to that church to be married. He had sent them away with his blessing, and they had ridden over five miles towards home, when the happy sense of union was blighted by a sudden thought that this had been a Roman Catholic church, and he an agent of the Pope who had bound them! Instantly they returned. The New Englander is catholic; but he is anything but Roman Catholic. Were the young lovers one or two? They did not know till they had come back to the town where they had pledged their vows, and made sure that it was a Protestant clergyman who had united them. There had been nothing in "our decent and reverent liturgy" to inform them. This story may be taken in confirmation of the remark which the Chevalier Bunsen makes, that the English liturgy is a com-

pilation from the worst liturgies of the period of the Church's lowest decline. Bunsen certainly is a judge as little prejudiced as could be selected among learned men of our time.

Among the sensitive persons whose attention has been called to a criticism of the deficiencies of our ecclesiastical ritual, will be and ought to be most of the clergy. The impressive and true conduct of divine service, that it may fulfil to the very best its all-important function, is one of the matters which should be nearest their hearts. It is in entire sympathy with them, and in the fullest hope for the success of every effort of theirs in the improvement of ecclesiastical ritual, that we attempt to show how such improvement must go on in the midst of New England. They may not thank us for the statement, but none the less is it true, that any movement in such matter must come mostly from them. Besides the clergyman of a parish there will be a few sensitive parishioners, persons perhaps educated outside of New England, who will sympathize with his regrets for the undemonstrative nature of the ritual of the Church. But the great majority of the people will feel no such regrets. To the great majority the Puritan ritual is the only ritual known, — its defects do not appear, — and, with all the cumulative worth of all the associations of childhood and youth, with all the blessings of their most solemn hours of devotion, is it crowned. To them, therefore, it is not undemonstrative. We believe that even in that change so familiar in every church, — in the Church of England more frequent than in any other, perhaps, — in the change of hymn-books, the large majority of a congregation, if we knew their individual wishes, always at first prefer the old book to the new. They know the old book, and they do not know the new. In a matter of ritual we must not ridicule such a love as that. For it is on that love of what has been established, and the associations with it, that the value of all ritual depends. We heard an accomplished scholar lately express the opinion that "Belknap's Collection of Hymns" was the best ever made. Had his memory run back a hundred and forty years, instead of forty, he would have said the same thing of "Tate and Brady," or of "Sternhold and Hopkins." His best, like that of most men, would be that connected with his earliest sacred hours. But a

sympathizing congregation, the moment it finds the minister in earnest about a change of hymn-books, yields this conservative prejudice, makes the change, and in thirty years' time is as much attached to the new book as it ever was to the old. Let him not be impatient because it uses his judgment and taste rather than its own. And let him remember that because men are what they are, especially because New-Englanders are what they are, and because ritual is what it is and ought to be, — something fixed and not variable in general, — the suggestion of a change must come from him, and not from them.

We do not conceive that this is any disadvantage to either party, if any reformation of ritual is to be made in any part of our ecclesiastical observances. Whoever enters on such reformation will of course understand, first of all, that what he proposes to change, whether good ritual or bad, is at all events *ritual;* that is, it is "an approved usage, old custom, rite, or ceremony." What he introduces can hardly be called *ritual*, with propriety, for a generation. It will not till then, at least, be an *old* custom. Caution being thus suggested, — both because in many parts of his work he is necessarily acting in a minority, and also because he is pulling down what is bad, to introduce something better, which will need time however to give it its full value, — the first step of the reformer of ritual is pointed out directly. It is that he shall engage in those parts of his work where he will not be in a minority. Wherever he can address reason as well as sentiment, he will have all the people with him who are worth considering. And he may ruthlessly destroy at once, or do his best to destroy, whatever in our existing ritual is wicked or wrong. Created by mere accident, as it has all been, it would be strange if there were not such anomalies. We do not pretend to catalogue them; but we may enumerate a few. Much of our extravagance in mourning is not merely in bad taste, — it is wrong, as every person knows who sees the distress it brings upon the poor. No sentiment will justify it. The custom at funerals, in many places, of marching a whole congregation round a church "to take leave of the corpse," as the undertaker generally expresses it, is again simply wrong. You see little children, who had never heard of the departed one, borne round in this dismal

procession, lifted up to look upon the unknown features, as if in fulfilment of some pagan vow, certainly not of any Christian service. This is simply wrong. The preposterous order of precedence at funerals, often agonizing to those with whom we have come to sympathize, may be set aside as simply wrong, without any discussion as to good taste or bad. So again in the Sunday service, that ritual by which persons who have come too late may enter church indifferently while praise is sung to God, though they must stay outside if praise is addressed to him by the clergyman only, is in itself wrong. In architecture, which is a part of ritual, the introduction of lies in the decorations of churches is another wrong. And here we have a good illustration, which shows how readily conscience will act in the suppression of any false ritual where the moral sense can be called upon. A Boston architect once sent into the country a plan for a church. In the taste of that day, he directed that the pews should be made of pine wood painted to imitate oak. The high-minded builders studied the plan, and asked him if he had any scruple about their using the real oak. It proved that in that region it was even cheaper than the falsehood! The architect was going out of his way to introduce an untruth into the sanctuary! Where an Italian fresco-painter (as the creatures are called because they do not paint in fresco) makes an imitation cross over the pulpit, how easy to drive out the evil with good by placing a real cross in that very place, if cross is needed. Is not New England almost proverbial for its skill in carving? In any such instance of any of the customs connected with worship, where the false ritual offends the moral sense, the minister, or whoever else undertakes the reform, will find he has the large majority of those around him to sustain him.

In the next place, the intelligent observer will see, that, in matter of ritual, it is and ought to be easier to add something new, than to take away that which is established; — *ritus*, the Roman said, — meaning *ratus*, thought over and settled. The amazing introduction of the Sunday-school among our religious institutions is an imposing illustration. Here was a piece of service wholly new, — superadded universally, in a single generation, to the established services which existed before. The introduction of the Bible, and the introduction

of the organ, to which we have alluded, were made possible, because they did not so much disturb what was, as add to it something besides. Yet the dispensing with Bible or organ had been the work of nothing less than a revolution. The introduction of evening services and of week-day religious services are other illustrations. The Thursday lecture, and occasional fasts and thanksgivings, were grave and acknowledged exceptions to the Puritans' plan of worship, — which frowned on any public services, in general, but the established meetings of Sunday. They dreaded, indeed, the breaking up of family worship, which might ensue if public meetings came too often. To this ease of adding ritual we owe it that in our own time there has been no difficulty in Congregational churches in introducing flowers on the communion-table, — a custom now fast becoming universal, — nor crosses above the pulpit. The highest Episcopal authority in this State has intimated that such usages are idolatrous; but in churches of other ritual we have never heard the first complaint made with regard to them. The reading the Psalms in alternate responses, the use of instrumental music unaccompanied by vocal, and the presence of children at the communion, may be spoken of as so many new customs which are gradually adding themselves, without great difficulty, to the ritual which has come down to us.

In one of the remonstrances of the Rector of the Church of the Advent, in this city, against the efforts which the Bishop made to prevent him from kneeling with his back to the people, he used this strong expression: "As we showed ourselves more reverent, our people became so;" — and illustrated his statement by the fact that a number unprecedented had offered themselves for confirmation the year after the clergy had introduced the custom of kneeling with their backs to the congregation. We cannot believe that a result so gratifying was wholly due, as Dr. Southgate supposed it was, to the fact that he and his assistants at that church faced southwest rather than northwest in kneeling.* But the hint as to the absolute necessity of reverence in the clergy themselves is one which we venture to repeat, finding it in a clergyman's mouth, as we should else hardly dare to do. Forty years ago it was almost a part of the ritual of

* For the altar is unfortunately at the southwest end of the church.

some churches, that during "the singing" the ministers should be revising the sermon with ready pencil in the pulpit. We have been told by clergymen that most pulpits now are supplied with pencil and paper for any purpose — as of a message to the chorister — which may demand them. Bishop Southgate's suggestion certainly applies here. If any one goes to church prepared for the service, it is he who is to conduct it. Does he expect the choir, for instance, to join in the services which he leads, of course he must join with the most reverent attention in those led by them. And any indication on his part that he is studying or examining his notes, his concordance, or his congregation, is a violation of the simplest proprieties of the sanctuary.

We understand very well that we must speak here with great caution. The ministers of every denomination will be apt to tell us that they have studied their own business. We are willing to concede that every clergyman must understand his own better than we can. Still we think we may say that there would be among the clergy themselves, of every order, an assent to the propositions laid down with great point by Dr. Huntington, at the installation of his successor: —

"Again: when the people are assembled, we have a certain stereotyped order of exercises, as to length, succession, appearance, postures, — which latter have pretty generally settled down into an undisturbed, indolent sitting, from beginning to end, through every service and every emotion, — praise and prayer, cheer and penitence, reading and hearing, singing and sleeping. Have we a right to take it for granted, that all persons, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, who are to be converted from selfish and ungodly habits, shall be converted sitting at eleven o'clock or three o'clock, on one day of the week, in some particular building, through this trite form of proceedings, or not converted at all?"

We confess that we sympathize with the spirit of this whole passage, of which we should be glad to quote more. Will not every one answer in the affirmative to the question with which it closes? Speaking of the Episcopalians, he says: —

"When the most staid and finical of the sects among us is found moving in a national convention, as it is this very night, for a freer ecclesiastical breathing-room, for a more liberal order, and a worship

better suited to the diversified wants of the worshippers, may it not be rationally expected that our less restricted Congregational ministry will consult whether the measure of apostolic adaptation is yet reached among us, — whether Sunday and the sanctuary are not treated as too exclusively the channels of God's grace, and a pulpit fashion made the too intolerant dictator of Christian enterprise?"

Is there not a general feeling that "pulpit fashion" may be too intolerant? The "pulpit fashion" of Congregationalism drifted gradually, in the first century of New England, into written sermons. Have not the example of Everett and of Beecher, preaching their sermons and delivering their addresses without using a written word, done something to shake "pulpit fashion" there. And, in general, — in the reform of ritual which the clergy must lead, if it is to be led at all, or made at all, — is it not possible that some reforms may be made in the ritual of the pulpit, as well as in that of the pews?

For instance, we venture, with all caution, as we have said, to ask if a certain unity of service, running through the whole hour of assembly, is not possible, which is not always gained? We are disposed to think that most children regard a congregational service as consisting of nine *things*. The voluntary is not, to a child, part of the service, more than the ringing of the bell. To many of the congregation, alas! it is no more than an arrangement to "occupy the time," and to drown the noise of incoming. The child's nine *things* are three prayers, three hymns, and "the Bible," the sermon, and the benediction. Now if that ritual could be abandoned, by which a considerable part of the congregation regularly come too late; or if, as in the country in Virginia, a pause should be made expressly for them to enter just before the sermon, the voluntary might lead directly to the opening prayer, and that prayer not seem separated from the hymn. So of the services which follow. Nor do we speak here, of course, chiefly of external arrangements. Has not each public religious service some general sentiment of its own pervading the whole occasion? Is there not some leading emotion, or possibly some leading thought, which belongs to each particular meeting together of Christians? If this is so, is it not possible for the preacher so to avail himself of it that even a child shall feel

that, from the beginning to the not distant end, one current of feeling runs through the whole, — and that this is not nine services, but one?

We refrain from carrying further such suggestions, however. We would not volunteer our advice to a body of conscientious and devout men, who understand their duties better than we can. And we are especially anxious not to enter into a single discussion of detail in that consideration of some of the principles of American Ritual to which we have devoted this paper.

Our hope, indeed, has been to show that the questions of Ritual are much broader than the details of Rubric or of Liturgy, with which of late they have been too often confounded. Having pointed out the directions in which improvement is easy, — in changes of anything that offends the moral sense, — in any improvements in our "pulpit fashion," — and in other matters, in additions of what is good, rather than in attempts to change what is harmless, — we have now only to indicate the encouragement which the actual position of affairs gives to those who really wish to work for an improved American Ritual.

It must be confessed that, in removing anything that is innocent in our present customs of worship, they will meet with all those difficulties which we have suggested. But they ought not to wish that people should readily abandon the ritual which is their only ritual. They have, on the other hand, the encouragement that, with every church in America except the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal, — a small minority these of the whole, — every ritual now in use was originally "no ritual." The work of clearing away rubbish was done, and thoroughly done, for most of these churches, two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago. Whoever wishes to build now has, perhaps, it is true, but an unenthusiastic and undemonstrative order of service to build upon. But he has scarce anything false in it or idolatrous, and what is false or idolatrous he can blow away with a breath. Let any such man remember — looking, indeed, far wider than Rubric or Liturgy — that the only ritual which is a ritual to the great body of native-born Americans is the simple service of the Methodist, Lutheran, Congregational, or Presbyterian

Churches. He is not any more bound to take suggestions from the English Church, than he is from the churches of Germany or Sweden, — from the Moravian Church, the Roman, the Greek, or the Nestorian. Most Christians in America know as little of the services of the first of these as they know of those of any other. By far the largest majority associates all its early impressions and devout seasons of refreshing with the rituals of the Puritans, or of Knox, or of Wesley, or of Luther. Whoever would build up more and better ritual has the great advantage, then, that he is not fettered to any form which has been tried hitherto, while he is at liberty to take suggestions from any or from all. Let him remember, also, that no confession is without its difficulties. We have quoted the passage in which Dr. Huntington alluded to the struggles of "the most staid and finical of the sects among us," — the Episcopal Church. In the councils of that majestic Mother Church which she so feebly travesties, there is like struggle. Lord Ebury will urge the amendment of the liturgy. And those who will not change a letter of it would be glad indeed to know how to make it shorter without a change. In Italy, there is no pretence that a decent order is secured without struggle. The following confession, addressed to "clerical readers," is part of the Preface of a manual for the office of the Holy Week, published in 1841, "by authority."

"There is no doubt that many pious ecclesiastics are inquiring what are the established rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church in the 'functions' of the Holy Week. For there are almost innumerable manuals published for them, which do not satisfy the real demand, because they are so different from each other, so contradictory, that they seem intended to alter and disturb the Rubrics."

Let the American improver, then, take all the benefit of his vantage-ground. For a single instance, out of all, in the one detail of Liturgy, let him remember first that that forms only one element in ritual; and again, that what is commonly called "the Liturgy" in conversation is only one among a hundred ancient and consecrated "Liturgies." There are those who think that it is by no means the best one. We have said that we are of their number. Without discussing that question, we may say, in the spirit of what we have said

all along, that to nine Americans out of ten the words of most of the English Liturgy are as unfamiliar, and have as little consecration from early sentiment, as those of the Greek Church or of the Armenian.

Looking in general, far wider than liturgies, at that ritual which includes all our sacred observances, it is quite certain that the prospect is hopeful. It is true that nobody but the clergy will persistently attempt any change. But the most devoted ritualists, or believers in the power of forms, would be the last to ask that men should wish to change the forms in which and by which they are bred. "All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed," as Mr. Jefferson has put it in his majestic paraphrase of the more familiar words of Hamlet. The clergy can without difficulty add any new forms to the no-ritual ritual which we have received from our fathers. Without difficulty, again, they can destroy, almost by a word, anything that is wrong in that ritual,—really wrong or wicked, —where a moral decision as well as a decision of taste may be pronounced against the form. Yet again, in their own services they have, of course, unlimited range and power for variety. With these three elements of immediate success, we do not see that any man need despond who is willing to look at the whole matter of ritual, instead of one corner of it. He will find it hard to change that which is merely not imposing enough to suit him, or not as expressive as he thinks another form might be. But he has the best possible foothold for a beginning. And he can advance just as fast as he ought to. He has every reason to believe that, in the steady education and elevation of the taste and critical observation of his countrymen, the ecclesiastical symbolism is in no danger of falling behind any other. It will be growing more expressive, more imposing, every day. For it has the great advantage which no other Christian land can claim, that, if there is little actually imposing in our present ritual, there is little actually idolatrous or preposterous. Of whatever fabric of ritual God teaches us to build, the foundations, if not extensive, are not treacherous. They are modest, thank God! But they are deep and sure.

Art. II.—RURAL TASTE IN NORTH AMERICA.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences. Comprising Historical Notices and general Principles of the Art, Directions for laying out Grounds and arranging Plantations, the Description and Cultivation of Hardy Trees, decorative Accompaniments of the House and Grounds, the Formation of Pieces of Artificial Water, Flower Gardens, etc. With Remarks on Rural Architecture. By the late A. J. Downing, Esq. Sixth edition, enlarged, revised, and newly illustrated. *With a Supplement, containing some Remarks about Country Places, and the best Methods of making them; also, an Account of the Newer Deciduous and Evergreen Plants lately introduced into Cultivation, both Hardy and Half-hardy.* By Henry Winthrop Sargent. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 576.

Downing's "Landscape Gardening," originally published in 1841, has now reached the sixth edition, with large and valuable additions by Mr. Sargent. Historic notices of the older country-seats are greatly multiplied, and descriptions given of the most noteworthy new ones. Many finished engravings render the work an elegant ornament of the library table, as well as a manual of rural art. Woodcuts are profusely scattered through its pages, drawings of noble trees, such as the European linden of Presqu'-Isle, the silver fir, the Lebanon cedar, the rarer pines, junipers, and shrubs. We have also maps and views of the New York Central Park, as well as of the homestead park of Llewellyn, New Jersey,—to both which great public works we shall in due time return, and briefly describe them.

As we compare this volume with earlier editions, we are struck, not only with the immense increase of tasteful abodes springing up on every hand, but also with the multiplication of choice trees, both deciduous and evergreen. In one short chapter Mr. Downing described some twenty or thirty only. Now we have a list of two hundred and thirty-two distinct varieties. Not only are the hardy pines and spruces of our forests brought into requisition, but those also for which

our Northern winter is too severe, and which require some protection either by packing or removal during the winter. At Washington, in the Capitol and Smithsonian Institute grounds, and about Baltimore and Philadelphia, some of these "half-hardy" varieties flourish luxuriantly, while a degree farther north they can only be kept alive by care and skill. At Newport many kinds — deciduous and evergreen — stand well, which will not abide forty miles inland. Several which grow vigorously at Bridgeport or New Haven, pine away at Springfield or Rochester. One who lives in the latitude of Boston, and desires a large variety of rare trees, must certainly make up his mind to great expense in making and protecting his plantations. But with moderate means he may still be assured of many choice trees and hardy, at comparatively small cost.

We find in Mr. Sargent's Supplement the most valuable hints as to the formation of country-seats. He illustrates his views by copious details of the manner in which his own place was created, where Nature had done too much, and also of the manner in which Wellesley was laid out, where Nature had done too little. Mr. Downing expresses his opinion decidedly, that all places should have originally some large trees upon them, as the slow growth of new plantations is very tantalizing to one who longs for shade and developed grace. But not once in twenty times are the trees just those wanted, or just in the right place. To cut them down and dig up their roots costs much time and money. If they are left standing, the newer plantings will scarcely harmonize with them. This was Mr. Sargent's difficulty. The house was in the midst of a forest, which had to be cut through to open vistas of the Hudson and its highlands. As with all natural wood growing densely, the trees were bare of low branches, and the foliage was twenty to fifty feet higher in the air than it should be for proper effect. The only remedy was to top the trees, and gradually thin them out, thus bringing their bushy heads downward by slow degrees, — a process requiring as much time and a great deal more patience than to wait for an upward growth. Thus his ornamental plantations were formed by the axe; while all spaces required for his immense varieties of imported trees,

his orchards and gardens, had to be completely cleared, the branching roots grubbed up, and the soil smoothed over. One can perceive at a glance that this double process must prove very costly.

Mr. Hunnewell's place (of which several charming views are given) was made, on the contrary, entirely by the spade. So late as 1851 the present ornamented portion of the estate, about forty acres, presented to view nothing more than a hideous sandy plain, with scattered clumps of pitch-pine and scraggy oaks. These were entirely removed before anything else was planted. Then an acre of ground or more was thoroughly trenched and manured, and, when prepared for a nursery, planted with fine varieties of evergreens, elms, maples, oaks, beeches, &c. These were only about fifteen inches high, but were set out where required as they attained growth and hardihood. The lawn was then graded, subsoiled, and cultivated for some years before grassing. All the exposed parts of the estate toward the public road were planted out of view; and, until the trees reached a good height, the border yearly sown with potatoes, the yield in some measure paying for the work. When the situation of the house was finally chosen, avenues from several points were formed by alternating the *Pinus excelsa* and *Magnolia tripetala* with Norway spruces and masses of rare evergreen shrubs, such as rhododendrons, &c. for one approach, and by white pines and larches for another. With admirable taste and judgment the formality of the avenues is discontinued on approaching the lawn, with its views of the lake, the Italian garden, and the house; and the plantations are segregated into groups and single specimens, chosen especially for their beauty and rich effect. About eight acres are here adorned with the finest trees that can be procured, many of them transplanted from a distance of twenty miles even when nearly thirty feet high, by removing them during the winter, with balls of frozen earth about the roots, to holes already prepared. The keeping of these grounds has minute attention; and all the accompanying features of the place — the mansion, the terraces, the French and Italian garden, the lake — are on a corresponding scale of magnificence.

These two places, therefore, Woodnethe and Wellesley, have been formed by different means, — one by clearing portions of wood and then improving, the other altogether by planting. We have no question that Mr. Sargent is right in thinking that, at the end of ten or fifteen years, the latter mode will prove by far the most satisfactory. His counsels are also wise as to purchases and costs. It is always best to buy an improved place outright. Many a man has deluded himself by supposing that he could create a country-seat for less money than he could buy it; forgetting that, unless very near a growing city, such places almost always sell at a heavy loss, and that after he has paid for his land, and built his house, he has still his grounds to adorn, his orchards and hothouses to form, and that in making these adjuncts the temptation to spend freely is often stronger than the wisdom to spare.

The splendors of our autumnal foliage offer the richest material to the landscape gardener in its gorgeous contrasts and harmonies of color. When October's wand touches the leafy mantles of the fields and hill-sides, they instantly flash with gold and crimson. What brilliancy, then, shall we impart to our rural homes, as we learn to group artistically the ash, the sweet-gum, the dogwood, the purple beech, their leaves shifting from dark green to yellow, and mingled with the scarlet maple's fire! A charming color-effect may be made, also, by placing two evergreens of different nature together, such as the white and double black spruce or some deciduous tree. "We remember," says Mr. Sargent, "to have seen at Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva, that most graceful tree, the weeping silver birch, planted in the same hole with a pretty, drooping, fragile, dark-looking cedar; and the two had grown up together like two loving sisters, and their dark and silvery foliage and graceful arms gently entwined together seemed to cling fondly to each other for support, — the Minna and Brenda of the woods." *

* We will here mention a few of the newer deciduous trees in Mr. Sargent's list, beginning with the Maple. This tree is certainly one of the most valuable we have, from its stately growth, dense shade, the sugar yield of one variety, and the autumn glories of its yellow and scarlet varieties. The English field maple, *Acer*

To owners of very small places, who still wish them to look well, the safest counsel is, Do not plant large trees, — not one even; keep your grass continually shorn, your hedge evenly trimmed, your little flower-bed in perpetual order. Set out such flowering shrubs as will from spring to autumn give you a constant renewal of blossoms. So continually are new varieties now introduced from all parts of the world by scientific botanists, that it is quite unnecessary to name a choice; and, when differences of climate and soil are to be considered, much better advice can be given on the spot by a practical seedsman, than by a review destined for all latitudes. Still, of hardy ornamental shrubs we may safely suggest the double Althæas, the Deutzias, the Persian lilac, the Pyrus Japonica, and especially the Moutan peonies and the Weigelias, the last two introduced lately from China, by Mr. Robert Fortune. Evergreen shrubs, on the contrary, we cannot recommend; unless the cultivator has ample space and shade for them, they will not, in spite of all that has been said in their favor, stand our New England autumn and winter suns,

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campestre, has not been long introduced, and is little known among us; but it is remarkably well adapted for small places, as it seldom exceeds twenty-five feet in height, and when standing alone assumes a perfectly regular rounded shape. Two other very fine varieties are the large-leaved maple, *A. macrophyllum*, and the purple-leaved *A. foliis purpureis*; the first a noble, stately tree, and the other distinguished by its leaves of purple underneath, which, in a breeze, contrast charmingly with the pale green above. Of horsechestnuts, ten new varieties are mentioned, the most beautiful, perhaps, being the dwarf white-flowering *Pavia macrostachya*, growing as a bush much broader than high, and in the month of July covered with thousands of blossoms. One of these plants at Woodnethe, though only eight feet high, is fully sixty in circumference. Of beeches, the most desirable is the fern-leaved *Fagus laciniata*, of exquisitely delicate foliage, resembling the feathery sensitive plant which beguiles us in our woodland rambles, and capable of being trimmed to any shape. Several new kinds of ash, birch, magnolia, elm, willow, &c., are spoken of; and of oaks, the most remarkable is the weeping, *Quercus pendula*, whose branches, like long slim ropes, hang nearly to the ground. Two dwarf species are also noteworthy, adapted as they are for the little plats which so many of us must be content with, — the "low-growing" *Quercus humilis*, never exceeding four feet in height, and the *Q. pumila*, an American dwarf, only about twenty inches. These trees can all be grown to advantage on a place from one to three acres in extent; but where less than an acre is all one has to cultivate, trees which attain large size had better not be planted at all, and in their stead fine deciduous and evergreen shrubs will lend a charm to the smallest enclosure, having themselves ample room, without overshadowing the house, and giving a mean, contracted look to the grounds.

but turn brown and dingy when we most want them bright. The flower-garden in its perfection is of course unattainable without great care and expense; but five dollars a year, judiciously laid out in seeds and bulbs, will, from one tiny plat, yield, from the first crocus to the last chrysanthemum, a perpetual joy.

Be careful of hedges, ye who plant them, and beware ever of the three-thorned acacia. It is the most detestable of all hedge-plants, and has so thoroughly borne out its original depravity of nature as to be banished now from all respectable Edens. As a tree this seducer covers his iniquities by a cloak of such exquisite and delicate foliage, that those who hate him most, as we do, are forced to confess that he "ruffles it bravely." But he only dons it in the last spring days, when he bursts into sudden splendor, to drop it again, alas! at the first whispering of autumn winds. As a hedge-plant it is in every way abominable, — thin at the bottom, where it ought to be thick, wounding every hand that attempts to trim it, and, in short, fit for nothing but to be hewn down and cast into the fire. For a Northern climate we think an evergreen hedge is always preferable. The Norway spruce, for example, is perfectly hardy, a dense and rapid grower, forming an impenetrable guard when closely trimmed, and very beautiful covered with its young spring shoots.* But of all hedges, commend us to the hemlock. Whether as a tree or a shrub, left to wave its delicate, graceful branches in full luxuriance, or closely clipped, we scarcely know of any plant, surely no evergreen, more to be prized. It takes any shape from the shears, becomes thicker and thicker by trimming, preserves its rich, cheerful hue through the longest winter, and in the spring presents a truly enchanting aspect, as its young tender leaflets of brightest tint fringe every spray, seeming literally translucent and floating, like the foam on the deep sea-green wave.†

* As a full-grown tree nothing is more graceful, — its lower boughs sweeping the turf and its spiry top still sending forth new shoots. We never see one of these lovely trees, richly decked with cones, without being reminded of the pagoda and its bells, the shape strangely assimilating to the nine-storied towers of China.

† One word of the golden arbor vitæ, *Biota orientalis aurea*. This perfectly lovely shrub, never growing over three to four feet high, is dense and compact, the foliage much more delicate than that of the common order, of the brightest verdure during

Our long and severe Northern winters make evergreens very desirable, and to those who cannot afford conservatories we suggest a winter garden, which is very simply constructed by planting a variety of the finer evergreens together, in such a manner as to afford a variety of foliage at one view. The trees should be set around three sides of a square, the fourth left open towards the house, and the space enclosed, if large enough, broken by two or three of the finest standing single trees. So planted, the winter garden has a bright and cheerful look, giving the occupants of the house a pleasing scene when every deciduous tree is bare, and the ground deep buried in snow. But even where the finer and rarer sorts do not readily grow, a very interesting and beautiful collection can be formed by the white pine, the hemlock, the Norway spruce, the Austrian pine, the black and white spruces, and the arbor vitæ, — all of which are very cheap and abundant. Such a garden, even on a small and humble scale, may be made very successful and most consolatory in the winter.

Some persons object to evergreens because of their sameness, as they term it. Such persons have derived their wrong impressions from the unfortunate manner often practised of planting evergreens. A few feet of ground surrounding a neat house will be planted, for example, solely with common American black spruces; while the next-door neighbor, with no better taste, will dot his grounds all over with ordinary arbor vitæ, leaving them to grow untrimmed, except at the bottom, where they should never be pruned, for ten or twenty years, and then has only to exhibit a quantity of conical bushes stuck on the top of poles, precisely after the Nuremberg toy pattern, and about as useful and elegant. The truth is, that one may have, with perhaps no more space to spare, twenty or thirty evergreen trees, of as many types, distinguishable at a glance.

Before trees are set out, one should in the first place decide

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the winter, and of a rich intermingled gold and green in summer. In some latitudes it will require protection from the extreme cold, but we should in such cases prefer to have it planted in a large tub sunk in the ground until December, and then bring it into the house, where it would make a charming feature during the inclement season.

precisely what he wants, the number of plants his space will hold when they are fully grown, and the positions they should occupy, with a full understanding of how they are to appear from different points of view. These considerations require time and study, but the delay will be amply remunerative when we see the results. Too often, even the holes are not dug for the trees when they arrive from the nursery. They are then hurriedly made, and the plants thrust into them without any thought as to their harmony, their effect, or their mature development. It often chances that the spots thus chosen are the worst that could be selected, because they are either too close together, so that, when the trees are grown, they will shut out the view and injure each other, or they are placed too near a road or house, so that, in a few years, their lower branches will have to be cut away, thus ruining their symmetry. We have constant cause to mourn over the mutilation of white pines and Norway spruces, which otherwise would be magnificent, but shorn of half their glory by being set originally so near a house that the limbs on one side have no space until they reach above the roof. The planting of stakes on Mr. Sargent's plan will entirely obviate these deformities, as of course no one who resorts to them will ever place a large growing tree close to a building or roadway. When you have decided on the number of trees to a given space, put down in the autumn an equal number of tall poles, and around these set shorter stakes, at the distance from the centre one which the lower branches of the tree will reach when fully grown. By so doing, keeping the stakes down all winter, studying from every point of view the grouping of the proposed plantings, and making such moves as may seem fit, when the spring arrives holes may be dug without fear of further change, and the trees inserted will at once give to the grounds an elegant and finished appearance.

Another of Mr. Sargent's judicious counsels is the forming of pits for wintering plants too tender for our icy seasons, yet not requiring the expensive apparatus of a green-house. The absurdity of the green-house system, as we often find it, is very marked. Numbers of persons have conservatories at their country-seats, who never see them in the winter, and being

too remote to have their flowers sent to them, they bloom only for the gardener and his friends. Not so with the English, who live in their rural homes in winter and go to town in the summer.

"We think," says Mr. Sargent, "there are few scenes in an ornamental garden or pleasure-ground of greater interest than a collection of trees and shrubs, natives of foreign climes, which, though they would be destroyed if exposed in the winter, yet when planted (turned out) or sunk in the ground during the summer, exhibit a degree of beauty and luxuriance which they never do or could attain in a green-house or conservatory; and which require in the winter simply the protection of a cool green-house, or in most cases of a cold pit sufficiently deep and protected to exclude the frost, and with facilities for occasionally admitting air for ventilation. A pit of this description, well drained and dry, and twelve to fifteen feet deep, might accommodate plants ten or twelve feet high, which, when planted out in the pleasure-grounds during the summer, the tub or pots being sunk out of sight in the soil, would produce the most extraordinary and charming effects."

Mr. Sargent has thus changed a part of his grounds "from an American to a tropical and Oriental landscape."

Rapid as has been the increase of wealth in America within the last twenty years, and the corresponding growth of rural and botanical taste, it is still impossible even for the very wealthiest men to form complete collections of plants flourishing *au naturel*. We hope before many years, however, to see associations formed, which, near all our great cities, shall establish botanic gardens on an extensive scale, after the manner of the famous one at Kew. This can only be done by a very large number of subscribers, for the general government can do nothing except at Washington; but we sincerely believe that such gardens can be made so attractive as to be sustained by a small annual tax and a light admission fee from the public. The Botanic Garden at Cambridge, from limited funds, is not worthy of the name; but we shall no doubt in the course of a few years behold much more successful results in Boston, connected with the improvement of the Back Bay lands. As yet, however, the New York Central Park, although not partaking of the strictly scientific character of Kew Gardens, is the only really noble public pleasure-ground in the United States, and,

if fully carried out according to the present plan, in keeping with that portion of it already completed, and intact from the busy fingers of rascally jobbers and municipal pickers and stealers, it will have scarce a rival in Europe.

This Park forms a parallelogram two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Its original condition was about as unpromising as could well be, — partly occupied by the most wretched hovels, and otherwise, excepting the Croton reservoir, serving as a depository for the ashes and garbage of the city. The site of the Park was determined some years ago, but the actual purchase was not completed until near the end of 1857. The plans of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, who, in spite of adverse counsel, persevered in their ideal of a park which should in every respect be worthy of the mighty city of New York, were at once accepted over those of all other competitors, and from two to three thousand men were then set to work to carry out the designs. The greatest apparent difficulties in the way of the contractors have been turned by them to good account, the rock-blasting giving a peculiar wild and barren aspect to some portions of the ground. These have been planted with every variety of hardy evergreens which stand unprotected in the New York climate, while a a number of winding and intersecting paths among the rocks and plantations form a labyrinthine stroll, aptly styled "The Ramble." Carriage and bridle roads have already been formed, not only the very best in structure, but presenting enchanting views on each hand. The grounds are diversified by sheets of water, — used, to the joy of thousands, for skating-ponds in the winter, — by expanses of lawn, and by collections of all American trees and shrubs which flourish in the open air. A large space is set apart for a play-ground, another for military parades, and a long, straight, formal "Promenade," between double rows of elms, ending in a water-terrace, will remind one of the stately vistas of Versailles. Collections of choice trees, flower-gardens, and brilliant shrubberies will offer to the botanical student rare opportunities of knowledge. The numerous streets, from 59th to 110th, will not cross the Park, but traffic will pass through four transverse roads, in part tunnelled, lying under the park

surface, and, where necessarily left open, planted entirely out of view. No brief description can convey an adequate idea of this great work. It is sufficient to say that enormous sums have already been spent upon it, and that the estimated cost of finishing it is at least twenty millions of dollars.

While thus noting the progress of public pleasure-grounds, we are not less delighted to find a new feature in private possessions, enabling each builder to have free use of very extensive plantations without heavy expense. At Orange, New Jersey, Llewellyn Park has been formed by an association of gentlemen, each one having a house and private grounds within it. About three hundred and fifty acres were selected and enclosed, having views of New York and its bay, the Hudson highlands, and the New Jersey country. The park proper is most beautifully embellished with plantations, ornamental water and cascades, carriage drives of five miles' extent, and numerous walks. "Around the central tract, especially termed 'The Park,' the remainder of the property is divided into about fifty villa sites of from three to ten acres each, the proprietors of which have a joint interest in, and common access to, the Park, possessing, however, the sole and unrestricted right to the lot which each may have selected. The fund for the purchase and embellishment of the Park is derived from an assessment on the surrounding sites of one hundred dollars per acre; and for the maintenance of the Park and future improvements, an annual assessment is made by the proprietors, not to exceed ten dollars per acre." This plan, perfectly successful, we shall doubtless see followed in other parts of the country, and, indeed, several of the kind are already springing into existence about New York.

In closing this article, we would urge upon every one to cultivate a taste and love for refined country life. The great places, of which many are noticed in Mr. Sargent's appendix, are exclusively for the rich; but, as we have shown, abundant delight for mind and eye is fully within the reach of all. The charms of rural life are among the purest and most lasting pleasures which gladden the human heart. Let one fully enter into the spirit of nature, although restricted to the smallest limits, and he will at once feel within him the truth and nobleness of Milton's immortal verse: —

"I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors' chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross, dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless."

Art. III. — OLD FAITH AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

Recent Inquiries in Theology, by English Churchmen. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D. *Being "Essays and Reviews" recently published in England.* Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.

An impressive and on the whole edifying portion of the liturgical service of the Episcopal Church is that of the rehearsal of the Ten Commandments as a part of the ante-communion service at the altar. Certainly, if any selection from the old Hebrew Scriptures might appropriately be taken, word for word, as it stands, without any allowance for abatement or accommodation in its transfer, and be used as of unimpaired authority for Christians in the solemnities of their worship, it must be the Decalogue. Those solemn edicts of the Heavenly Lawgiver seem to retain, in their depths and resonance, the sanctity which faith has associated with them; and when we hear them, it is as if they had been echoing grandly in the holier spaces of the air ever since they were first given to it in smoke and flame from the rocky heights of the Mount of God.

How grand is the concise brevity of those three of the ten which express so positively what they forbid as if nothing but a *No*, without reason or explanation given, were all that is to be said about the greater sins of man against man! "Thou shalt do no murder." "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not steal." Five words are enough for two, and four words are enough for the other, of these great laws of Jehovah. They are shorter yet as they stand in the Hebrew original; for two words, one of them in each case of but two letters, serve to express each of these three commandments. The other commandments are slightly, with a single exception, lengthened in statement, only for the sake of enforcing them by a reason, or defining their compass. How wide is the sweep, how exhaustive the range, how sublime the dignity, how self-ratifying the authority of that Divine code! It would seem as if in the services of all Christian sanctuaries there should be a place for its repetition, and that that place was fittingly midway in the order of the temple rites. No objection is to be urged against the pause between the distinct reading by the minister of each of the commandments, nor against the responsive petition sent up during each pause by the petitioners, or chanted in a subdued symphony by the choir, — "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

But we are coming, through this introduction, to something that troubles us, — at least to the extent of sensibly impairing our sympathy with this part of the liturgical service. And what we are now to say will be of itself but introductory, as a specimen and illustrative matter, of the transcendently serious and comprehensive subject with which we have afterwards to deal.

This solemn rehearsal of the Ten Commandments is made on the Lord's Day, as a part of the exercises of public worship, for the disciples of Christ. One of those commandments is regarded and is used as defining the authority and purpose of the holy day which it thus helps to make and keep holy. The commandment, as given in the Prayer-Book, substantially as in Exodus xx. 8–11, is as follows: —

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six

days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

Some embarrassing questions — which, however serious they are in themselves, or may be made to be in the treatment of them, are comparatively trivial in view of the paramount question to which we are coming — present themselves as we study the meaning and contemplate the use made of this commandment. It is taken as the basis of the Divine institution of the weekly Sabbath. Though nothing is said or implied about the holding of assemblies for public worship, and for religious instruction on that day, the commandment is regarded as constructively or impliedly covering such a use, or at least as eminently and consistently in harmony with such a use. The day is to be made holy and kept holy; and what is better and surer for that end, than rest during a portion of the day at home, and frequenting, during another portion of it, the temple of worship and edification? But embarrassment for some literalists, for many cavillers, and for a few of scrupulous consciences, is found in such questions as these: — By what authority was the Lord's day substituted for the old Jewish Sabbath? or, with more emphasis and earnestness, How is it that Christians, even of the rigid sort, content themselves with keeping only one part of the commandment? What right have they so quietly and graciously to take for granted that the injunction for the absolute cessation of all household cares, and for the entire abstinence from all manner of work by cook, and groom, and coachman, and horses, has become obsolete? What right have they thus fearlessly to strike out the prohibition from the commandment, and thus to impair, by a will-worship and preference and carnal indulgence of their own inclinations, the whole integrity and authority of the statute? These questions, however, and others like them, are disposed of with great facility and with tolerable satisfaction; and they

are as but straws for lightness in comparison with the grave issue we are now to open,—and to open, as we must again intimate, not so much for its own single contents, as for its specimen and illustrative character.

The reader, whether he has anticipated our intent or not, cannot have failed to have noted, with some arrest of attention, however familiar the experience may have become to him, that the obligation for keeping holy the Sabbath day is grounded upon *a Reason*,—a cause *why*. This reason is of no dubious or vague character. It is as explicit, distinct, positive, and intelligible as language can convey. It is also a reason which, if it shall stand as a reason and carry with it the force of the authority to which it appeals, cannot for a moment be questioned or debated, so august, so overwhelming is the purport of it. The commandment bids us keep holy the seventh day, after we have worked during six days, *because God himself did the same*. He worked six days,—six successive periods of time, measured by us in twenty-four hours each. In these six days he "made HEAVEN, and EARTH, the SEA, and everything that is in heaven, earth, and sea;" and when the Almighty Worker—not necessarily fatigued, but having completed his own design—had thus occupied six days, he rested on the seventh day: and because he did rest on that seventh day, he blessed it as a Sabbath day, and hallowed it. The commandment exceeds its own due province of simply making an injunction. The Divine Lawgiver might command, without condescending to argue. It is for him to choose whether he shall connect a reason with any one of his injunctions, telling us not only to keep it, but also *why* we are to keep it: If he does thus base a commandment upon a reason for his giving it, and upon a reason for our obeying it, he seems to proffer to us the invitation put into his lips by the prophet Isaiah: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." If our nurture or our educated conviction persuades us to read the Bible with an humble, reverent docility, we are under equal obligation to regard and treat Bible reasoning as reasoning, that we are to regard Bible commandments as commandments. It would be but a poor sort of reverence to render as tribute to God, while acknowledging his conde-

scension in deigning to reason with us, to leave it to be inferred that he would offer us any but good reasons. The command of the Sabbath is then enforced by a reason for our hallowing it. That reason is God's own example in resting on a seventh day, after he had given six days to the making of the heaven, earth, and sea, and all their contents. This reason is not offered as one of many reasons. It stands alone. Not a word is said or implied of grounds for keeping the Sabbath growing out of its possible or actual uses, — out of its infinite resources and capabilities of blessing for men. There are most earnest, and devoted, and every way estimable advocates of the Sabbath, pleading for its consecration, and proving to a demonstration that we need it, — ought to keep it, — and will be blessed by it as by nothing else. But not one of these advocates, either in his most prosaic argument or in his most lofty rhetoric, ever gives for the observance *the* reason, and *the only reason*, which God is represented as giving for it.

It might be assumed that a reason assigned by God himself for commanding men in reference to any defined course of action would be the paramount reason with men, — that it would always be attached to the commandment, always repeated with it, and always uppermost in the reverence and in the arguments of those who, as pleaders for God, stand up to announce his will to men. Why is it, then, that the champions of Sabbatical observance, so far from relying wholly or mainly on the reason assigned in the commandment for its injunction, sink that reason wholly out of view, and offer quite other grounds for the institution? Excellent and forcible grounds they may be, but still, it must be confessed, far below that assigned in the Decalogue. For in the promulgation of a commandment requiring, as an element of a universal religion for all time, that all races, generations, and nations of men should consecrate a weekly Sabbath, — the example of God himself — the Divine precedent — would seem to be the ground of appeal most likely to be of force under all circumstances. It is observable that those who arranged the office of the Commandments, instead of copying the Decalogue as it is given in Exodus, might have availed themselves of the form under which it is given in Deuteronomy. In that book we have a

revised and condensed edition of the Jewish Law. The Commandment of the Sabbath makes no reference whatever to the reason for its observance assigned in Exodus. Another reason is here given, viz. the Jews are bid to remember their bondage in Egypt, out of which their God delivered them; and it is added, "therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. v. 15.) The reason here assigned for the observance of the Sabbath is one which would have peculiar, if not exclusive, authority for Jews, and might be thought to have no weight as an appeal with other nations. Probably it was on this account that the code in Exodus was preferred for adoption into the Liturgy, where the command for a Sabbath among all people, for all time, is enforced by a Divine example, rather than by an act of partiality in favor of one people. The commandment as given in Exodus is also strictly and literally conformed to the narrative of the Creation in Genesis, where each of the six days' works of the Deity is distributed in details, and the seventh day furnishes to him a day of rest, a Divine Sabbath.

The fact, then, with which we have to deal, in view of a purpose the statement of which we still defer for a moment longer, is this: that in tens of thousands of Christian temples in the most enlightened regions of the earth, Sunday by Sunday, a renewed consecration is sought for the holy day by the reading reverently and solemnly of a commandment enjoining the day on the sole ground of a Divine example. "Another six days' work" has been done. "Another Sabbath is begun." Not as lip service, not in the mockery of a merely formal worship, but with chastened sentiments, and with responsive hearts, in glad and earnest devotion, are those who gather around a Christian altar supposed to offer their homage in spirit and in truth to him who is a Spirit. Out of a book whose contents are held to be supernaturally communicated to us, and to be in themselves infallible, and therefore of supreme authority, is read a code of Divine statutes which in the main may challenge the wit and wisdom of the world as worthy of the Source to which it is assigned, and of the purpose for which it is used. Not second in dignity, fitness, or practical value to either of the whole ten is that one commandment

which enjoins a weekly Sabbath. And if the reason assigned for that observance will hold, it must be allowed to stand as the most cogent and sublime of all possible reasons. But will that reason stand? Is it indeed a reason in the sense of being based where it bases itself, in positive, literal fact?

In "the Ages of Faith," so called, on many a fair and many a cloudy and tempestuous Sabbath that commandment was read in Christian temples, with their throngs of worshippers, and not a single misgiving crossed the thoughts or checked the devout feeling of those who with all their hearts responded to the Divine statute. It may be that the paintings around the church walls, or the pictures in their Bibles and Prayer-Books, presented to them the works of God as distributed among the first six days of creation, as we see them now in the colors of Raphael, displayed in the Loggie of the Vatican. But the pigments of the painter, though we talk of their fading, have outlasted the faith which they sought to embody. We may mourn over the decay of that yielding confidence, that easy trust, severed as it was from all curious zeal for knowledge, and allied as it was to poor superstitions, which we assign to the past ages of faith. But it has gone, — gone forever from the temples and the lands where it has consecrated for us so many traditions of piety. How is it now when the commandment enjoining the Sabbath, *with the reason* for it, is read in the same temples and in the same lands? The great issue which we have had in view now confronts us directly.

Scriptural religion, as traditionally interpreted, and as reluctant to yield an iota of its old assumptions and creeds, tells us that God commands us to keep a weekly Sabbath, to work six days and rest on the seventh. So far the command, simply as a command, unexplained, unenforced, might raise no question, but would challenge rightly the reverential obedience of all men. It is worthy of all acceptation, — wise, merciful, and benedictive. It would be impossible for the wisest man that lives to indicate any reason against that injunction, or any good reason for doubting that God, in a way and by means of his own, actually made it and revealed it, and holds it in full force to this day. But what shall we say of the *sanction* on which the commandment is based. The same Scriptural re-

ligion bids us accept that sanction also. It is committed to a literal reassertion and vindication of the reason assigned for our observance of a day of sacred rest after six days of work; viz. that the Creator did the same. Scriptural religion, traditionally taught, is therefore held to demand the belief that the narrative of creation in Genesis, being a part of a supernaturally revealed and infallible record, is of supreme authority on this point, which concerns a matter of fact. If the fact is invalidated, either the authority of the record is impaired, or we err in our mode of reading and interpreting it. Before deciding whether we shall yield up the traditional authority assigned to the record, or allow that we err in interpreting it, we have first of all to certify ourselves as far as possible concerning the matter of fact. Now let it be observed, that the question is not whether God *could* have created heaven, earth, and sea, and all their contents in six successive periods of twenty-four hours, but whether he really *did* so? As an effort of faith we should find no difficulty whatever in admitting that God might have done according to the letter of the Scripture. But when reasons are given they appeal to reason. So intensely anxious is the longing of the human heart to find positive assurances for its religious faith, that it seizes upon all external props and demonstrations that will give it strength. So if we can put a Scripture assertion to the test, we feel moved and at liberty to do so. We not only admit that God might have wrought the work ascribed to him, and in the way and in the time defined for it, but also that the phenomena, as presented to human observation, might or might not have left evidence and tokens of the method of creation, according to the pleasure of the Creator. But certain phenomena, open to our observation, do present themselves as tests of the Scripture assertion. We exercise the powers which God has given us, and we use them as he has bidden us use them, in the study of his works. Faith is our tribute to him within the sphere of faith; observation, reason, and science are the helps by which we investigate all the phenomena which he submits to our senses and to our minds. We ask then of the phenomena open to our search, *Did* God create heaven, earth, and sea, and their contents, in six successive periods of twenty-fours? The popularly

accepted view of Bible doctrine asserts that he did. Science affirms that he did not, and boldly adduces the phenomena which are open to our observation, and which are as legible and as demonstrative as any record or evidence could be, that its affirmation must stand, — whatever becomes of the authority of Scripture or of the old faith. Whether the phenomena concerning which science utters such a positive opinion in denial of Scripture are unerring and decisive, is a question which we do not discuss. With scientific authorities the point is settled, and we take it as a *dictum* of science.

It may seem to our readers that we have begun a long way off from the object we have in view, and that we have taken much time and space for dealing with a single topic which is merely incidental to the whole large subject that is really to engage us. But our method must explain and vindicate itself. We have been studying with care a volume whose contents we shall soon analyze, which comes to us as a joint contribution of the scholarship and the piety of seven members of the Church of England, most of them eminent divines and prominent leaders of the thought and advanced science of the age. They have all written within the communion and in the service of that Church, one of whose liturgical services we have brought under notice. Every one of the seven Essays before us from their pens touches more or less directly upon the test point which we have chosen as an index or specimen element of the whole subjects of Bible doctrine, Bible authority, and Bible interpretation, as those subjects now stand in the light of our day. But what we have to say about the views of those essayists will be most intelligible if we return again to the matter of the Sabbath commandment, with *the reason* attached to the injunction.

Let us remember that that commandment, solemnly read in ten thousands of Christian churches on the day which it is regarded as divinely consecrating for worship and piety, gives, in hearing of all, a reason for the observance of the day which is a reason of a most positive and august character, if it be a *fact*. The worshippers embrace all ages and classes of men, women and children, statesmen, philosophers, artisans, husbandmen, and traders, — the employed and the unemployed,

the intelligent and the untaught, the devout and the sceptical. At the recent meeting at Oxford of the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a large body of *savans* attended the Sunday services in the University church, where this commandment, with the reason assigned, was read, and the reading of which was followed by a sermon whose tenor was in harmony with the contents of the volume before us, as the preacher of it, Mr. Stanley, the biographer of Arnold, is in sympathy with the substance of the views advanced by its authors. Now how stands the issue between that Scriptural account of the creation of all things in six days, when compared with the secular knowledge and science within the reach of those who listen to the reading of the Sabbath commandment? The school-books of the children, who listen to the Decalogue in their Sunday worship, give them quite another account of the creation of all things. They are taken into Museums where they see and may handle objects which they are told demonstrate a wholly different method and history of the Divine work, on this globe at least. Their teachers point them to bright stars shining in the sky, and tell them that, though light travels with such an amazing speed, some of those stars are so distant that a great many more thousands of years than are recognized in the Bible chronology must have elapsed in giving time for their rays to reach our eyes. If those people wish to study the mysteries of language, and to verify the theory that all diverse tongues are to be traced to a once common speech; or another theory, — that there was an original unity and one centre of radiation for all the different races of men, — they are told that they must have at least twenty thousand years, instead of the six thousand which the Bible gives them, for working out the known results from the alleged beginnings. In the mean while the *savans*, who make these books for the young, and who develop scientific theories from the signs of heaven, and the metals, the organisms, and the elements of the earth, feel that they are pursuing legitimate paths of inquiry. They may be warned that they are dealing daringly and irreverently with matters of an unspeakably momentous interest and solemnity. But they insist that they are exercising faculties which God has given them on

materials fitted to engage their best powers, and that they reach conclusions of a most positive and unerring character.

The distinct point on which we have dwelt, perhaps at too great length, is peculiarly adapted for setting before us in all its broadest relations and in its fullest scope, the issue which is now fairly before the enlightened communities of Christendom, — the issue between the traditional belief identified with the Bible, and the assured results of secular knowledge and science. We might have chosen many other specific points in which the same issue would present itself as forcibly. We might proceed to a formidable, if not an exhaustive, multiplication of the subjects which illustrate the bearings of that issue. But we rest for the present with the one point already set forth. Here we have the sacred volume which is the basis of the faith of Christendom, and to which is assigned a character of complete and infallible authority, as conveying to us, through a supernatural instrumentality, the truth of God, — enjoining the observance through all ages of a weekly holy day, and giving as *the* reason for such an observance a distinct and positive statement, which all the knowledge and skill of man's highest faculties discredits as either a misinterpretation or as a pure fiction.

It is at this point, as well as at any other in the now extended series of palpable instances in which the issue might be recognized, that we may observe precisely how and why a traditional Scriptural faith is brought into jeopardy by the positive knowledge as well as by the scientific theories of our own time. The assertions, arguments, inferences, and contested matters on either side of this great issue, are all likely to be called out and put to trial in the full discussion of a single point like that before us, as effectively and thoroughly as if we were to base a discussion upon a full array of all the matters in which the accepted or supposed teachings of Scripture are discredited by the intelligence or the science of our time.

The readers of this journal need not to be informed of the general issue which the advance of a free and earnest spirit of inquiry in matters of sacred and of secular interest has opened between a traditional Scripture faith and science.

They hardly need such information as regards the single specific points which enter into that issue. We have been surprised, in glancing over the contents of the long series of volumes which have extended this journal through nearly half a century, to notice how largely its pages have been devoted to a thorough discussion of themes all bearing upon that issue. It is not as a boast, but as the statement of a simple fact, that we affirm that in these pages, beginning with certain "Notes on the Bible," in its earliest volumes, some scholarly views were presented which have anticipated alike the recognition and the proposed solution of difficulties that are coming to us now, as if invested with the charm of novelty and surprise, from some of the foremost divines of Oxford.

This fact, however, shall not abate our tribute of respect for the candor, the spirit of independence, and the real power of statement and argument which these Oxford writers have manifested in their Essays. They are most severely censured in those journals of their own Church which are pledged to resist the advance of all liberal and just views of Christian theology, because they are traitors to the cause from which they derive their station, honors, and emoluments. How far their noble loyalty to truth — perhaps as unwelcome in its constraint upon them as in its disclosure to others — offsets their treachery to an establishment which is after all but a Parliamentary appropriation of the common rights of all Christians and of a free gospel, is a question which we will not discuss. We may at once inform our readers, that in these seven Essays they will find bold and earnest writing, profound scholarship, and a large and generous culture, brought to bear, in a spirit of reverence, upon the discussion of nearly every point involved in the antagonism between the old faith and the new knowledge of Christendom. In attempting to report the method and contents of the book to our readers, we think it our best course to make some general preliminary statements, all bearing directly upon the momentous issue, with the principal relations of which it engages with conspicuous ability.

The first thing which we need is an intelligent and passionless view of the alleged antagonism between old faith and new

knowledge. We must be willing to face the facts in the case, however painful or unwelcome they may be, without being intimidated by them, and without yielding to a weak impulse to devise any other than a perfectly honest and effective way of dealing with them. We must not deprecate superstitiously or fondly the proffered help of any honest thinker who professes to enlighten us about the prepossessions or prejudices which we regard as vital elements of our faith. We must not resist the freest statement and the widest publication of opinions or theories which imperil the common belief or its foundations, by enlisting against their authors a religious odium or a social or ecclesiastical opposition. We may guard as watchfully as we please against the conceits, the pretensions, the arrogance, and the sophistry, which to a humiliating degree have often exposed to contempt the overweening eagerness of men of science, philosophers, critics, and reformers to discredit the religion of their age. But we must remember, that, if we have not the means for distinguishing truth from error in matters of the highest interest to us, we certainly can have no confidence that what we believe is the truth.

The faith of Christendom is identified with the contents of the Bible. The grounds and elements of that faith always have been, and always will be, modified, — by the opinions or views associated with that Bible, — by the religious convictions which are entertained because they are derived from its pages, or are held independently of them and on other grounds, or in opposition to what is found there. The popular or prevailing faith which is associated with the Bible, with the book itself, and with its authority and its contents, and the opinions or doctrines derived from it, are, in part, accepted through force of claims and assertions advanced in its own pages, and in part through force of education, tradition, and direct teaching accumulating their influences for each individual from his childhood and working themselves into organic institutions and elaborate systems, which, as churches or creeds, exercise a mighty though an undefined power over large companies of men and women. It would be impossible to set up any common decision upon the question as to what part of the accepted faith of our own time, as-

sociated with the Bible, is drawn from and warranted by the claims and teachings of the Bible itself, and what part is to be referred to claims asserted for the Bible by human theories about its source, authority, and contents. It is our own strong conviction, formed after no little acquaintance with the various bearings of this question, that an overwhelming majority of all the controversies and perplexities raised about the Bible and its contents, and about Bible religion, and about the authority and value of the book and the system of truth or doctrine to be drawn from it, spring from the theories, the superstitions, or the errors which tradition, and priestcraft, and all sorts of human fancies, have connected with the Bible: while the book itself is to be discharged of all but the comparatively small residuum of responsibility in this matter. Indeed, we present to ourselves the portions of this responsibility to be borne by the Bible itself, and by the way in which men have dealt with it, as pretty fairly represented by a comparison of the bulk of the book, and the bulk of the commentaries and expositions of it. Intelligent and just views of the claims and contents of that one book, of its spirit, purpose, and practical uses, will, we are persuaded, be found to be the most rewarding and the most effective means which can be put to service in all the open controversies connected with it. But in whatever proportions the faith associated with the Bible attaches to it because of its own direct claims and contents, or because of the traditions and opinions about it, with which it is now offered to its readers, it is very easy to state what that faith assumes or accepts in its popular form, — the form in which, in our time, it is brought into direct collision with known facts and scientific theories. That faith is, that the Bible now in our hands is "the Word of God;" that all its contents were supernaturally communicated to writers who were under the direct Divine guidance in recording them, and that the whole record — making a slight allowance for flaws in transcription and translation — is infallible; that the book is designed and adapted to be used as it has been and is now used by those who so believe concerning it; that whatever it contains relating to men or God, to things on earth or things in heaven, to history, science, or doctrine, to time

past, present, or to come, is absolutely conformed to positive truth; that it is a special and gracious addition to all the sources and materials of wisdom, faith, and piety for men; and that, in order that it may serve that high purpose, its obvious meaning, its plain letter of statement and doctrine, must always be the right one, so that the simple and the unlearned may be on a level with the wisest in this respect; — and finally, it is held that there is a unity, a consistency, and a homogeneity in all the contents of the Bible, which distribute the qualities of the whole among each of its parts, and warn us that, if we allow there is an error or a mistake in any portion of its contents, we subject the whole to the risk of being surrendered as without value.

The Roman communion, avowing substantially this view of the Bible, supplements it, by asserting that the Church is the conservator and the interpreter of the book. The Protestant theory, while accepting this view of the Bible, and indeed stoutly affirming it, claims for all who can read it the right of interpreting it. Millions, reared within the Protestant fold, have taken up the Bible with the awe and trust which such a view of it must inspire, and they have interpreted it. What are the consequences?

"There can be no error in the Word of God!" is the stout affirmation of the champion of the popular faith. "But there are errors in this book, manifest and demonstrable errors of various sorts, about various matters, and some of them of very serious bearings," is the reply, not of the captious caviller, not of the literalist, not of the ignorant or the irreverent merely, but of the honest, devout, and docile seeker after truth. To go back to our starting-point, the Bible bases a commandment that each seventh day of man's life on earth should be hallowed, on the Divine example in resting on the first seventh day in time after he had filled six days by creating everything that exists, as heaven, earth, and sea, and their contents. If men could find positive evidence that what is described in the Book of Genesis as having transpired on such a stupendous theatre some six thousand years ago; or if, supposing that positive evidence impossible, no tokens *as* positive which are utterly inconsistent with the statement were obvious

to men, — then we may safely affirm that there would be no need of a single champion for the observance of the Sabbath, other than the ministers in their pulpits throughout Christendom. But in the exercise of the powers which God has given to man, man proceeds to treat a reason assigned for a Divine injunction as a reason. He attempts to search out and follow the alleged works and method of creation. The result is, that unless he is to distrust utterly his mental powers and all the processes which they can bring to the study and the attestation of truth, he comes to conclusions which palpably falsify the narrative in Genesis. He discovers that the earth, sea, and heaven are incalculably more than six thousand years old, and that processes which are referred to intervals of time separated only by a rising and a setting sun, required and occupied epochs of unmeasured duration for their operation. Now it matters not at what point or concerning what subject among the whole contents of the Bible such an issue as this is raised. Especially if the whole volume has the unity and the homogeneity which the common view attributes to it, it is unimportant what portion of it is made to bear the burden of opening the antagonism with facts of secular knowledge and science. The issue is effectively opened, and the stern inquiry arises, How are we to meet it?

Now we are ready to allow, that, if the popular estimate assigned by prevailing faith or superstition to the Bible — as a book all whose contents were supernaturally communicated and attested as infallible — could be certified to us by independent testimony, external to the assertions made in or for the book, then we should have to accuse nature and history, stars, rocks, and fossils, with deceiving us by false tokens; and we should repudiate them and turn implicitly to the Bible. "There can be no error in the Word of God." But there may be error in man's notions or assertions about what is the Word of God. We ask for internal or external evidence for a claim involving that; and we care not at all whether the evidence be internal or external, provided it be equal to its object. Mr. Mansel, another Oxford divine, who, in his Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought, has committed himself to positions infinitely more threatening to

the interests of religious faith than is anything to be found in the "Rationalism" of the seven essayists, makes the following statement: "The legitimate object of a rational criticism of revealed religion is not to be found in the *contents* of that religion, but in its *evidences*." * But what are we to do when all the *evidences* within our reach or use fail, to our own deep regret and dismay, to confirm, and do in fact deny, the *contents* of a book which we should rejoice to receive under its assigned character? If the narrative in Genesis, or any other portion of the Bible which is brought under dispute, can be confirmed to us by *external* testimony, then we will yield the right to all our modern apologists and champions of faith against knowledge to make use of all shifts and ingenuities, and of all adroit and casuistical suppositions, and of all intimidating warnings, to meet the perplexities of Scripture criticism, and to keep off rash inquirers. But the *external* testimony in the case before us, — monumental as it is in the earth's deep sepulchres, and radiant as it is in the orbs of heaven, — the external testimony is testimony against the *contents* of the written record.

A plea is put in here to silence the utterance of a judgment and to arrest further inquiry, — a plea which we cannot treat with the ridicule or levity or disdain with which it is often met in our day. The plea is urged in behalf of the simple, the weak, the confiding, the unlettered, and the superstitious, indeed; but it covers the mute and tender appeals of many of the most excellent and faithful disciples and servants of Christ. It pleads that we give over the skill and pride of our destructive criticism for the sake of the endeared and vital interests of faith. We are warned that we can destroy, but cannot create, a faith for men and women. We can undermine and dismantle, but cannot rear and beautify and consecrate, temples in which, like those of the ages that are passing, devout worshippers have gathered for many generations, edified and comforted by what they have heard within the holy walls, and successively giving their mortal dust to swell the sods around the foundations. The champions of the old faith in

* English edition, p. 234.

the Bible claim that, for the sake of the piety and virtue identified with its unimpaired authority, for the sake of the good which it has done and is doing, and for its inestimable value, as admitting no substitute, and because of the dependence of the credit of the whole on the integrity of each part, we ought to blink all difficulties, and exhaust the possibilities and suppositions of some reasonable and satisfactory explanation of them, before we yield a single point to destructive criticism. There certainly is force in this plea, and though, for reasons more urgent than its own, it cannot and ought not to prevail in what it demands, it may properly qualify and direct the ways in which the antagonism between old faith and new knowlege is to be wisely brought under public discussion. A man now-a-days ought not to be called disingenuous or hypocritical, who does not strike right and left at the idols of his Christian fellowship, or turn church-worshippers out into debating halls, or the woods, or the quarries, to learn God's truth and to reorganize society. It is a serious perplexity with a well-trained Christian man of our time, whose mind has been filled and expanded by the highest culture, with a full or partial enfranchisement from old prejudices, and with an outlook on the broad, fair, unfenced fields of truth, — it is more than a perplexity, it is a trial of all his sincerity and of all his wisdom, — to decide how much of what he himself believes, or doubts, or knows, he shall communicate to others, even to those who look to him for instruction. There is the risk of destructiveness; the risk of shocking people; the risk of communicating too much or not enough; the risk of not giving something new and true in place of what you take away that is simply doubtful; the risk of opening dismal conflicts in a mind which you cannot afterwards compose; the risk of transferring your doubts without your resources. Yet these suggestions will at best reach only to the securing of discretion and judgment in the disclosure of unwelcome facts to the timid and the ill-informed. They will not justify the suppression of those facts, or any reliance upon falsehoods. There is one single word which is of itself both answer and rebuke to those who try to close their own eyes, and who wish to stifle the honest testimony of others, to the manifold evidence that

the popular Scriptural faith and the new knowledge of the time are in open antagonism on many important points. That word is Truth! Let us not trifle with the truth on any subject; let us not fear it nor hide it in any matter that concerns our religion. There are fond and credulous and superstitious believers by our sides. There are those who really value more the fables than the solid facts wrought in with their faith. And there are those the vitality of whose zeal lies rather in the bigotry of their creed than in the piety of their hearts. But for the sake of all these we must not be asked to concede that any new truth shall be refused recognition for its own and for its discoverer's sake. For the purpose of reducing matters of faith to a pap suited for the digestion of the weak, we must not deprive faith of its nutritive qualities for the robust. Even some of the rigid opponents of what is confusedly called "Rationalism" in religion are coming to realize that the steadily thickening and demonstrative ranks of the secularists and the sceptics and the unsettled in faith, demand some of that exclusive attention and sympathy which have been lavished upon "the elect," who are already in covenant.

To all that may be urged and proved about the necessity of modifying the old beliefs, of restating or correcting our dogmas, and of changing the foundations, or at least the formulas, of the popular faith, it is replied: "O, you will take away, but you will give us nothing in return; you will leave us all adrift; you will not provide us with any sure principles." The rejoinder of the critics must be, It is all as you say. We do all the destructive work of which you complain; we cannot as yet certify a substitute creed to you. We have not yet settled the new principles to be applied and relied upon to the whole extent of the service which was thought to have been performed by the old principles. The blame is not ours. You have forced upon us the hard duty of exposing your errors in some very serious matters. These errors we found to be threatening disaster to all the more momentous interests of religion. Your alarm now is simply the penalty which you and your age have to pay because of the superstitions, or the easy credulity, or the blind faith, through which generations before your own identified great truths with poor falsehoods.

It is the Nemesis of faith which is now following you and trying you. We Biblical critics, students of secular knowledge and high science, are not to be blamed for the issue which we have to meet because of your belief and the grounds and contents of it. We will help you to find a way of reconciliation between us; but you must not rail at us as if we were Antichrist.

It is somewhat after that manner that scholars and men of science now have to remonstrate against the spleen or the severity of some of the champions of the old faith. The issue between the parties has come as naturally and as fairly from the advances of thought and inquiry in legitimate directions, as did the Copernican system in astronomy, or the Protestant Reformation. It forces itself upon the attention of men who are testing truth by experiment, or searching for it by the help of theory, in very many of the interests of human life. We meet the tokens of this great controversy in every direction. In the criticism and interpretation of the Bible, whether in the lecture-room or the pulpit; in comparing one portion of the book with another, or the whole of it with other sacred books, or with ancient secular literature; in deciphering Egyptian monuments; in the levelling of Assyrian mounds; in all the investigations of archæology and ethnology; in discussions with metaphysicians and natural philosophers; in debates with secularists and sceptics; and in schemes for indoctrinating or converting the millions of non-Christian people, — we encounter one or another token of the undeniable fact, that our positive knowledge has dealt some damaging blows against our traditionary Scriptural faith. It is absurd to assail with the weapons of bigotry those inquirers in various departments of science and criticism, who, in endeavoring to readjust the relations of faith and knowledge, must give free publication to the fact that they are now at strife. There is something worse even than cowardice in the way in which the newspapers and other journals devoted to the interests of the old orthodoxy in several sectarian communions, are in the habit of reporting to their readers and of treating scholarly essays like those before us, written by earnest and devout men. One of those journals compares this volume to a Colt's revolver, with its seven bar-

rels charged with deadly matter, designed for the destruction of the Christian faith. We have noticed for years that each successive essay or volume which advances "heresies" about Inspiration, or recognizes the necessity of readjusting the relations of knowledge and faith, if announced at all to the readers of these sectarian journals, will be introduced in some such terms as these: "The enemies of our holy religion have devised a new assault," &c.; or, "The foes of God and of God's Word have aimed another deadly blow," &c. And these gross and malignant utterances of bigotry will be followed by a wholly unfair representation of the aim or contents of the work before them, and by some utterly impotent suggestions designed to reassure what it brings into distrust. Very many men in high places, from whom we should expect better things, are in the habit of speaking of popularly accepted religious views — which scholars and critics are urged not to disturb because they are linked in with the sanctities and the institutions of faith — as if they had once been assured and embraced through evidences or tests wholly unlike those by which reason and inquiry are now searching them. But when we trace back the line of faith, we find that all that people now believe was taught or affirmed to them by those to whose place and office our modern scholars and philosophers are the legitimate successors. Yet the contrast presented to us in our time between the parties to the issue before us is a painful and humiliating one. On the one side, we have honest and earnest men, lovers of all truth, opening their eyes to errors in the traditions of the past, and in the formularies and beliefs founded upon them, and seeking to find for a high and godly faith worthy materials and a strong assurance. On the other side, we have timid, apologetic, and sometimes dishonest pleaders for error, shutting their eyes to unwelcome truths and endeavoring to attach obloquy to its students.

But the great antagonism between the traditions of faith and the practical and theoretical science of our age will not be blinked, and cannot be adjusted otherwise than by honest mediation. In the mean while, the position in which each one who is concerned in it, and especially each theologian and religious teacher, is to stand in view of the great issue, will

depend upon these two conditions, — the amount of his intelligence, and the amount of honesty and candor in his moral composition. How far have careful study, cautious inquiry, and thorough investigation made him acquainted with the actual amount and particulars of the controversy now waging between our certified knowledge and the traditionary creeds of Christendom? And secondly, What is the degree and ruggedness of his candor, courage, and independence, in being willing to face the facts in the case, and in setting himself to deal with them? There are men, in places of religious responsibility, too, who really know nothing of these facts. There are ministers, pious, devoted, and most serviceable men, who perform their functions by the old standards, in "blissful ignorance" that they are antiquated and discredited. Such men are discharged from a hard and unwelcome, though a most urgent and praiseworthy task, and stand blameless through their ignorance. But there are also ways in which those who are not ignorant conceal from others what is known to themselves on these matters; and there are ways of dodging, blinking, prevaricating, misrepresenting, and, in the end, of aggravating the mischief incident to the sum and the particulars of the controversy now open between knowledge and traditionary belief. Those who avail themselves of these subterfuges have an account to settle with a severer tribunal than that of criticism.

In view of these suggestions, we recur again for one moment to the point which we have selected as a specimen illustration of the whole issue between a traditionary faith about the Bible, and the positive advances of knowledge and science. In the tenth and last edition (1856) of Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, we find this positive statement: "Geological investigations, it is now known, all prove the perfect harmony between Scripture and geology in reference to the history of creation." We take for granted that our readers are acquainted with the various ingenious theories, sometimes skilful, oftener tortuous, hard, and even ludicrous in their shifts and fancies, which have been proposed for giving plausibility to what is thus said to be *known* and *proved*, — that the narrative of the creation in Genesis is in "perfect harmony"

with geological science. The assertion might as well have covered astronomical science too. We also suppose that our readers have learned to value that Narrative for its high uses and for its great lessons, though they interpret it by quite other than the traditional or literal canons. Nor need we enter into the evidence, as admitted and emphasized by every competent scientific authority, that exactly the opposite of the assertion made in Horne's Introduction is the real truth of the case. The narrative in Genesis, if it be taken literally, as it is written, is discredited alike by geology and astronomy. As has been already said, we give to children books, and take them to museums and lectures, and show them fossil remains and scientific experiments, which inform them that the tokens of the Divine work above them and around them disclose quite another method, and quite another lapse of ages and eras, than those their Bibles recognize. Still, for hundreds of thousands of these children and their elders, a commandment whose authority draws them to the observance of the most solemn act of religion is based upon and is vitally associated with a fictitious representation of God himself, and of his work. We need hardly put in here the reminder, that we are not laying the whole or the chief stress of our argument upon the single specification of the narrative in Genesis, as brought into question by geological and astronomical science. We are using the specification as a specimen illustration of quite a large number of particulars in which secular science assails alike the contents and the foundations of our traditionary Scriptural faith. Our sole object is to deal with the subject in its general and broadest relations. We are not concerned to marshal all its details as it involves such points as the age of the world, the unity of the race, the flood, the origin of diverse tongues, the longevity of the patriarchs, the authorship of the Pentateuch, the nature of prophecy, the discrepancies between Kings and Chronicles, the phenomena presented by a comparison of the four Gospels, theories of inspiration, and the harmony or discord between secular and sacred records. The narrative of the creation, as given on the first page of the Bible, when submitted to the tests of demonstrative science, may very properly serve the representative use to which we

have put it. And now we have to justify the labors of honest and competent critics and scholars, who insist that the issue raised between them and the champions of a traditionary faith shall be fairly met. We may say what we will about the overweening confidence, the boasting, the self-conceit, and the irreverence of some critics and scholars, in their assaults upon the Bible, revelation, and religion. Occasion has been given often, and by many writers, for just and severe rebukes on this score. But the protests and avowals of men who hold in general the views advanced in the seven Essays before us, are fair and reasonable. Such men urge the following remonstrance upon the teachers and champions of the traditionary religion:—You are mischievously confounding what you wish to stand as holy and revered things with proved falsehoods and fictions. You are intrusting faith to the guardianship of superstition. You are making legends and traditions from the long past, and from which all life and power, save that of poetry and rhetoric, have departed, to serve the use of living truth. Your doctrines of the entire infallibility and the supernatural sanctions of all that is read in the Bible are no longer defensible, and every lesson or statement which you draw from those assumptions, or intrust to them, will fail of credit with the generation now growing up, even in our churches. We warn you against the perilous and dismal consequences of the foolhardy course you are pursuing. With the zeal of those who have at stake with you common interests and hopes of the most sacred character, we will work heartily for the reassurance of faith. We know how precious beyond all human estimate are the sanctities of a well-grounded and well-attested belief in things spiritual and divine; but we cannot accept as foundations or materials of faith things which our eyesight and our knowledge and our common sense discredit. Let us see if we can readjust the relations of science and faith, remembering that the first condition is that we distinguish between truth and error.

This remonstrance hardly requires a word of justification. The reading of that Sabbath commandment with the reason assigned for its observance, and the conflict of mind and feeling which it must excite in multitudes of those who hear it, is by itself no unfair exponent of the general effect of the public

dispensation of religion in our time. The mixing up and the identifying of vital and essential truth with fancies and falsehoods in the pulpit, finds a fitting response in the pews even, to say nothing of the views of those outside the churches. We cannot disguise the fact, that the general effect of such ministrations of religion upon mixed companies of intelligent persons is to leave the impression of something dreamy and unreal. The heart and spirit, with their yearnings and longings, respond to every quickening lesson and appeal. There is a hunger and a thirst for the elements of holy truth. Even without the help of those tender constraints by which a pious education through the Bible in childhood will hold the heart to it for the whole of life, there are lessons in that book, and there is a power which goes with the utterance of them, such as even the most worldly and sceptical acknowledge that they cannot resist. But still the book, as a book, has lost a large measure of the sanctity and the authority which it had for our ancestors, and will never win back to it again the old literal faith. As we intimated some pages back, all that is lost to the Bible may admit of being deducted from the false human estimate and the adventitious and unwarranted claims set up for it, — while it may still stand, and stand forever, on the uninvalidated and simple claims which it advances for itself. But the distinction between what the Bible really is, and what traditionary faith has taken and now represents it to be, has not yet been explained to its readers; and so the decline of confidence in regard to it is, apparently, an actual discrediting of the book itself. And the teaching dispensed from it is felt to be unreal, often visionary, sometimes positively false to the instincts and the intelligence of its hearers. This dreamy and unreal character which attaches to the ministration of religion now-a-days, appears to be remarkably but pretty exactly proportioned to the mechanical use made of the Bible in the old traditionary way of perusal by rote, and of textual searching for doctrinal purposes. Those who, without having been trained by the liturgical services of the Episcopal Church, are occasional attendants upon it, are generally sensible of a sort of wooden or formal method, a stiff, mechanical, and stereotyped routine, which they usually refer, and rightly too, to the

way in which the Bible is "appointed to be read in churches." The chopping up of its contents into "Lessons," their distribution by a calendar, the *beginning* and the *ending* of a first and a second Lesson; a fragment of a Gospel, and a fragment of an Epistle; and the partition of the Book of Psalms among the morning and evening services of the days of the month, — all proceed upon the assumptions that the Bible is suited to this method of using it, that all portions of it are equally edifying, and that all the obsolete institutions, the ceremonial, and secular, and military, and domestic elements embraced in it, are to be kept in reverential, living remembrance for each Christian generation. How hard it must be for a worshipper, twelve times in a year, on the eleventh day of each month, for all his life, to nurse his devotion on the sentence from the Psalmist, — "Moab is my wash-pot: over Edom will I cast out my shoe!"

The missionary, offering the Bible, as literally "the Word of God," to the Hindoo Brahmin, teases him by pointing out in his sacred books the statement, that India is girded around by seven oceans and seven continents; and then bids the priest, on that account, to discredit his Scriptures. What if the priest should turn the tables on the missionary, by hard questions of Bible geology, cosmogony, or chronology, — by asking about the rainbow, the stowage of Noah's ark, the wars with the Canaanites, the story of Jonah, or the discrepancies between the books of Kings and Chronicles, or by inquiring why God should rest after six days' work?

The specimen point which we have chosen, as indicating the character of the whole issue now opened between scientific criticism and the authority and value traditionally ascribed to the Bible as a book, is peculiarly adapted to the use we have made of it. The question which forces itself upon the mind as we now read the Mosaic narrative of the creation may be regarded either as a single question, to be met by a positive injunction against it or by a refusal to entertain it; or it may be answered summarily, as involving merely a theory of interpretation; or it may be boldly accepted as a challenge to a most momentous contest, for which the combatants on either side feel that they are fully prepared. In this last case, the

one question, the first question, will open into a series, a multitude of questions, which it will lead on fairly and logically in its train. It may begin with, but will not rest with, a confronting of the Scripture narrative with the supposed demonstrations of geological and astronomical science. The view and representation of God, working six days and resting on the seventh, will be taken as typical of an antiquated and most inadequate conception of Deity. Such questions as these will follow in the series: — Who wrote this narrative in Genesis? What sources of information, what authority, had he? What other things does he say, and how are those other things related to this? In what relation do he and his authority stand to the book and to the authority of the book whose opening pages are ascribed to him? How do the character and the claims of the whole book stand affected by this portion of its contents? How are these contents of the book related to the system of teaching, the doctrine, the faith, directly or indirectly advanced in the book, or demanded for it? If the old belief in the book should be invalidated by the results reached, after a fair hearing of these and other like questions, to what extent and on what grounds will it afterwards retain a value and serve as an authority for men? It will thus be seen how the interests suspended in this debate become more and more momentous, and how the first question reaches on till it accumulates about it every test, process, and method by which a man examines and verifies for himself all anew the substance or residuum of truth over a field in which it has an undetermined relation to error. The ultimate questions reached, and even now debated with something more than implied decisions in the negative "by divines of the Church of England," are such as these: — Does man *need* a direct and supernaturally attested revelation from God, in the form of a book of inspired and infallible contents? *Has God given* us such a revelation in or through such a book? *Could* God give and attest such a revelation to man as would admit of its miraculous sanctions passing down through simple testimony to distant ages as of unimpaired value? Readers of this journal know too well the medium-relation in which the views advanced substantially in these pages stand between the old Bibliolatry and the extremes of

modern Rationalism, to require that we should drop cautions and hints of dissent as we proceed with our subject. For ourselves, at least, we feel content and secure in floating over deep places where we have given over trying to reach the bottom.

In view of facts which we have endeavored to state in their full force, though without exceeding the truth, the volume in our hands, reprinted from the English edition, presents itself to our notice. It is a most significant fruit of modern scholarship and of robust courage given to the treatment of the issue between the old traditionary faith and the new knowledge. Dr. Hedge has furnished an Introduction to this American edition, in which he shows how thoroughly he masters the whole scope of its contents, and how gratefully he recognizes the noble vigor and spirit of its writers. Though he enters no formal dissent from any opinion or theory advanced in it, he leaves us to infer that he is not in full accord either with its affirmations or its negations. The contents of the volume are as follow: — The Education of the World, by Frederick Temple, D. D., Chaplain to the Queen, and Head-Master of Rugby; Bunsen's Biblical Researches, by Rowland Williams, D. D.; On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by Baden Powell; The National Church, by H. B. Wilson, B. D.; On the Mosaic Cosmogony, by C. W. Goodwin; Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, by Mark Pattison, B. D.; On the Interpretation of Scripture, by Benjamin Jowett. Of these seven authors, five are members of the University of Oxford, Mr. Jowett being Professor of Greek, and Mr. Powell, recently deceased, having been Professor of Geometry; and the other two are heads of important educational institutions of the Church. Mr. Goodwin, a brother of the Dean of Ely, resigned his fellowship because of conscientious scruples against taking holy orders.

Admitting at the start that the contents of this volume as a whole are "Rationalistic," in the moderate sense of that technical term, — and that in general they advance views precisely like those which have for half a century been maintained in our own journal, while on some very important points they far exceed in "destructiveness" any opinions that are identified with Unitarianism, — we still cannot share the surprise of the

startled public that the book should be the work of Oxford men. Its writers are, with a single exception, divines of the Church of England. They have signed its Articles, and are living on its patronage and emoluments. We have nothing to say, in the way of censorious criticism, about their honesty or consistency, as being heretics to the doctrinal formularies of that Church, or traitors within its fold. That is a matter for their consciences as regards themselves, and it is not one of perfectly simple bearings as it presents itself to others. Indeed, they have done nothing to assail or to undermine the authority of "the Church" to which they belong, — as an institution claiming Divine resources, to be used according to the best judgment of those who have them at their service. We know not of which of two classes of men, supposed to be quite numerous in the Church of England, we ought to think the worse, — viz. of those who, having actually lost their faith in its doctrines and formulas, still retain its places, honors, and emoluments, or of those who indulge themselves in bigotry and a fear of inquiry lest its results should compel them to make severe sacrifices. When Mr. Conybeare, in the Edinburgh Review, first applied the epithet of "Broad Church" to a rising party which he then had in view, it is hardly supposable that he recognized the adjective "Broad" as comprehending also the significance of *elasticity* and *pliability* in the consciences of Churchmen. Standing outside of the Church of England ourselves, we recognize it simply as the creation of Parliament, and as thence deriving not one whit more of the essential authority of the real Church of Christ, than goes with the charter of a railroad company from the same legislature. If that Parliamentary Church, having grasped and appropriated the religious endowments and the ecclesiastical property of an earlier communion in the realm, and by which it stands excommunicated itself, chooses to be a corporate agent of wrong to those outside of its communion, it is hardly strange that Providence should cause it trouble from those within it. At any rate, if the recent developments of opinions actually held by members of the University of Oxford are, as most undubitably they are, an index of an element now working through the whole Church, one would think that those

who most honestly divulged the true state of things were entitled to the benefits usually extended to such as afford "state's evidence." There is a very dark sentence in one of these essays concerning the University men who are supposed to know exactly how the issue now stands between faith and knowledge, and yet, for reasons that prevail with them, are reserved in their utterance. Dr. Williams tells us that in the University "he who assents most, committing himself least to baseness, is reckoned wisest." What then shall be said of those who assent to the least, and are the most honest in confessing it? Dr. Pattison tells us, in another of the Essays, that "a Godless orthodoxy threatens to extinguish religious thought altogether, and nothing is allowed in the Church of England but the formulas of past thinking, which have long lost all sense of any kind." Mr. Goodwin, whose scruples prevented his taking holy orders, hardly equals the intensity of those who are exercising them, when he says, in his Essay: "Physical science goes on unconcernedly, pursuing its own paths. Theology, the science whose object is the dealing of God with man as a moral being, maintains but a shivering existence, shouldered and jostled by the sturdy growths of modern thought and bemoaning itself for the hostility which it encounters."

It is but just, while we are noting these tokens of a bold and thorough spirit of inquiry engaged upon the fundamentals of faith, and upon the failing traditions of the Church in the University of Oxford, that we should recognize the recent emanation from the same place of three works designed to resist the rationalistic current, and, if possible, to avert or repair its mischief. Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures for 1858 propose, by the help of metaphysics and its logic, to rule out the claims of reason from any further trial of the contents of revelation than simply by an examination of its external evidences. We regard the main current of argument in these Lectures as involving the most insidious and fatal assault upon the credibility of that revelation. Dr. Williams says rightly of him, "that his blows fall heaviest upon what it was his duty to defend." Some incidental matters in the book tend in a better direction. Mr. Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures for 1859 undertake to state anew the Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture

Records, with special reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times. The title suggests a work that is very much needed to be done. The book lays out a very admirable plan, and excites very high expectations, — excites them, we regret to have to say, only to disappoint them. The volume tells rather more on the side which it opposes, than upon that which it designed to defend. The third of these works on the conservative side, entitled "Science in Theology," includes Sermons preached before the University of Oxford by the Rev. Adam S. Farrar. It contains some strong and fine thoughts upon the points not in debate in the great issue, but is exceedingly weak where it touches them.

What we thus find disclosed touching the real state of opinion in the Church of England, we learn from other quarters is precisely paralleled in the Church of Holland. From the three Dutch centres of theological study — at Utrecht, Leyden, and Groningen — information comes to us that the whole field of discussion and strife which we have been recognizing is open there, and is coursed by able combatants. We know, too, that while within the strictly watched enclosures of most of the theological schools of our own country the conception or the utterance of heresy may be largely repressed, the whole living religious interest of our own people recognizes the same elemental strife in thought and faith.

The two English editions of the book before us were both issued under the blind title of "Essays and Reviews." When we first took up the book from the counter of the importer, we were hardly moved to go beyond its title-page, supposing it belonged to a class of works not substantial or decided enough to take a real title. But a brief notice of three sentences on a fly-leaf next the title-page satisfied us at a glance that there were juices and flavors and strong meat in the book; and the mastery of it was as a feast. This notice informed us that the writers "are responsible for their respective articles only, and that they have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." Their object is stated to be "a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional modes of treatment." These are

oracular sentences. Men who, while writing in connection with others, deprecate being held responsible for each other's utterances, signify thereby that their colleagues are going to speak their minds, and that they will very likely do the same. A glance at the contents of the volume confirmed this impression. We knew where to place Professors Jowett and Powell, and Dr. Williams, in the scale of theological heresy, and it required no great skill to infer what they would be likely to write if they wrôte together, and what sort of associates, in opinion and spirit, they would engage with them. There is no mistaking, by a careful student of the state of religious discussions at the present day, what is implied by the "subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional modes of treatment." The promise that such subjects are to be "freely handled" can have but one interpretation. Our anticipations of what the book would contain were abundantly realized. We suppose we have no right to look behind the positive assertion, that the respective contributors to the volume "have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." Nor would we imply that there is reason for distrusting the literal truthfulness of the statement. And yet the phenomena of the case are very remarkable; only one or the other, or both, of two inferences will satisfactorily explain them. Either these seven essayists must previously have been in very close and intimate and confidential relations as friends and fellow-students, and have held many precious conferences together in which they were mutually each other's confessors; or there must be quite a large number of very able and very heretical divines in the Church of England, within easy hail of each other, and so thick in some neighborhoods that it is the readiest thing in the world to pick out a set of them who, "without concert or comparison," will contribute all the essential parts of a fresh and unhackneyed system of opinion. We are not familiar enough with the personalities of the case before us to decide between these alternatives. We have, therefore, simply to rest in the evident fact, that these seven writers knew where to find each other, and also, that, if they joined their forces for a "free handling" of certain matters, they

would at least not be likely to suffer from each other's blows. It certainly is remarkable that they all hit the same things without ever hitting each other. It might be supposed that six Episcopal divines and one layman, writing about heresy while heretical themselves, and "without concert or comparison," would afford in their pages opportunities to the critics for pitting one of them against another, and for showing inconsistencies between them. But no such opportunity is afforded. If the writers, before putting pen to paper, had sat down and divided among them the whole field of religious belief with reference to the issue now opened, and had each taken a portion of the ground where reason and science and knowledge are contesting it, they could not have exhausted that field more thoroughly, or divided it more ingeniously with reference to the special ability of each, than they have happened to do "without concert or comparison." And, most strange of all, neither one of them affirms any important point which any other has denied; nor does either one of them assail as a heresy the boldest concessions yielded by all the rest. It would be very easy for any one familiar with the points in debate within the whole range of modern discussions — of the interpretation, the criticism, and the authority of Scripture, the validity of evidence internal or external, and the actual existence of such evidence — to gather from these pages a recognition of every doubt and difficulty, and every division of opinion, on these pregnant subjects. All that is peculiar and essential to orthodox views, as distinct from those known as liberal, fades utterly away, and leaves no trace in this volume. In fact, the writers, each and all, seem to be looking far beyond and above any controversy opened between the sects, — except in the occasional heavy blows which they deal upon bigots and alarmists in their own communion, — and to be dealing only with the common fundamentals. We must now scan briefly the substance of each Essay.

Dr. Temple, Chaplain to the Queen and successor of Arnold, opens the volume with a beautiful, though somewhat fanciful, Essay on the Education of the World. The heresies which are argued for directly in the other papers are mildly insinuated, or blandly taken for granted, here. Some very

rich and suggestive thoughts, to a degree philosophical too, are wrought in with his Essay; while, as we have just said, there is an element of fiction both in his scheme and in his argument for it when put into details. That scheme is one not original with him, but familiar in the pages of several æsthetical writers. It runs a parallel between the career of an individual and the whole course of the development of humanity. The writer affirms that each successive age of the world receives and incorporates into it the substance of the cultivation and acquisitions of the ages preceding: the discipline of manners, of temper, and of thought being transmitted from generation to generation with an imperceptible but unfailing increase. There is a childhood, a youth, and a manhood, of the world, as of an individual; and these stages of the world's development, like those of the individual, are committed to the discipline or guidance of the successive teachers suited to each. Childhood is governed by positive commandments and external restraints; youth, gradually loosed from restraints, is influenced by examples; manhood is swayed by principles. It is thus with individuals, it is so with the race. First comes Law; then the Son of Man; then the gift of the Spirit. Up to the time of Christ, the world, which had been in its long childhood, was subject to and restrained by Law; during Christ's personal ministry, the world, advanced to its youth, was put under the training of his example; since he withdrew from the earth, men "have been left to themselves to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within." Four thousand years of childhood; thirty-three years of youth; an as yet unfinished manhood of eighteen hundred years! It is no wonder that humanity is a riddle and a hard pupil. Fanciful as is this scheme, the generalizations and distinctions of agencies and influences, of methods and resources, which it involves in its thorough application, afford opportunity for the emphatic statement of some grand and some sober truths. The writer takes a most generous view of "heathenism," manifesting hereby his full sympathy with some frank utterances of the writers who follow him, as they insist that the "covenant" of the Father of all can have no less contracted sweep than the compass of humanity. In his partition among the nations

of the sum of dependent and co-working agencies which have developed humanity, he assigns to Rome the contribution of order and organization; to Greece, the cultivation of reason and taste; to Asia, the inspiration of rest and meditation upon another world.

The second Essay, by Dr. Rowland Williams, of St. David's College, is in the form of a review of Bunsen's Biblical Researches. If our province now were that of a critic or an advocate, we should here enter some strong exceptions to the excess of dogmatism on the side of Rationalism, and to the positiveness of assumption in place of proof or evidence, in which both Bunsen and Williams indulge, as exhibited in this piece. Its views and theories are broad and liberal to the fullest degree. It extends that Providence with its workings and foot-tracks which has heretofore been restricted to Judæa, and to an epoch there, over all times and all lands. It lifts miracle and inspiration into universality, as "fruits of the Divine energy continuous and omnipresent." The article is very ingeniously worded and phrased, with a skilful balancing of negations and assertions in its frequent antithetical sentences. Perhaps only an expert can fully appreciate the extent of what is conceded about the invalidity of the traditional grounds and evidences of the old Scriptural faith. Dr. Williams wishes his review of Bunsen — whom he extols with the loftiest unqualified encomiums — to be regarded as "respectful exposition," yet "not to imply entire agreement." He gives a summary of the conclusions reached by the learned Prussian, on some large themes, adding occasionally a brief statement of the grounds proposed for authenticating them. Geological, ethnological, and monumental deductions require, in his view, at least a period of twenty thousand years for the past duration of the existing order of things in the physical world. He compares the traditions of different nations to reach the inference that the Biblical relations concerning the flood, the dispersion of men, and like incidents, have no special Divine warrant. Bunsen eliminates from the prophetical writings of the Old Testament any distinct recognition of such a Messiah as was actually manifested in Jesus Christ. Indeed, he strongly argues that the element of the fore-announcement of

persons and events, ages before history would fulfil prediction, was a function entirely subordinate, if it is to be recognized at all, in the Hebrew Prophets. Their office was that of divine witnesses and interpreters of present and continuous providences. What is left is — "to show, pervading the Prophets, those deep truths which lie at the heart of Christianity, and to trace the growth of such ideas, the belief in a righteous God, the nearness of man to God, the power of prayer, and the victory of self-sacrificing patience, ever expanding in men's hearts, until the fulness of time came, and the ideal of the Divine thought was fulfilled in the Son of Man." We are reminded that when John the Baptist was asked whether he were Elias, he answered, "I am not." But Jesus expressly affirmed that John *was* the Elias predicted by Isaiah. This must mean, then, that he was so in the spirit and essence of the prophecy. Dr. Williams then proceeds with Bunsen through his exposition of his views of Hippolytus, of the origin, substance, and authentication of the New Testament Scriptures, and of the earlier documents of Christian history. In treating of the matter of liturgies, which is Bunsen's specialty, Dr. Williams takes occasion to suggest some changes in the direction of comprehensiveness and liberality in the formulas and symbols of his own Church. His estimate of Bunsen, and also his own view of the critical state and the ominous future of the "Church," may be inferred from the sentences following: "When he [Bunsen] asks, 'How long shall we bear this fiction of an *external* revelation?' that is, of one violating the heart and conscience, instead of expressing itself through them; — or when he says, 'All this is delusion for those who believe it, but what is it in the mouths of those who teach it?' — or when he exclaims, 'O the fools! who, if they do see the imminent perils of this age, think to ward them off by narrow-minded persecution!' — and when he repeats, 'Is it not time, in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground under our feet? to point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us?' — there will be some who think his language too vehement for good taste [!]. Others will think burning words needed

by the disease of our time. They will not quarrel on points of taste with a man who in our darkest perplexity has reared again the banner of truth, and uttered thoughts which give courage to the weak, and sight to the blind. If Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century, which with ominous recurrence are closing round us, to Baron Bunsen will belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right." The earnest feelings of Dr. Williams find vent in a Sonnet to Bunsen. When we finished the second reading of this piece, we could not but remind ourselves how completely the offensive work of rationalistic and destructive criticism had been shifted from the comparatively modest and cautious pens of Unitarians, and assumed by Trinitarians and Churchmen. The free speculations which are found in this volume have generally been represented, by those who hold the traditional views, as likely to be reached only in the line of thought and criticism which is pursued by Unitarians. It now appears that Trinitarian views and church formulas offer no security against the inroad of Rationalism.

We come now to the most daring, not to add also the most rash and portentous, of the seven Essays, which is the third, by Professor Baden Powell. Its subject is, "The Study of the Evidences of Christianity." He recognizes this as a stock subject, which, from its having employed nearly every divine and preacher among those who have aimed for distinction in England, might seem to be exhausted. But he affirms that the theme was never more promising and inviting than now. The "Evidences" are constantly taking some new form, with changing phases of knowledge and opinion. He proposes to examine the present state of the discussion; to see whether Christian advocates have had the wisdom to yield untenable positions; and, if they have not, to indicate the symptoms of the consequent weakness of their claims. He reminds us that "any appeal to *argument* must imply perfect freedom of conviction." He hints at mutual injustice practised by both parties in the discussion. He complains of the confusion introduced into it by a shifting from matters of an external, objective character which appeal to reason and argument, to those interior and subjective resources which appeal to moral

sentiments. He says the idea of *a positive external Revelation* of some kind has hitherto been the basis of all received systems of Christian belief. The discussion, therefore, with those *outside*, concerned the validity of those external marks and attestations by which such belief is assured. There have been changes of methods and of points of treatment in dealing with the Evidences, according to changes of view adopted concerning revelation, the nature of the objections offered, and the intellectual and reasoning character of an age. The early apologists defended their cause by arguments according with the then prevalent modes of thought. The mediæval Church, by its dogma of authority, dispensed with Evidences, and even with argument. In the sixteenth century evidential works first appeared, as they were called out by the rise of the sceptical spirit. The sternness of Protestantism requiring definitions, arguments, and proofs, quickened by metaphysical zeal, multiplied these works in the seventeenth century, and ever since they have poured as by a stream. The appeal was to Miracles, as evidences: and these were to be substantiated like ordinary matters of fact, for testimony would give them at any distance of time the validity which they had on their occurrence, and would prove their occurrence. No antecedent difficulty was recognized as attaching to miracles themselves. The Gospel narratives were to be traced to contemporary writers, as competent and credible, and the wonderful phenomena which they related were to be referred to the Divine omnipotence and goodness. The reliance was wholly on *External*, with but a subsidiary reference to *Internal* Evidence. A transition of method and argument, our author proceeds to say, was marked in the last century, which culminated in Paley, when the substituted method was arrested, and faith began to lean on the more severe, compact, and philosophical argument of Butler. We have now come to crave, if something similar in kind, yet something more thorough, and fundamental, and comprehensive.

Scientific difficulties in the suspension of natural laws in miracles were not felt in previous ages. The pinch is precisely at that point with us. Hume proposed an important issue. Testimony can authenticate only the occurrence of an

inexplicable phenomenon, but cannot certify to its supernatural character. The resource of argument found in suggesting that a miracle, instead of being an arrest or a violation of the sequence and working of natural laws, was provided for in the original method set for those laws, was first relied upon by Spinoza. In reference to any sublunary or secular matter, now-a-days, our convictions, formed by scientific views of the continuity of natural laws, would reject the quality of miracle in any marvellous report or incident that might be brought to our knowledge. The Professor further insists that the antecedent credibility of all testimony is amenable to modifications to be imposed by our confidence in the sway of general laws. The theory has been to admit that interposition would be generally incredible, though it is to be allowed to be possible if an emergency can be made out. Our belief in the Divine interposition must depend essentially on what we *previously* admit or believe with respect to the Divine attributes. It was once assumed that every believer in God must admit the possibility and the credibility of miracles. But this condition is now subject to a very serious qualification. It depends upon *what sort of* a God we conceive of and believe in. Philosophy now takes in the idea as a tenet for some, that it is discreditable to the Divine perfections to admit the notion of occasional interpositions, regarded as interruptions and violations of God's own order. The argument *from* miracles is now deferred by many minds till they can dispose of the difficulty which they meet with in the argument *for* miracles. The miracles, which "in a former age were among the chief *supports* of Christianity, are at present among the main *difficulties* and hinderances to its acceptance." And, in fact, Dr. Powell considers that the positive value of all argument from miracles was surrendered when the modern view was recognized and espoused by various schools of thought, "that miraculous or any external evidence is to be taken only in connection with, and in fact in subserviency to, the moral and internal character of the doctrine going with it." The following sentence sums up the conclusions which the Oxford Professor of Science, and at the same time divine of the Church of England, has left, so soon after their publication, for the judgment of himself in both these official characters:

"In nature and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have nor can possibly have any evidence of a *Deity working miracles:* for that, we must go out of nature, and beyond reason." "The Gospel miracles," he says, unqualifiedly, "are always *objects*, not *evidences*, of faith." Still he admitted miracles into his theology, and he admitted them solely as appealing to and as cognizable by faith. He says, "What is not a subject for a problem may hold its place in a creed."

Now it is very easy to say, as some of Dr. Powell's assailants do say, that his views as thus disclosed are essentially *atheistic.* We say no such thing. We see nothing in them inconsistent with the most devout and entire faith in God and in Christ. But we do see in them the idiosyncrasy, or, perhaps we should say, the characteristic eccentricity or quality, of a man whose double office of philosopher and priest led him to worship at two different altars, offering his mind to the one and his heart to the other. The views which he announces result directly from the relations into which he chose to place the God whom he devoutly revered, to the order of nature which engaged his studies. In that order of nature he recognized continuity, regular and unvaried sequence, a steady evolution, progress, and uniformity, which never was violated or intruded upon by any agency or incident that acted or transpired within its own domain. Nature could not present anything that happened within or outside of her series of operations as miraculous, and therefore science could not regard anything in nature as miraculous. Reasoning in this manner, in consistency with the range and method which he himself started with assigning to nature, Professor Powell tells us that what he recognizes as science refuses to recognize miracle. Well, so be it. Science can lay down that *dictum* for itself if it pleases so to do, seeing that it is a condition and limitation which it imposes on itself. The question depends entirely upon the enclosure and the contents of that field which science proposes for its own range and observation. Science can assert and assure to us neither the impossibility of the occurrence nor the impossibility of proving the occurrence of miracles. Science, in Dr. Powell's self-limitation of its province, voluntarily restricts itself to such

observations as are not miraculous, that is all. It will not regard anything on an alleged miraculous side. If Mr. Babbidge had been asked to request his calculating engine to play a tune, it would have been competent for him to answer, that the engine does not recognize music. He himself, however, might recognize music, and he might recognize something else that could make music, if his machine could not. He might recognize something that could even turn his machine, by the help of means not provided for within its mechanism, into a medium for working out or giving forth that music. Dr. Powell, we think, exposes with due severity the real sophistry which has been involved in the arguments of those who have tried to reconcile doubters to faith in miracles, by adducing as parallelisms of miracles wonderful events transpiring within the circle of natural causation under circumstances unlike those familiar to us. The stock illustrations of the king of Siam and ice, or of the clock which was to strike one deep tone on a separate bell at the moment between a closing and an opening century, and all similar illustrations, are utterly irrelevant. Water turns to ice not by miraculous intervention, but by changed climatic influences, all within the order of nature. The century-bell and its one stroke are provided for within the machinery of the clock, and are as essentially a part of it as is that arrangement in it which clicks each passing second of time. No monstrous, abnormal, or startling incident in nature receives from those characteristics the quality of the miraculous. Where a miracle comes in, nature is unconscious of it; science may ignore it or not, just as science chooses to view its own functions. But as music is a possibility, though Mr. Babbidge's engine cannot play it, so a miracle is a possibility, though nature cannot work one, nor be conscious that one is wrought in her, — and though science, identifying itself with nature, refuses to recognize the miracle. Dr. Powell makes over all that is miraculous to faith, both to find assurance that it is possible and that it is provable, — that it may occur and that it has occurred. We are content with this, provided only that such faith be allowed to be a legitimate, a healthful, and a co-ordinate authority or instrumentality with science. When Dr. Powell, as a Christian divine, refers miracle to the

cognizance of faith, he does not mean that faith must do by the miracle as the air does by a shadow, — allow it to fall and rest in it as an unsubstantial thing. The subjective faith in man himself, which takes in the miracle when the miracle asks to be received, must answer to some objective equivalent, to some corresponding agency in what is above and outside and independent of nature, as the instrumentality of the miracle. But we are exceeding our space and our purpose both, and must return to the volume before us, to complete our sketch of its contents, rather than to raise incidental discussions.

The fourth Essay in the series is contributed by Henry B. Wilson, a former Bampton Lecturer, and now a vicar in the Church. His subject is the National Church. His thesis is, Whether a church organized on the free, liberal, comprehensive and multitudinist principle, or one which admits members to a restricted fellowship, and only by individual conviction and profession, is reared on the true basis of a church. He recognizes a wide-spread anxiety and foreboding respecting the future prospects of Christianity, and the office of the Christian Church. This he refers to an equally wide-spread "alienation both of educated and uneducated persons from the Christianity which is ordinarily presented in our churches and chapels." Of the whole number of persons in the realm able to attend public worship, and for whom the means are provided, he says that five and a quarter millions, or forty-two per cent, do not appear as attendants on religious services. He traces the sources of modern doubts and disaffection associated with traditional Christianity to the Calvinistic and Lutheran theories advanced on the one hand, and to the sacramental and hierarchical theories advanced on the other. He maintains that the "multitudinist" principle — that which recognizes the presence and acceptance of a religion by a national or general conversion — is more consistent with the early facts, and with the genius, spirit, and objects of Christianity, than is the "individualist" principle, which recognizes only the conversion or indoctrination of single persons one by one. He says, "The essential quality of a National Church is that it should undertake to assist the spiritual progress of the nation and of the individuals of which it is composed, in their several states

and stages." His generous theory leads him to make an exceedingly forced application of it, not only to the possibilities of what an English National Church might be, but also to the actually existing Establishment; and so he sets himself to the sadly sophistical attempt of arguing, that the formularies and the symbols of that Church, if they did not contemplate, do at least allow, a freedom, variety, and comprehensiveness of doctrinal opinion, of which a large number of conscientious men have really had no idea. When such men as Lindsey, Webb, Wakefield, and Armstrong left comfortable places in the Establishment, to commit themselves to the social and personal sacrifices required by their espousal of Unitarian opinions; and when, recently, Canon Wodehouse announced that he could no longer bring his conscience to submit to the palliatives by which his heretical brethren justified his and their professed belief of what they really disbelieved, and so must resign his honors, — we doubt whether either of these men exceeded in heresy the amount in which Dr. Wilson indulges. Of course, he tries his skill upon the Articles, and even upon the Canons of his Church, by relying upon the fancy of a "non-natural" sense, an equivalent across the water to our own orthodox device of receiving for "substance of doctrine." This strategy of the "non-natural" sense was put to service at Oxford just thirty years ago by another set of divines, to justify disloyalty to Protestantism in the direction of Romanism. Certainly it works as well on the side of laxity as on that of stringency in matters of Church authority. Dr. Wilson may be right in saying that his Church is not committed to any theory of Inspiration. He affirms manfully, that "the phrase 'the Word of God' begs many a question when applied to the canonical books of the Old and the New Testament; and is a phrase which is never applied to them by any of the Scriptural writers." But when he sets before us the words of the Canons, including what they enjoin and what they forbid of belief and opinion in an ordained minister of the Church, it is plain that under either of those terms he does not belong where he is. We could have wished that the melancholy special pleading on two or three of this writer's pages had been cancelled before the printing. For though we have before implied our disposi-

tion to pardon something to the avowed heretical ministers who remain in the English Church, on the score of their value as "state's evidences," it is but fair to say that we obtain the same disclosures which they afford through more scrupulous witnesses.

We should be glad to give a brief account here of the contents of an exceedingly interesting pamphlet on "The Liturgy and the Laity," by Mr. Edward Shirley Kennedy. The writer, a Cambridge University man, was deterred, like Mr. Goodwin, from his purpose of becoming a clergyman, by conscientious scruples. He writes in the interest and as the representative of laymen in the Church sharing his feelings. He affirms that "the Prayer-Book is the cause of carelessness and insincerity in the observance of religious ordinances, and of consequent faithlessness and deception in the ordinary transactions of civil life; thus checking the growth of genuine Christianity, and inducing a low tone of public morality." His list of the heresies entertained, he says, by "not only a *majority* of professing laymen of the Church, but also by a portion of her clergy," is a formidable one, and includes the following: "They do not believe in direct Apostolical Succession, nor in an unbroken line of ordination from the time of the Apostles down to the present day; nor that a clergyman is something more than a mere man; nor that the imposition of episcopal hands confers any exclusive or peculiar spiritual prerogatives; nor in the priestly power of absolution; nor 'in the resurrection of the flesh;' nor in certain portions of the Athanasian Creed," &c., &c. He says, that, in making known to a clergyman his reasons for not taking orders, he mentioned that he did not believe the second sentence of the Athanasian Creed. The reply was hearty, at least: "My good fellow, neither do I; but don't you see that a clergyman avoids that objectionable clause, as it always falls to the share of the clerk and the congregation?" The story reminds us of a relation recently going the rounds of the newspapers, in which a person assailed and battered by a husband and wife at once, in answer to the question by the magistrate, whether they both struck him, replied: "The man did the beating, and the woman did the swearing; but he told her to."

Returning to Dr. Wilson, he demands that the same freedom be given to the ministers as is practically allowed to the laity of his Church. He says: "As far as opinion privately entertained is concerned, the liberty of the English clergyman appears already to be complete." "No one can be interrogated nor troubled for what he has not expressed, nor be made answerable for inferences drawn from what he does express." The difference, however, between holding without expressing, and holding and expressing heretical opinions, while still remaining in the Church, seems to be the difference between "lying unto men" and "lying unto God:" they are both bad things to do. But Dr. Wilson does succeed in showing that it is difficult to define strictly the extent of the legal, or even of the moral obligation, which a clergyman incurs in signing the Thirty-nine Articles. He demands more freedom and nationality in the use of the national ecclesiastical property and patronage, and enforces his plea by forebodings and threatenings of the alienation and hostility thickening against the Church. His Essay closes with some very suggestive hints about the application of "ideology," that is, a free, metaphorical license, to the interpretation of Scripture.

The fifth Essay of the series, by Mr. Goodwin, is on the Mosaic Cosmogony. We need not give even the briefest analysis of its contents. The plain English reader of the Bible knows full well the majesty, the beauty, and the simplicity of the narrative of the creation which opens the Book of Genesis. If it be proposed to us as designed for the one paramount purpose of directly ascribing to the one Infinite God all the creating and designing work manifested in this universe, it is adequate to that purpose. Science cannot certify to, or even assert, its inadequacy to that purpose. Neither can criticism, however bold or microscopic, qualify or impair the reverential appreciation with which we can receive the partition, and succession, and progressive development of the stages and the plan there so grandly laid before us. But if a petty literalism and a severe dogmatism attach themselves to that record, and insist upon its being received as a supernatural communication through Moses to us, of an infallible journal or history of the creation, of the way in which it was wrought, of its processes,

with the time they occupied, and of the order of events, with their mutual connections, — then we sacrifice a lofty religious lesson for the sake of a poor and baseless superstition, and offer the Bible as a football to men proud and vain of their science. We think Mr. Goodwin errs in the rigidness with which he imposes upon the record a method of interpretation, suggested indeed, but still not necessarily demanded, by its own terms. His method is to present, certainly with no lenient spirit, the literal statements of the record, and to hold it stiffly to them, and then to set before us the positive collision between it and the certified results of science. Afterwards he compares the attempts at reconciliation or vindication made successively by Dr. Buckland, Hugh Miller, and Archdeacon Pratt. He mischievously puts these half-rational, half forced and accommodated schemes into the amiable exercises of the ring, where they pummel each other. We can conceive of a better paper on this subject, but at the same time we must recognize in it a master's hand, and many strong touches and bold strokes. The subject itself, however, is a vital one, and is representative of the whole issue with which we have been dealing. Critical principles recognized or resisted here, decide how the Bible is to stand in the time that is coming.

In the sixth Essay, Mr. Pattison discusses the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750." He chooses that period, in part on account of certain parallelisms which it has with our own age, and in part because we are to find in it the explanation or the sources of the influences or results prevailing now around us. The period, though one of remarkable material prosperity, was also one marked by the decay of religion, and by the prevalence of licentiousness, corruption, and profanity. There is a sly undertone of naive innuendo throughout the Essay, which makes a great many of its paragraphs suggest something which they do not say, and at the same time there is an amazing vigor, and an almost exhaustive comprehensiveness of knowledge of the time of which he writes, displayed in his pages. He is keen and witty, and he is none the less serious and profound. The interval which he traverses is generally, as he says, passed over in a glib way by religious boasters, as if they preferred not to notice its charac-

teristics. He would study them with care, because he traces in them the immediate agencies which, by a continuity of influence, have produced the present. His views are briefly these. The whole of the eighteenth century was occupied in "proving the truth of Christianity," with this distinction, that the former half was given to the exhibition of the *internal* evidences, — the nobler process, — and the latter half to presenting the *external*. Both methods, however, place the mind in an unfavorable attitude for the consideration of religious truth. An appeal was made to the common reason of men to find a Protestant basis for doctrine, in place of the Roman basis, which had been subverted when ecclesiastical authority had been undermined. Laud had tried to set up a national in place of a universal church. The Revolution of '88 shivered this to fragments, in the triumph of a free press and the principle of toleration. The moral of the Essay is, that the best good sense, working on the materials of human nature and Scripture to construct a religion, can reach an irreproachable and solid ethical code, ratified by Divine sanctions; but could not establish the supernatural and speculative part of Christianity. He gives to Butler the palm of eminence in the evidential school, only because he undertook so moderate and circumscribed an argument. He refers to the sneers cast upon religion and the clergy, as showing the temper of the time he is studying. The champions of the Gospel, he says, almost demonstrated "that it was safer to believe in Christianity than not;" but the more they demonstrated, the less people believed. The whole century proved the failure of a prudential system of ethics as a restraining force, and as a security for virtue in society. From this failure sprang the reaction of Methodism and Evangelicalism. Mr. Pattison concludes by stating that his object has been to take the past history of belief in the Church of England, and to see on what basis Revelation is supposed by it to rest. He finds that the basis has shifted from church authority to spiritual conviction, or the internal light, then to Reason and its processes, and then to the self-evidencing and self-interpreting qualities and contents of the Scriptures. And he decides that an inquiry as to

which of these, or what combination of them, is to be wisely relied on, is "a perplexing, but not profitless inquiry."

As we have pronounced Professor Powell's Essay to be the boldest in this volume, so we must say of Professor Jowett's, which closes the series, that it is the wisest and most able. The sound wisdom, the solid scholarship, the moderation of tone, the masterly apprehension of the whole subject-matter with which it deals, the acuteness of thought, and the noble liberality and largeness of view which characterize it in a remarkable degree, make it, as we think, a piece of composition unmatched in the whole range of theological literature. Bigotry and narrowness, and a timid horror of its sterner features, and especially of its manly candor, may assail it and wreak their spite upon it, but the work which it has wrought with a master's power is done, and cannot be undone, nor henceforward forgotten. Its essential positions are unassailable. Professor Jowett has had ample training and discipline for the production of this Essay, of a hundred burdened pages, "On the Interpretation of Scripture." He starts with the acknowledgment that all Christians receive the Old and New Testament as "sacred writings," but do not agree in the meaning assigned to their contents, as each sect or body has its general and its characteristic notions, and attaches its own distinctive views to one or another set of test passages. Their differences are to be referred largely to inherited and traditional doctrinal strifes; to the progress of the human mind as it passes on to new views of truth by the world's advance in the development of thought and philosophy; and to the recognition of poetry and allegory in what was once taken for literal fact. The use of the Scriptures for preaching, for drawing out the meaning and application of texts for the sake of making a sermon of proper length, has caused no little of the mischief that is to be rectified. "The tendency in theology has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and loftiness of the superstructure." With a keen and remorseless sincerity, yet not sarcastically nor irreverently, does this Oxford Professor deal with the stereotyped artifices, the devices and evasions of the orthodox schools of criticism. He next sets himself to examine some of the preliminary questions which

lie in the way of right principles and methods of Scripture interpretation. The word "Inspiration" he regards, though used as one of the "great peacemakers," as asserting something which is without any distinct meaning; and he says positively, "There is no foundation for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration in the Gospels or Epistles." The way of relief from our confusion is to rid ourselves of all imaginary theories and standards of *inspiration*, and to find out the real nature of the quality so designated from the examination of Scripture. "As the idea of nature enlarges, the idea of revelation also enlarges." "The Calvinist ignores almost the whole of the sacred volume for the sake of a few verses." We must learn to distinguish the *interpretation* from the *application* of Scripture. After unveiling some of the more difficult, perplexing, and awkward facts which Scriptural criticism fairly conducted has brought into prominence, he meets the objection which he knows very well that the bigoted and the timid will urge against him, by stating boldly that his aim is "to disengage Christianity from all suspicion of disguise or unfairness." Then come some admirable remarks on the inner vitality, the soul, the spirit of the Scriptures, the sources of its compass, truth, and vigor in its teachings. Though *only one meaning* is to be assigned and is to be believed in as conveyed by a passage of Scripture, we are to search with all our zeal for *that*, and to possess ourselves of its unfoldings, or its seed-energies. Next, the writer deals with the outward form of Scripture, its letter, modes of thought, and figures of speech. His remarks are the most elaborate, original, and scholarly in his analysis of the grammatical structure of the New Testament Scriptures. He makes some very delicate and passionless allusions to the mean abuse and the offensive personalities of which he himself has been the subject. He says, "There is one word of caution to be given to those who renounce inquiry: it is, that they cannot retain the right to condemn inquirers."

We have given but a most inadequate analysis of the matter of this admirable paper. It is perfectly awful to think, it is melancholy beyond endurance to realize, what an immense amount of Biblical, theological, and religious matter, the dry

and arduous learning of commentaries and expositions, a clear-headed and high-souled piece like this at once renders valueless. The writer shows us how impossible it will henceforward be for an honest theologian, of any competent attainments, to drivel as does Mr. Bickersteth in his "Rock of Ages." His *rock* is a sand-hill, of the driest, most barren, and least cohesive materials.

We have thus dealt, as our space and ability would allow, with a subject the proper presentment of which would require more than one volume; and we have recognized heartily the valuable contribution made to the fairest handling of parts of that subject in the book before us. Other books of like sort will follow, if not from the same sources, then from others. The religious world is ready for them, and must have them. In all Christian communities the proportion of sincere, and even of avowed or professed believers in the old theories and dogmas of a traditional faith, is steadily and rapidly falling away when compared with the increase of population; and those of our sects which appear to thrive do so by schemes, artifices, and measures which will not bear the search of inquisitive eyes. "Orthodoxy" is effete; it is dead. It will know no resurrection. The theme which we have been discussing covers the whole ground of the difference between what the Bible really professes to be and is, and the traditional superstitions and the untenable theories and notions which are associated with it; — the difference between a faith which wise and right-minded and free-souled men may hold in hearty confidence and reverence, and that which must constantly quake and grow pale in presence even of the monumental stones and the recording phenomena of the earth. Our faith to be secure must rest upon the foundations, and be nourished by the verities, which God has furnished for it, not upon materials invented by ourselves. There will still be a difference between the Divine and the human, a difference between science and *omni*-science, enough to provide us with a religion. Our higher culture must stand clear of the rubbish of antiquated and discredited belief. It is no just ground of complaint against the destructive criticism of our day, that it does not at once furnish substitute materials and principles as positive

and satisfactory as those which it takes away once were. Each age must accept its work and office in the authentication of the grounds and compass of faith, in the form in which the exacting task comes to it. We recall gratefully the toils of the Benedictines copying the letter of the Scripture on the diamond page of ivory, or on the spacious folios of parchment, and touching the ornamental characters with the exquisite tints of blue and gold. But now that that mechanical toil is spared us, and the dull lead, and the cheap ink, and the paper bleached from beggars' rags, have made the record to have no cost, the same skill must go to its interpretation, the same love must be lavished upon its spirit. There is one fact, at least, to reassure the weak or the fearful. There are men, not few nor singular, who have faced all this destructive work of criticism, have weighed all its blows, and have yielded everything that it has broken or rendered unserviceable; and who are all the stronger in their faith in things divine and holy, all the more stout in their loyalty to Christ and his truth, all the more hopeful of the cause and the kingdom which is committed to Him. Having centred all upon Christ, — his grace and fulness, — they have found peace and strength. They may seem to deal rashly or threateningly with the belief or the things believed, that are dear to others. But it may be well to heed in season their warnings and appeals as they try to dissever the substance of truth from traditions and superstitions, lest the cradle of faith should prove to be the grave of religion.

Note. — In a note to Dr. Williams's Review of Bunsen's Biblical Researches (page 75 of the American edition of "Essays and Reviews"), Dr. Palfrey is represented, by a reference to his work on the Jewish Scriptures, as "restricting the idea of revelation to Moses and *the Gospels*," to the exclusion of "the Psalms and Prophets and Epistles." This is an oversight or an error on the part of Dr. Williams. Dr. Palfrey recognizes no such difference between the Gospels and Epistles.

ART. IV. — GERMAN HYMNOLOGY.

1. *Geistliche Gedichte.* Von NICOLAUS LUDWIG, GRAF VON ZINZENDORF. (Spiritual Poems. By COUNT ZINZENDORF.) Stuttgart. 1845.
2. *Geistliche Lieder.* (Spiritual Songs.) Von FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK. Leipsic. 1839.
3. *Geistliche Oden und Lieder.* (Spiritual Odes and Songs.) Von CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT. Leipsic. 1757.
4. *Worte des Herzens.* (Words of the Heart.) Von JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER. Zurich. 1771.
5. *Versuch eines allgemeinen evangelischen Gesang- und Gebetbuchs.* (Essay towards a universal Evangelic Hymn and Prayer-Book. By CHEVALIER BUNSEN.) Hamburg. 1833.

IN our last number we gave some specimens of old German hymns, with interspersed historical and biographical notices, from Luther down to Zinzendorf. In this paper we shall attempt a short survey of the history of German hymnology, showing the working out of the idea of the hymn in German hands, and remarking upon some of the chief characteristics of the German hymns, as tried by the standard of the ideal itself.

The work of Bunsen, named in the above list, the fruit of a sixteen years' labor, reminds us of the singular combination of poetic enthusiasm and plodding patience which marks our German brethren. Their scientific and reflective thoroughness in whatever they undertake goes with them even into poetry and piety, and not least strikingly is it exemplified in that department which requires so fine a fusion of both those elements, the constructing of hymns and hymn-books.

The name of Klopstock marks the era when the longing of the German national genius to understand and supply its wants in the hymnological direction began to express itself distinctly; but it had long been at work more or less obscurely, in the struggles of mystic, moralist, and dogmatist to mould into an effective shape the elements of sacred song.

What is the true and great idea of the Hymn, — what is its purpose, as the German heart, and, we may say, the Christian heart, quickened by the Reformation, has so long been seeking, more or less consciously, to fulfil it?

The Hymn has been happily described as "the voice of the Christian heart in song." "The heart of the Christian congregation uttering itself in song," may stand as a good synonyme for the hymns of the Church. The Church may be regarded as a household, a fold, or a camp. Hymns are the songs that cheer the family; lull the flock to rest, or lead it on after the Shepherd through wild and rocky places; that sustain, stimulate, and steady the heart of the army of martyrs, with the consciousness of the great Providence overhead, the spiritual fountain within, and the triumph which awaits the faithful.

The early Christians felt themselves to be a band of armed covenanters. In their militant pilgrimage they cheered the way, lightened the toil, enlivened the loneliness of many a pass, and nerved themselves for many a conflict, by songs of encouragement and admonition, hymns which recited stirring truth, or psalms which breathed the home-longing after God and holiness and heaven. There was one leader, one warfare, and one crown.

Such has been the significance of the Hymn at every revival of the primitive religion. So it was in Saxony, — so it was in Bohemia, — so in Scotland, — so in England, — so have we seen and felt it at intervals in our own land. Whenever the Church has come out from the wilderness of trouble and persecution into comfort and repute, music, sharing the common degeneracy of the rest of the service, has too generally tended to become more a remembrancer of the past than a quickener to the present and the future, — instead of waking the soul and calling it up to heaven, has come down to charm the carnal ear of dreaming indolence. Between ceremony and controversy, how hard it is to get back again that old feeling, at once of catholicity and of individual accountableness, which alone can make the Church hymn the song of the pilgrim army of the one God, under the one Captain, marching on to one victory, triumph, and salvation!

The influence of Protestantism upon hymnology is a curious and instructive subject, and one which connects itself throughout with the study of German hymn-writing and hymn-writers. Protestantism, as a contest for opinion or organization, can

hardly produce a true hymn. It can do that only as it is an impulse of self-defence, a struggle for the very life and freedom of the soul. That, indeed, is what Protestantism was, with Luther, in the beginning, though he himself, as he grew strong in ecclesiastical influence, sadly degenerated from that old simplicity; and after his death Protestantism became to a very great extent an essentially unmusical thing.

When Luther appeared, the popular heart had been long yearning for the opportunity to utter itself in vernacular song. As early as Charlemagne, we find the beginning made of translating church hymns into the vernacular, under the Imperial auspices. In the thirteenth century, we find one Brother Berthold complaining that heresy was propagating itself by putting songs into the people's mouths, and calling on the orthodox to make safe and sound ones for their children in self-defence. The fifteenth century was greatly busied in translating Latin hymns. Thus, it has been said, was the Reformation already announcing itself from afar. But Luther found the people ready to take these hymns and use them. The time was come when, in this revival of the old simplicity of the faith, they too, like the first disciples, were to teach and admonish each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, — not merely to be sung *to*, but to sing to each other, and to sing all together, as a band of brethren and sisters in the Lord.

This practical use of the Hymn, as the song of the Christian pilgrim and soldier, which was made so prominent in the hymns of the Reformation, though often sadly lost out of sight in the subsequent successes and struggles of Protestants, was never more signally illustrated than in the Moravian hymnology with a notice of which we closed our former paper, and which, through the Methodists and Montgomery, has infused a spirit into English hymnology that is destined never to die.

With Klopstock, who was born in 1724, begins a new period of German hymnology. His name opens that era when the influences of the age of Frederick the Great, the age of free-thinking, of rationalism, the age of Lavater and Rousseau, told upon the hymns as upon the faith of the Church. It was the period of what the Germans call the "watering [dilution] of the hymn-books." The great revival of poetic aspiration and

ambition, so signalized in Klopstock, led to the idea of retouching and investing with a new poetic charm the church versification.

Klopstock's own hymns, upon the whole, illustrate the saying, how much easier it is to criticise than to create. His aspiration surpassed his achievement. No man has described and distinguished better than he what belongs to the hymn and to the psalm; but when he came to actual performance, he produced too often what would be called indeed, by a common and false taste and piety, poetical and eloquent, but what should rather be called stiff and declamatory. We give one hymn as a specimen of his best style.

"RESURRECTION.

"Thou shalt rise, — yea, thou shalt rise, my dust!
Sleep a few days in trust,
Then shalt thou, waking,
Behold Heaven's morning breaking!
Hallelujah!

"All shall bloom again that 's buried now!
Lord of the Harvest, thou
Thy sheaves shall number,
The souls in Christ that slumber;
Praise to thy name!

"Day of thanks! Thou day of joyful tears!
God's day of endless years!
When, in earth's keeping,
His time I have been sleeping,
Thy trump shall sound!

"Like to them that dream shall we be then,
With Jesus entering in
To share his gladness,
Where pilgrim toil and sadness
Shall be no more!

"I shall tread, with Christ, the Holy Place,
Beholding face to face
The Eternal splendor,
And thanks and praises render
For evermore!"

Between the false and inflated fervors of the intense style of piety and poesy on the one hand, and the watery dilutions of

the prosing rhymers on the other, there were some who kept nearer the golden mean of a pure and simple taste. The most prominent of these are Gellert and Lavater, of whom the former, however, sometimes lapsed into a sentimental primness, and the latter into a didactic dryness, which may well be conceived when we are told that he wrote his fifty-four hymns in eleven days, under a sense of religious duty. Of that charming fabulist and beloved German soul, Christian Fear-God Gellert, we would gladly speak longer, but must leave him here with those graceful and just lines written on looking at his portrait, which we translate from Klamer-Schmidt: —

> "These are the wasted cheeks, whereon
> No dawn of passionate desire,
> No wandering glimmer of the fire
> Of giddy folly, ever shone.
> This is the face that looked on death,
> As friend on friend he welcometh.
> His hollow, spiritual eye,
> Deep-sunken in the warning countenance,
> Reveals the touching history of the heart,
> Speaks an angelic tolerance,
> And, with one tear, stings vice more poignantly
> Than Swift or Rabner could with all their finest art."

In passing on from the last century into the present, we meet three successive and striking epochs in the hymnological development of the German genius; first, the short and brilliant passage of that rarely gifted son of poesy, philosophy, and piety, Novalis, across the field of human vision; secondly, the Liberation war of 1813, which was a struggle at once of faith and freedom, a simultaneous blooming of patriotism, piety, and poesy, and which brought out such spirits as Arndt, Körner, and Schenkendorf; and, finally, the third centenniversary of the Reformation in 1817, which created in the German heart a wonderful renewal of the yearning for a new church life.

"The spiritual poesy of the present," says Bässler, "is found in the act of moving onward. As its starting-point, we may mark the year 1817; as its aim and problem, the penetration of the religious poetic feeling with the objective, biblical faith of the Evangelic Church. . . . . Our spiritual singers still sit

solitary as at the waters of Babylon; but their songs point across, like a prophecy, to the new Zion which is to come."

In fact, modern German Hymnology may be said to be represented by three schools, which we may call the Romantic, the Moravian, and the Orthodox. Not that the characteristics of these several classes are not often found in unison; but there are, distinguishable, the three tendencies we have endeavored to name; — one, to make the hymn a vehicle of the greatest amount of truth, according to the creed; another, to make it the musical meditation of a pious and poetic soul; and a third, to make it the instrument of expressing and enkindling the social sentiment of the spiritual brotherhood.

The so-called Evangelical hymn-writers of these modern times who have written expressly for the use of the Lutheran churches seem to us, with all their fervor and fluency and melody, to make the hymn too prominently an organ of setting forth the doctrines and duties of the orthodox religion. It becomes a rhythmical indoctrination, admonition, or exhortation. In aiming to be exhaustive, it becomes exhausting.

The Romantic and Mystic elements, represented in the hymns of the beloved and too early lost Novalis, — in those of Rückert and Uhland, and a host of other poets who have written hymns because poetry was to them a priesthood, and piety a part of their poetic nature, — these elements are such as the Church, to be a true Church of the Christian spirit, cannot spare; and if, as a recent German writer regrets, no large and deep soul has yet arisen "to give the inward spiritual lyric the full harmonious voice of ecclesiastical communion," nevertheless the great company of the hymn-writers, in and out of the ecclesiastical pale, are nobly heralding and inaugurating the new era of the Church universal and invisible; and the nine hundred hymns of the little book called "In the Stillness," which we described in our former paper, are a noble band of trumpeters (an army in themselves) to this host of soldiers of the cross, who, without the uniform of an external church, all recognize the word of the one spiritual Captain.

We wish we had space to let this "storehouse of sacred jewelry" speak for itself, as in the Song of the Sabbath, beginning, —

"Peaceful, holy Sabbath-time!
Like a sweet and solemn chime
From the high eternal dome,
Callest thou life's pilgrim home,
Bidding man, from earth's delusion,
From its turmoil and confusion,
From its pleasures transitory,
Turn his eyes to heavenly glory."

But we must content ourselves with one specimen.

This is a hymn by the "Hidden One" (*Die Verborgene*), as she signs herself, meaning, we suppose, one whose life is hid with Christ in God.

"BE STILL!

"Peace! Be still!
In this night of sorrow bow,
O my heart, contend not thou!
What befalls thee is God's will, —
Peace! Be still!

"Peace! Be still!
All thy murmuring words are vain, —
God will make the riddle plain:
Wait His word and bear His will, —
Peace! Be still!

"Hold thee still!
Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thou to Him all the more,
Let Him mercy's work fulfil!
Hold thee still!

"Hold thee still!
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life,
Death alone He means to kill, —
Hold thee still!

"Lord, my God!
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own thy sceptre and thy rod,
Lord, my God!

"Shepherd mine!
From thy fulness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine, —
Shepherd mine!"

In looking over the vast range of material which our subject requires us to review, we can hardly fail, one would think, to have our Hymnological, not to say our Theological ideas, somewhat enlarged.

What is a hymn? It is a devout, a religious song. But it need not, it cannot be a versified sermon or homily, a dogmatic statement in metre, a confession of speculative faith. It will not always directly address itself to God, by name or without name, even in praise; still less can a hymn be defined, as some would seem to imply, a musical *prayer*. A true catholicity will not find Christian hymns solely or specially where the names of the Holy Persons are expressly mentioned; but wherever the Holy Spirit breathes, and the Father's love is felt, and a yearning is manifest for the Divine Sonship, charity will believe that it was the spirit of grace, communicated by the Father through the Son, which inspired the song, whatever men may call it, and which makes the writer, in the secret, though perhaps only fitful, aspirations of his heart, at least, one of the real Church universal and spiritual.

A hymn is the song of a soul celebrating the joy with which it contemplates the works and ways of God, the admiration and delight it feels in being his creature and child, in being a part of his creation and his Church. A devout and musical meditation, then, may be a hymn, no less than a musical expression of direct prayer, penitence, or praise. A *cold* meditation, indeed, is not a hymn, any more than a hot anathema is; but that is because it is not a *poem*, to begin with. A meditation, however, which flows forth in harmonious numbers, from a harmonized nature, contentedly, gratefully, and charitably contemplating the ways of the Divine Providence, — that *is* a hymn; and though the metre may be too *particular* to be sung by a choir with the voice, such pieces may be sung "with the spirit and the understanding," and accordingly they are coming to be more and more largely admitted to their silent seats in our hymnological collections. Sweet and comely and wholesome is it thus to recognize in our external and ecclesiastical provisions the presence and claims of

the Church invisible, the Church of the mystic gift and grace, the Church of the spirit and of humanity.

When we study hymnology in this catholic spirit, how does that goodly Church — whose architecture is music (and not *frozen*, but flowing music) — the fellowship of the Christian hymn-writers, in every language, and certainly not least in the German — widen its doors and its dimensions!

But it is time we passed on to consider the leading characteristics — the merits and the faults — of the hymns of that language with which our paper is specially occupied.

We have compared German hymnology to an ocean. When we look out over this ocean, and before we listen to its music, we are struck not only with the multitude, but with the length, of its waves. We mean the enormous and alarming length of the German hymns, considered especially as hymns to be sung. They tell of a race of writers almost as prolix as they are prolific. We should say that in Knapp's Treasury of Evangelic Song the pieces seldom contained less than six stanzas, oftener reaching to twelve, and quite often to the old Scotch sermon length of fifteenthly, the stanzas, too, being very generally from six to eight or ten lines long. They certainly illustrate remarkably the singular union, in the German spirit, of patience and enthusiasm. And yet one would think these qualities must be greater in the writers than in the readers or singers of such hymns. They show too, however, how much more important a place in church service singing holds among the Germans than with us. "*Teaching and admonishing* each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," they do certainly mean to fulfil this part of the Apostle's injunction as well as the other, "making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

One of the rocks on which the German hymns are often in danger of foundering is too great explicitness. The eloquence damages the poetry, and both injure the practical and devotional impression.

With all their faults, however, the German hymns have many and marked charms. The first thing that strikes one, on entering into the spirit of these hymns, is the childlike simplicity they breathe. This is one of their most pervading

and peculiar traits. It is true, close in the neighborhood of this beauty is a blemish into which it sometimes runs. The childlike, without the manly, degenerates into the childish; and from this weakness the German hymns are by no means always exempt. On the whole, however, a simplicity, at once manly and godly, prevails in the great mass of them, and gives them a national and a noble distinction.

We remark next, as akin to the simplicity, and growing out of it, the strength and fervor of faith which they manifest, — faith both in the holy principles of religion and in the holy and divine persons. Often, indeed, the very thoroughness and intense earnestness with which they address themselves to the cherished office of magnifying the Lord, in all his characters and attributes and ways and works, becomes almost, if not quite, prosaic, in its very force of purpose; but, withal, they certainly move on as seeing things invisible, and they "lay hold on eternal life" as a veritable, if sometimes too exclusively as a future reality.

A third trait we note, as also part and parcel of the childlike spirit, is the familiarity of the German hymns, — what Mrs. Browning, speaking of Chaucer, calls

> "The infantine,
> Familiar clasp of things divine."

"The dear God," is a mode of speech, with regard to the High and Holy One, which belongs to the German soul. The frequency and fondness with which the name of Jesus is dwelt upon, though not confined to German hymnology, may, in the degree, somewhat excessive, to which it is there carried, be set down as a characteristic of the German hymns. Not infrequently "Jesulein," *little Jesus*, or Jesus dear, and other similar diminutives, are used. "Lämmlein" (the lambkin) particularly in the older hymns, is often applied to the Saviour. The saying that "men are but children of a larger growth," the Germans, in matters of religious feeling, certainly illustrate in the better sense; or, rather, they beautifully illustrate Wordsworth's expression: —

> "And I could wish my days on earth to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

A German hymnologist requires of a good hymn that it should be, — first, lyrical; secondly, objective; and thirdly, popular. The first of these requisites the German hymns have in an eminent degree. The lyric handling is always free, graceful, glowing, and energetic. The German language is peculiarly favorable to the melodious expression of simple fervor. Its words and sounds make it comparatively easy to combine, in versification, compactness with fluency. This facility, however, is not always felicity. Too many of the German hymns are more eloquent than poetical, if not more declamatory than eloquent. As an offset to what was just said of the expressiveness of the language, there is one point in which, by contrast with our own, for instance, it often fails in compass for the purposes of majesty, and affects us with a sense of the monotonous; and that is, its not having the fine admixture of the Latin element, which, in the English language, at whose birth the Roman genius also presided, has so large and free a play. This deficiency is particularly felt when it is desired to translate into German the noble old Latin hymns. You feel more as if Latin were a dead language, than when they pass into English. But, to return to what we were saying, the uniform fidelity of the German hymn-writers to rhyme and rhythm forms a marked and monitory contrast to a great deal of our English hymnology. Never is there any slovenliness in the rhyme or halting in the numbers. (If Watts had been a German he never would have left so many wretched rhymes.) The German faithfulness herein is worthy of imitation. Is there any reason why good taste should not be associated with devotion? If a hymn is worth writing, is it not worth writing well?

Another German critic assigns as the requisites of a good hymn these four: first, Scripturalness; second, clearness; third, kindliness; fourth, propriety. The last of these we have already considered. The first is, in the German hymns, carried to a remarkable extent. In no church has the hymn been made so much the vehicle of indoctrination as in the Lutheran. The creed, in all its finest reasons and ramifications, is thus made familiar as household song. The hymns of the Scotch kirk exemplify the same thing. It has been

said, that, if the Gospels were lost, they might almost be replaced by means of the quotations from them in the Fathers. We may say, almost without extravagance, that the facts of the Gospel history might also be recovered through the German hymns. The third quality named by the German editor just referred to is one which, in the German hymns, is certainly and admirably conspicuous. Not only do they breathe good-will themselves, but they recognize good-will as the reigning disposition of God towards his creature. Their "thoughts" do *not* "on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead." In Germany it is orthodox to believe in the final restoration of all souls to holiness, happiness, and heaven. And we may well ask, Can there be a true and thorough Christian hymn which does not rest upon this doctrine? Surely such lines as

> "There is no Gospel preached in hell,"

are neither poetic nor inspiring, and so hinder the true hymn-spirit. Calvinism, in its thorough and unmitigated form, cannot produce a true Christian hymnology.

We would direct attention then, finally, to a quality which seems to us eminently to characterize the German hymns, and to be connected very closely with the foregoing, and that is, their trumpet-like strain of triumphant exultation. They cry, it is true, "The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble," but they also cry, "The Father reigneth, let the earth rejoice." They believe, and are sure, that good is destined to conquer evil; that the Lamb shall finally overcome all his enemies; that death and sin shall finally be swallowed up in victory. In the words of our own poet's "Hymn to the Past," their teaching is, that

> "All shall come back, each tie
> Of pure affection shall be knit again,
> Alone shall evil die,
> And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

It is this that makes the funeral hymns of Germany so peculiarly cheerful and solemnly glad.

The trumpet-tone of solemn cheer that rings out so sweetly in Montgomery's "Forever with the Lord," is characteristic not only of the Moravian music, but of the German hymn

generally. How touchingly it is heard in this dirge by a living hymnist, Dr. Sachse: —

[On Leaving the House.]

"Come forth, move on with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long!
'T was God that led us in at birth,
God leads us forth, —
Man's home is not this house of earth.

"Thou Inn of pilgrims here below!
Thou gavest joy, thou gavest woe;
Now, world, thy door forever close!
The mortal goes
Home to his heavenly repose, —

"Goes to a better place of rest;
His weeping friends pronounce him blest.
Good night! the noonday heavily
Did rest on thee, —
Farewell, the night is cool and free!

"Sound out, ye bells, with festal din,
And ring the blessed Sabbath in,
That calls, 'Here ends life's weary road;
Lay down your load,
And rest in Christ, ye sons of God!'"

[On Entering the Graveyard.]

"Now, gate of peace, thy wings unclose!
Go in, to take thy long repose!
Ye slumberers in the earth's calm breast,
Grant this new guest
A little space by you to rest!

"How thick the graves around us lie!
Yet countless mansions shine on high;
And there already God's free grace
Hath marked a place
Where soon shall shine this faded face.

"His is the kingdom and the power;
'I come,' he cries, 'none knows the hour!'
Yea, come, Lord Jesus, speedily!
We wait for thee;
Come, make us thine eternally!"

May the spirit of poesy continue more and more to interpret and educate the spirit of piety! May the hymn refine and reform the creed; the instincts of the heart correct and cure the errors of the mind; and the voice of Christian catholic faith in song, sounding down from generation to generation, floating over sectarian enclosures, as do the bell-tones over the churches, waken and keep alive men's yearning for the true Church, the kingdom of heaven, and at last usher in the fulfilment of its own prophetic harmony.

Art. V. — LAMB AND HOOD.

1. *The Works of* Charles Lamb. In Four Volumes. A New Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860.
2. *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

A hearty welcome to this beautiful American edition of Lamb's Works, — evidence of a demand we are glad to believe in, and intimating the delight — how we envy them! — of a new generation forming a first acquaintance with "Elia." We greet, also, the Memorials of Hood, giving glimpses of his unsullied private life.

The temptation offered by these publications to write of two of the foremost contributors to the pleasant literature of our time, is not to be resisted, even at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale, — not much of a risk, after all, since those who have any affinity for the story can never tire of its repetition. Besides, it is not our purpose to speak of them chiefly as writers. We are able now to remove the always more than semi-transparent masks of the humorists, and show the sweet, brave faces of the men.

Lamb and Hood had striking resemblances and marked differences. We bring them together in our admiration; we separate them, more or less, in any critical analysis. They

are "hale fellows well met" for the most part, but do not always keep side by side. We shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate wherein was the unity and the duality, — to unite them finally in a common title to reverential respect, for higher reasons than the fascinating felicities of their pens.

Of humble birth, and receiving about the same amount of early education, these "lively friends" met suffering on the threshold of manhood, and parted from suffering only at the grave. They became authors more by accident than by design. Literature with Hood was soon a profession; to Lamb it was mainly relief and recreation. The former kept the wolf from the door by the earnings of his brain; the latter got his livelihood at the India House, adding by his writings a little superfluity to a moderate income. In rare friendships, neither can be said to have had the better of the other. But in one respect Hood was pre-eminently the most blessed. Lamb never had a home, in the full meaning of the word; Hood was never without one. Lamb had to resign "the fair-haired girl"; it was only in "Reverie" that he courted and called Alice W—— his; and his children were but "Dream Children." Hood's affections, on the other hand, were fully met and satisfied. He could write: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges — what darling ones! — of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence, — all that is wifely or womanly, — from my pen." He could say: "With such a wife to tease, and such children to tease me, I do not get so weary of life as some other people might." The light within his domestic circle, fierce and black as might be the storm without, was never darkened.

His feeble hand and throbbing brain were encouraged by sweet rewarding motives to work with something like a healthful elasticity and enthusiasm. His labors were labors of love; and being such, the pain of toil had in it a large element of pleasure. How different the fate of his friend! The picture of Lamb — when Mary was away — poring over the old dramatists, studying the drawings of Hogarth, or striving to forget self and the cheerless present by weaving into exquisite phrases his delicate imaginings or delicious exaggerations, is the very opposite of the picture of Hood, with Jane at the other side of the table, and Fanny and Tom Jr. sleeping the peaceful sleep of childhood near by. The shadows in *this* are the shadows of the common lot, not a little illuminated; and though solicitude may sadden the smiles and looks of tenderness, there are no signs of desolation of the heart. But in *that* the awful solitariness is for dreary days and nights almost wholly unrelieved. Over his brother wit, then, Hood had this unspeakable advantage. Happy and content in his domestic relations, a man can battle with the rough world, and resist with good success the depression of chronic disease. But when the sorrow pierces to the heart's core, haunting the one strongest affection with a constant fear, bright deeds and bright words shine as stars among midnight tempest-clouds, sparkle as diamonds in the gloomy and arid desert.

Turning from their circumstances to their mental and moral traits, we still trace interesting and instructive similitudes and contrasts in Lamb and Hood. They were one in affectionateness and gentleness of disposition. With Hood there was no peculiarity in the manifestation of these qualities. They expressed themselves directly and naturally. They attract attention by their continued even flow, their ever-present, thoughtful activity. In his letters to his wife and his friends, his intercourse with his own children and the children of others, his kindliness is delightfully spontaneous and constant. The sunny temper, the quick sympathies, the generous unsuspiciousness, are explicit and harmonious. With Lamb, by reason of his singular make and experience, it was otherwise. His sweetest emotions often uttered themselves in strange fashions, — shrinking from straight-forward expres-

sion. Not infrequently you must interpret him by contraries. For example, we hold it certain — though we shall not stop to prove the fact, sure that our readers can see it for themselves — that none but a loving observer of children could have stammered out his well-known toast at a juvenile party: — "To the memory of the much calumniated King Herod!" or have written "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People." Here, as elsewhere, the flash of ironical jests serves to throw a stronger light on his tearful sensibility, after you get the clew to the jester; his nature being one of those that reveal themselves in whimsical attempts at concealment. Then again in happy sentences, "con amore" descriptions, and fond memories, how his tenderness betrays itself. In "The Old Benchers" he asks, "Is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the *child's heart* left?" The days he would recall are "the days of a *mother's love for her schoolboy*." Very significant, too, his reference to Old Morris: "To the last he called me Charley. I have nobody to call me Charley now!" Then could any mother limn more perfect sketches than those of John and Alice, — exquisite photographs of "what might have been"? And what meaning in these passages from "New Year's Eve"! "But for the child Elia, that 'other me,' there in the background, I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master. . . . . I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow, and wake it up with surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrunk from any, the least color of falsehood. . . . . I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was, — how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful!"

These are illustrations of the tone that pervades Lamb's life. They exhibit the lovingness that attached him devotedly to his promiscuous collection of friends, — made him impatient of the disparagement in earnest of any acquaintance, — prevented him from ever giving "an ill-thought birth," and elevated even his selfish and conceited elder brother into a sort of Apollo. Truly we cannot quite admit his protest

against being "eternally styled gentle-hearted," though ready to confess he was something more and stronger than that.

In wit and humor Lamb and Hood were akin. The indulgence of an innate love of fun was irresistible to them. The one delighted in gravely quizzing his sister and mystifying his friends, — and the public too for that matter, as in his "Ellistoniana." The other, a practical as well as a verbal joker, must needs play innocent tricks on his children, warn his credulous wife not to buy any "plaice that had the appearance of red or orange spots," fill her pudding with skewers, interpolate her letters, and be the mischievous monkey of the family. The habit of the twin wags is pretty well exemplified in two extracts we take, at second hand, from Mrs. Balmanno's "Pen and Pencil." We quote the first, not only for the humor of it, but also for the love that lurks in it, and the hint given of a memorable sentence in "Mackeroy End."

"On the following night, according to his promise, Mr. Lamb honored us with a visit, accompanied by his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, and a few others hastily gathered together for the occasion. On entering the room, Mr. Lamb seemed to have forgotten that any previous introduction had taken place. 'Allow me, Madam,' said he, 'to introduce to you, *my* sister Mary; she 's a very good woman, but she drinks!' 'Charles, Charles,' said Miss Lamb, imploringly (her face at the same time covered with blushes), 'how can you say such a thing?' 'Why,' rejoined he, 'you know it 's a fact; look at the redness of your face. Did I not see you in your cups at nine o'clock this morning?' 'For shame, Charles,' returned his sister, 'what will our friends think?' 'Don't mind him, my dear Miss Lamb,' said Mrs. Hood, soothingly; 'I will answer that the cups were only breakfast-cups full of coffee.'

"Seeming much delighted with the mischief he had made, he turned away, and began talking quite comfortably on indifferent topics to some one else. For my own part I could not help telling Mrs. Hood I longed to shake 'Charles.' 'O,' replied she, smiling, 'Miss Lamb is so used to his unaccountable ways that she would be miserable without them.' Once, indeed, as Mr. Lamb told Hood, 'having really gone a little too far,' and seeing her, as he thought, quite hurt and offended, he determined to amend his manners, 'behave politely, and leave off joking altogether.' For a few days he acted up to this resolution, behaving, as he assured Hood, '*admirably*; and what do you think I got for my pains?' 'I have no doubt,' said Hood, 'you got sincere

thanks.' 'Bless you, no!' rejoined Lamb; 'why, Mary did nothing but keep bursting into tears every time she looked at me, and when I asked her what she was crying for, when I was doing all I could to please her, she blubbered out: "You 're changed, Charles, you 're changed; what have I done that you should treat me in this cruel manner?" "Treat you! I thought you did not like my jokes, and therefore tried to please you by strangling them down." "Oh! oh!" cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break; "joke again, Charles, — I don't know you in this manner. I am sure I should die, if you behaved as you have done for the last few days." So you see I joke for her good;' adding, with a most elfish expression, 'It saved her life then, anyhow.'

"This little explanation was happily illustrated the next moment, when Miss Lamb, still in extreme trepidation, and the blush yet lingering on her cheeks, happened to drop her handkerchief. She did not observe it, but her brother, although volubly describing some pranks of his boyhood to a little knot of listeners, stepped aside and handed it to her, with a look that said as plainly as words could say, 'Forgive me, I love you well.' That she so interpreted it, her pleased and happy look at once declared, as with glistening eyes she sat eagerly listening to the tale he was then telling; a tale which doubtless she had heard before, ninety and nine times at least."

The other anecdote helps us realize how "very lively" was "the sincere friendship" of the chief actors in the incident, at a supper at Hood's.

"Mrs. Hood had frequently smiled when I have complimented her on setting out 'picture suppers;' — this was truly one.

"Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly, having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. 'What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?' 'Back,' said he quickly; 'I always prefer back.' My husband laid down his knife and fork, and, looking upward, exclaimed: 'By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it.' 'Believed what?' said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, coloring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. 'Believed what? why, Madam, that Charles Lamb was a back-biter!' Hood gave one of his short, quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, while Lamb went off into a

loud fit of mirth, exclaiming, 'Now that 's devilish good! I 'll sup with you to-morrow night.' This eccentric flight made everybody merry, and amid a most amusing mixture of wit and humor, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amid jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches, and songs.

"Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, sung his own comic song of 'If you go to France be sure you learn the lingo;' his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous.

"Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a long string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On inquiring of a gentleman who sat next me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad! Thus in the gayest of moods progressed and concluded a truly merry little social supper, worthy in all respects of the author of 'Whims and Oddities.'"

The comic element, in varied forms, occupies a large space in the writings of Lamb and Hood; and by this they are best known, — as perhaps they should not be. But the joyous ripplings of the surface often conceal the depth and force of the strong undercurrent, and are apt to be mistaken, by superficial observers, from the pleasure they afford, for the whole stream. These "ripplings" were almost always visibly uppermost in the lives of the authors of "Roast Pig" and "Whims and Oddities."

Unconscionable punsters, coiners of conceits, lovers of absurdities, with eyes wide open to the ludicrous, witticisms were forever on the tips of their tongues and pens. Even their moods of gravity had the flavor of a certain waywardness about them. They played upon words, and played with words, to such an extent, that they could not spare their own miseries. Both might have said what Hood, sick nigh to death, did say when a poultice was applied to his attenuated feet: "Very little meat for the mustard!" We can, too, imagine Hood writing, with variations, Lamb's letter describing the influenza, which so comes home to the noses, eyes, and lungs of every reader thereof. But "Elia," we submit, was the

only mortal who could have excused himself from the complaint that he came late to the office in the morning, with "But then, you know, I go home early in the afternoon." Indeed, beyond any other person we remember, Lamb was individual in his humor. Hood lived by his wit. He was obliged to produce it under the compulsion of necessity. "Joke or starve," was often the alternative. He kept embryo witticisms in his pocket, to finish to order, and exchange for bread. He had to manufacture his "comics" to feed the press, and feed his family. Of course, he could not always be in the vein, invalid as he was. Hence his drollery not seldom has the stiffness of invention, and wears the appearance of forced grimace and bespoken mirthfulness. Lamb was not in a mill, compelled to grind, so he was what he seemed, himself and nobody else. Moreover, he stood alone in the quality of his wit. There were delightful augularities, kinks, and twists in his mind, and his verbal pranks were, if we may so speak, the activity of these. He was not a typical person. It is impossible to squeeze him into any "order" or "genus." It is difficult to define or to distinguish, — hard to find any standard of comparison whereby to describe him. Many may have resembled him in a degree, but, taken all in all, he was like nobody else. Most witty people are so after known fashions; and you can classify them, imagine them talking according to a pattern, and copying it more or less closely. Not so with "Elia." His sayings and doings were genuine moods. He could not help being what he was at any given time and place. His elaborate essays illustrate his specialties better, perhaps, than his fragmentary and isolated witticisms. They do not make you burst out with laughter: they hardly make you laugh at all. They quietly amuse by the quaint fancies of every line, as well as by the grotesque whole. As you read, your face does not expand with broad grins, and your sides are not shaken with boisterous merriment. Your mirth is internal; it is exhilaration rather than cachinnation. The conceits are airy. The playfulness has something of reserve, and affects you by its suggestiveness instead of its distinctness. The fun is shy, — peeps at you round corners, — twinkles from half-shut eyes. It indulges

in no broad antics or absurd contortions. It is never dressed in gaudy burlesque; does not come wriggling and turning somersets, like the clown in the circus crying out, "Here I am! Why don't you roar?" It steals upon you quite gently. You feel its titillating presence before you are aware of it, so softly does it touch your risibility, spring surprises, and catch you with unexpectedness. Sometimes there is a mellowness and simple richness of sympathetic description; and the delight comes of the accurate sketching of out-of-the-way scenes and characters. At other times a persistent one-sidedness, or the half-in-earnest mental perversity, is the fascination. Something is due to his topics, in the choosing of which his peculiarities of taste are noticeable. They are taken mostly from the secluded sphere in which he lived, with its antiquated shapes, its shadowy personages, its dim atmosphere, its cobweb draperies, and its still, old life. When this was not the case, the subjects were put in new lights by his unique style of treatment. Hence, in both instances, the attractive idiosyncrasy.

Thus, it will be perceived, on the score of wit, we not only set Lamb on a pedestal by himself, but also elevate him above his associate. The truth is, we agree with Hood's son in thinking that his father was mistaken in supposing himself more comic than serious. His undeniable humorous gifts were used with great ingenuity, and to good success. But they were not the best, as they certainly were not the most original part of him. It was as a poet he shone brightest. The soft music, the delicate tenderness, and the exquisite turns of thought in his verse, will be held in treasured remembrance long after his puns and caricatures are forgotten. As we run our eye over the titles of his poems, recall the ethereal grace, the melting pathos, and the melodious flow of many of them, we can select single gems, each of which, in our judgment, is worth more than all the fun he made for the million. This fun does not, like Lamb's wit, coexist with his genius, forming an integral part of it, pervading and tinting with its flitting and fitful hues his soberest and loftiest productions; it is rather the sparkle of quick parts, the nimbleness of mental versatility, an intellectual playfulness that by indulgence and persistence became a habit of the intellect.

Hood was a philanthropist in feeling, and, according to opportunity and ability, in action likewise. Among his finest efforts are those consecrated to humanity. He sung "The Song of the Shirt," — he wrote "The Bridge of Sighs." Had he written nothing else, these would prove the wide embrace of his pity, his strong sense of justice, and generous concern for the suffering. But the whole tone of his life is benevolent. The charity conspicuous at home did not stay there. He condemned and lamented the terrible social evils and harsh oppressions that stain our boasted Christian civilization. He had a tear for the pauper. He was the friend of the friendless, the overworked and poorly paid; and he insisted on the compassion due to the outcast. His own trials of body and estate, instead of making him morbid and selfish, quickened and enlarged his sympathy for the distresses of others. In his weakness, almost from his death-bed, he dictated moving appeals for mercy, equity, and lenient judgments. Can we say as much of Lamb, who never, as we remember, penned a line professedly to do good, or avowedly to point a moral, — Lamb the recluse, indifferent to affairs of Church and State, unaffected by mightiest revolutions and bloodiest conflicts, — whom we cannot imagine taking up and advocating any "cause," — enlisted in any "mission"? Assuredly we can. He was an unconscious lover of his kind; and being simply natural, the whole effect of his writings is humane. Sensitive and retiring, shut up with his fearful grief, nearly incapable of argument, averse to controversy, we should as soon think of seeing him on horseback heading a Balaclava charge, as seeing him appear in the character of a reformer. And yet how lavish of love he is! How he melts and purifies the heart! How he makes selfishness blush and meanness hide its head! How catholic in his whimsical bigotry! How broad in his droll affectation of narrowness! How completely sympathetic in his "Imperfect Sympathies"! Walking the streets of London as one isolated from the thronging crowds and unconcerned for the motley multitude, — save as here and there some decaying specimens of bygone times captivate his fancy for oddities, — who more than he awakens all disinterested affections by his own overflowing and ever-flowing love? He may

keep to himself, — a sort of moral hermit, — confine his genial regard to his "Wednesday Nights" and the chosen few; and still he sends his readers out into busy life more earnest for beneficent deeds. What is the explanation of this paradoxical fact? It may be found, we think, in an anecdote — hitherto unpublished — we recently heard. An intimate acquaintance wished to introduce Lamb to the W——s. He declined going, saying, "I don't like them." "How can that be, you don't know them?" "I know I don't know them. That's the reason I don't like them." He could not help liking everybody he knew! He is a delightful instance of the truth that a deep and sincere sentiment, whatever may be the form, and however limited the visible field of its expression, cannot but exert a contagious power, reaching further than it knows or dreams of in its meek unconsciousness. You come from "Elia" as from the caresses and confidences of childhood, made more self-sacrificing and loving by the subtile magnetism of the guileless sincerity of outgushing hearts. His essays are full of exquisite irony, playfully veiling the tenderness of his nature. He is often saying the opposite of what he means; and you perceive his earnest purpose — not the less earnest, because he himself may be only half aware of its existence — shining through his banter, just as his devoted affection for his sister appears as truly in his quizzing as in his soberest protestations. If we wanted to save a man from misanthropy, shame him out of self-seeking and self-idolatry, teach him to see his brothers in chimney-sweeps, beggars, Scotchmen, and Quakers, — cure him of being a respecter of persons, — we would put him upon reading Charles Lamb; certain of effecting his deliverance by communion with one whose life, if not a stream of benevolence, was an ever-welling fountain of love.

Because of their large-heartedness Lamb and Hood were haters of everything that approached to cant. Pharisaism, with its "much speaking," self-righteousness, and harsh condemnation of "publicans and sinners," — long-faced impertinence, in the egotism of its juiceless and ghastly belief violating with intrusive exhortations the courtesies of social life, — conceited assumptions of infallibility, dealing out its own partial judgments as the wrath of Heaven, — the charity of osten-

tation, working with the machinery of display, to be seen of men, — the "out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness," — for all this the wits had no respect, and all this they ridiculed and satirized as fair game. In their contempt for shams and counterfeits, they may sometimes have gone too far, and thereby exposed themselves to the allegations of infidelity and want of reverence brought against them. But the allegations are undeserved. The Memorials of Hood confirm the impression made by many of his poems, that he had a strong and active religious faith, — the central force of his fair life. And Lamb, when understood, is not for a moment to be deemed an unbeliever or a trifler with sacred things. He needs not the complete vindication and explanation of himself he wrote to Southey. His "Grace before Meat," as we read it, is an extravagant and droll, but thoroughly sincere, exposure of the gross inconsistency of substituting customs and costumes, the worship of "the letter," for genuine manifestations of the spirit. There is truth in every line of it, — truth of which the topic nominally discussed was only a single illustration, — truth which will commend itself to every reader not blinded by prejudice. Had we space at command, we think we could analyze this misinterpreted essay, making it clear that, while it satirizes an abuse, it indirectly recognizes the loving and bountiful Providence. Then, as to "New Year's Eve," we confess we cannot see the force of the objections to it. To us it seems natural, true, and mournfully solemn in its quaintness. It is a fine delineation of a mood, which all, not bent upon a perpetual make-believe, — not in bondage to the notion that to be religious implies the profession at least of an always steadfast faith and undimmed hope, — will admit was not a mood peculiar to "Elia;" — though, for obvious reasons, it may have beset him more than most men. The fact is, when we remember the honesty, openness, and humility of Lamb, his keen sense of the ludicrous, the way in which his thoughts flashed from one extreme to another, with a quickness of transition slower minds cannot realize, and how much there must have been in his manner, we can see that his unseasonable jests were not "wholly irreverent to ears that could understand," — that "his fashion" of "treating serious things non-

seriously" was in perfect harmony with the reverence and awe, "the suffused eye and quivering lip, with which he stammered out a reference to a name which he would not utter."

But we are anticipating, and must leave comparisons and contrasts to set forth distinctly the moral worth of Lamb and Hood. A debt of gratitude is due to them, which should be paid by the eulogy their excellence as men demands and justifies. They did much to expose a fallacy not yet wholly exploded. The idea still prevails, to some extent, that to be amusing or amused, — to contribute to the comic, or enjoy the comic in human life, except in a very solemn way, — is inconsistent with true seriousness and eminent goodness. The elongated face of a sort of traditionary asceticism, that is unable to adopt a generous Christian philosophy comprehensive enough in its induction to reconcile the life that now is, in all its forms, with that which is to come, thus finding a providential place for all gifts, all work, all play, not palpably vicious, is occasionally visible. To this asceticism, on the one hand, with its too much of what Coleridge calls "t' other worldliness," and to the hard, sordid, utilitarian earthly-mindedness which despises the lively doings of fancy and frolic as unproductive folly, on the other, is to be attributed, we suppose, the libel that those who make puns, crack jokes, tell good stories, and indulge in writing or reading fiction, cannot be religious or wise, pious or practical. Now, since laughter is so natural, sport so attractive, — since millions cannot well help indulging in merry recreations, and popularity is insured to those who provide them, — it is desirable, certainly, to have this erroneous reading of human nature corrected. And the most effectual refutation it receives is to be found in such lives as those of Lamb and Hood. They have been foremost favorites on account of their humorous and imaginative writings. Let us see what profound respect is due to their high qualities of soul.

Few men have left a cleaner record than Hood. He had no vices, bad habits, or weaknesses, that we are aware of, to be explained away or pardoned. Ill-health, and domestic tastes, and principle kept him from perilous indulgences to which literary wits are often exposed. Negatively irreproachable, the positive side of him is strong and bright. His correspondence

is frank, generous, and candid in respect to others, and modest as to himself. Genial and exuberant of humor in his social relations, he was also pure and refined. "Not a line of his writings can be charged with vulgarity," and the moral tone of them is unexceptionable. Before the world, in all respects, his character stands fair; and when we follow him into strictly private life, it is still without blemish. Little have the delighted readers of his mirth suspected the Spartan endurance the production of it cost; and few imagined that the melting pathos which so moved them was the tenderness of one almost as unfortunate as the subjects of his pitying song. He describes his condition for weary years when he writes to Lieutenant de Franck, "You know how my time is divided; first I am very ill, then very busy to make up for lost time, and then in consequence very jaded and knocked up, which ends generally in my being very ill again."

Add to this constant tyranny of ill-health a haunting solicitude as to his pecuniary resources, — and that during the best portion of his early manhood he was an exile in Germany, battling with in every sense a foreign climate, — and we have a complication of troubles sufficient to drive almost any man to despair. So long as he dragged on his lingering life, — with organic disease of the heart, frequent hemorrhages of the lungs, disordered stomach and liver, — so long he "seemed inevitably and sternly foredoomed to hard and incessant toil," — toil too of the brain. Is it easy to conceive of a harder lot of its kind? And how was it accepted? Not without depression certainly, and yet with a wonderful cheerfulness, an enduring patience, a triumphant will. It has been truly said of Hood: "His sportive humor, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck;" and it has been as truly added, "Infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last." The sources of his mental and moral health are frequently suggested in his letters. Literature was a refuge and solace; and he escaped from the hardships of the actual by excursions into the ideal world. He often acknowledges the con-

servative and tranquillizing influence of books, and his indebtedness to them in time of distress. But not to the quiet of the study or the use of pen and pencil are we mainly to attribute his strength and serenity. These were the fruits of a wise philosophy and a religious faith. He says to his wife: "For the sake of every one, I keep myself in fighting condition, and have brought myself to look forward with a firm and cheerful composure of mind." He understood his case, and underneath his jesting phrases about it what earnestness of purpose! "I know it is rather against my complaint, this sedentary profession. . . . . I am, notwithstanding, in good heart and spirits. But who would think of such a creaking, croaking, blood-spitting wretch being the 'Comic'?" Who, indeed? "Never was there a more liberal hand and heart than his. He practised to the full that charity of which he recognized the beauty in these touching words: 'How kind are the poor to the poor!'" He reveals the sources of his own hope and trust in thus sympathizing with an afflicted friend: "The only comfort I can offer you is the one which I have found most consolatory under the loss of dear relatives, — the belief that we do not love in vain; that so surely as we must live, having lived, so we must love, having loved; and that after some term longer or shorter, but a mere vibration of the great pendulum of eternity, we shall all be reunited. In the mean time let us *endure* as bravely as we can for the sake of others." He struggled on to maturity, — an old man before his time, — when disease quickened its fell activity, and the last hours drew on apace. He met the result he had schooled himself to anticipate with a steady glance from beneath "a brow scarred by the crooked autograph of pain." The closing scenes harmonize — and therein lies their value — with all that preceded them. The humble confidence, patience, resignation, thoughtfulness of others, and gratitude for every kindness and blessing, which continued to the end, are visible in these paragraphs from his daughter's pen: —

"One night I was sitting up with him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized, about twelve o'clock, with one of his alarming attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper

and pencil, and asked 'if I was too frightened to stay with him.' I was too used to it now, and on my replying 'No,' he quietly and calmly wrote his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, and ordered ice to be applied, my father wrote to remind me of a pond close by, where ice could be procured, nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was at the time almost supposed to be his last.

. . . . .

"It was a lovely spring, and my father loved to see and feel all he could of it, drinking in his last measure of sunshine and fresh air more eagerly than he used to do. He always loved all nature like a child, and, I think, possessed to the full that rare faculty of enjoyment which even a clear day or a beautiful flower can bring to a finely sensitive mind, which, if it suffers keenly, enjoys keenly as well. He said once to us, 'It 's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I *could* have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world!'

"Now, indeed, might all those who cavilled at his cheerful wit and genial philosophy (never directed against what was really high or holy) have taken a lesson how to die! Now, indeed, might they have seen how a great and good spirit, that had for many years daily battled with disease and privation, could, in the very prime of its mental power, calmly and solemnly lay down its burden and its toil. Those who doubted his religious belief, and were almost ready to say to him, like the lady he speaks of in his 'Literary Reminiscences,' 'Mr. Hood, are you an Infidel?' *must* then have felt the force of that *practical* faith and Christianity which could trust itself so readily and undoubtingly to the mercy of that great Creator, whose visible handwriting in His creation he had known and loved so well.

"Moreover, to prove that this was no mere 'death-bed' feeling, but the close of a consistent human life, if more testimony is wanting than his works for the good of mankind (of which he could truthfully say, on that death-bed, that he 'never regretted a line') — if, I repeat, further evidence is necessary to refute some unreasonable and groundless doubts that have rested on his memory, I will add one more proof.

"As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my *father's* lips, and repeated at his knee; my first introduction to the Bible, which he

honored too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount as it lay open on his study table; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty, hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind; and my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up, sometimes alone, by my father's dying-bed." — pp. 239 – 242.

"On the Thursday evening, May 1st, [1845,] he seemed worse; and knowing himself to be dying, he called us round him, — my mother, my little brother, just ten years old, and myself. He gave us his last blessing, tenderly and fondly; and then quietly clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all* as I hope to be forgiven!' He lay for some time calmly and peacefully, but breathing slowly and with difficulty. My mother bending over him heard him say faintly, 'O Lord! say, "Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me!"' His last words were, 'Dying, dying!' as if glad to realize the rest implied in them. He then sank into what seemed a deep slumber. This torpor lasted all Friday; and on Saturday at noon he breathed his last, without a struggle or a sigh." — p. 246.

To these impressive and significant extracts nothing need be added, except that hereafter the grave, sad face of Thomas Hood — wherein the gravity and sadness shadowed and hid the twinkling lines of humor — shall to the mind's eye beam with not a little of the saintly look which glorifies the victors in the good fight.

The "Final Memorials" have lifted the cloud and solved the dark mystery; and it is no longer necessary to mingle pity and regret with admiration of Lamb. Now that all is known, only miserably bigoted, hypercritical self-righteousness can, it seems to us, stand in the presence of his transcendent virtue to indulge in stinted and hesitating esteem, because of frailties he never concealed and was the first to acknowledge and lament. Waiving, then, all apologies and qualifications as impertinent, a simple sketch will be enough to show, in the "Elia" all love, the hero and the martyr all should reverence.

Lamb's only sister was ten years his senior. He loved her with a love surpassing that of woman. She was his friend, guide, guardian angel, who watched with maternal solicitude

over his infancy, and advised his manhood with an instinctive wisdom no service of his could repay. He said he was like a fool, bereft of her co-operation; that without her he did not dare to think, lest he should think wrong; that he looked up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity; that she was older, better, and wiser than he; that in all his wretched imperfections he covered himself by resolutely thinking on her goodness; that she would share life and death, heaven and hell, with him; that she lived but for him; that he could conceal nothing from her; and that to say all he knew of her would be more, he thought, than anybody could believe or understand. These are but samples of the sentences always slipping from his pen about Mary, who was never absent from his thought or heart, and who was endeared to him not only by her fine mind and moral loveliness, but also by the memory of a fearful domestic tragedy, in which she was the principal actress, and by recurrences at intervals of a sickness worse than death.

When Lamb was about twenty, his father was in his dotage, — his mother an infirm cripple. In care of the latter, — night and day, and sewing to help support the family, — Mary, predisposed to insanity, had worn herself out. Just before dinner, on Thursday, September 22, 1796, she had a sudden attack of frenzy, and, seizing a case-knife from the table, pursued, in a menacing manner round the room, the little servant-girl. On the call of her mother to her to forbear, she rushed toward her aged parent and stabbed her to the heart, killing her almost instantly. Charles reached the room just in time to snatch the fatal weapon from the maniac's hand, to see his father weeping by the side of the lifeless body, himself bleeding from a wound received from one of the forks the involuntary murderess had been hurling about the apartment. Mary was at once sent to an asylum, where she remained while her father lived. When he died, — she having recovered her reason, and viewing religiously and calmly, as she did ever afterward, the terrible catastrophe of which, by an inscrutable Providence, she had been the innocent and unconscious agent, — Charles at once resolved to bring his sister home, engaging to take charge of her through life, though he

was then hardly of age, and had once been himself the inmate of a madhouse. To fulfil the sacred trust, as he regarded it, he sold himself to the uncongenial toil of the counting-room, practised the most careful economy without ceasing to be generous, gave up all young hopes, resolved to live for Mary and Mary alone. According to all the accounts given of her, indorsing her brother's incessant eulogy, she was worthy this great sacrifice. Hazlitt, cynical as he was, said, "Mary Lamb was the only truly sensible woman he ever met with;" and others describe her as remarkable for "the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words," — making it quite plain that Lamb's portrait of her — slightly caricatured by the sly banter of affection, under the assumed name of Bridget Elia — is neither flattered nor over-colored.

The madness that wrought the homicidal act was but the prelude to attacks of insanity occurring every year, — attacks whose coming the sufferer learned to anticipate by certain premonitory symptoms. When she felt their approach, she serenely and resolutely prepared herself and her brother to meet them. So Charles and Mary Lamb lived each for the other for twoscore years, the sad recollections and the sad trials uniting them fully known only to their earlier and most intimate friends. So Charles and Mary Lamb went on their lonely way, — taking what snatches of pleasure they could between the acts of their distressful drama; so they walked their pilgrimage under the shadow of a great sorrow, through which shone only fitful gleams of sunshine; so their days alternated between the perfect confidence of congenial souls and seasons of dark and desolate separation, — cheered to one by the forgetfulness of insanity, but leaving to the other only a dreary blank!

Can it be necessary to add a syllable to this statement to prove that Lamb was all we have claimed for him? Think of him, frail of body, nervous in temperament, delicately organized throughout every department of his nature, resigning all the natural yearnings of youth, working six hours a day at the dry task of book-keeping, driving away haunting and besetting madness from his own brain, watching over the being

dearest to him on earth, — who at any moment might, and at short intervals must, be torn from him, to pass weeks or months in frenzy, lost to him as entirely as if she were dead; — think of Lamb thus, and then review his Essays, with their painstaking neatness of style, their pensive pathos, their beautiful cabinet pictures and expressive portraits, their flashes of wit, genial humor, passages of quaint wisdom, delightful manifestations of a thoughtful soul, — review these Essays, read the circumstances under which they were written, the strange, suffering existence amidst whose barrenness and tempests they budded and blossomed, — do this, and will you dream of letting the old, exaggerated stories of the author's intemperance, or the occasional outbreaks of a wild drollery, or the frank exposure of moods of doubt and half-despair, or any of his slight violations of the moralities and the proprieties becoming certainly to every man, prevent you from acknowledging that the gentle-hearted Charles was *stout*-hearted likewise, an example of religious fidelity? For strength of will, rare conscientiousness, patient and long-enduring submission, disinterested affection, manifested in the privacy of home, with no stimulus from the world's applause, no looking for fame or reward, — for all this, so noble and true, was he not one of the best of men? to be honored for strength shown in weakness, the practice of divinest virtues in the midst and in spite of some yieldings to besetting temptations? Shall the blemishes, — sins, if you will, — which in him were almost strictly physical and constitutional, diseases of the body, obscure for a moment the lustre of his graces, or check the homage due to the manifestations of his large, loving, and loyal soul?

Art. VI. — THE WORLD'S NEED OF WOMAN.

1. *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home.* By Mrs. Jameson. 1855.
2. *The Communion of Labor.* By Mrs. Jameson. 1856. Republished in one volume by Ticknor and Fields, Boston. 1859.
3. *Reports and Realities from the Sketch-Book of a Manager of the Rosine Association.* Philadelphia: John Duross, Printer. 1855.

Mrs. Jameson's special object, in both her books, is to enforce the necessity of men and women's working together in *beneficence*, technically so called. She appears to have been struck and stimulated by a fact which a recent census had developed in Great Britain, namely, that there are in that island five hundred thousand more women than men. She considers this a providential indication that women are destined to other employments than the strictly maternal and wifely. If five thousand, that is one hundredth, of these five hundred thousand women could employ themselves in nursing the sick poor, and reforming the guilty, much more than a thousandth part of the misery of Great Britain would be relieved, and all who did it would be ennobled by the work, which, if only one sex are engaged, women can do better than men, and which would be done still better than if they worked alone, should they work in concurrence with men.

She fortifies her views by quoting the well-considered declarations of Howard and other thoughtful philanthropists, respecting the arrangements of Continental institutions of charity, giving historical sketches of the *Hospitalières*, an order of women founded in the seventh century, who have nursed for the last thousand years, in the Hôtel Dieu, with its thousand beds, — in the St. Louis, with its seven hundred beds, — and in La Pitié, with its six hundred beds; — of the *Beguines*, who for an equal length of time have served in all the hospitals of Flanders, and one portion of them, the Sisters of St. Martha, in three hospitals in Paris, and several in the South of France; — of the *Gray Sisters*, founded in the thirteenth century, among whom, she says, "have been enrolled queens, princesses, ladies of rank, wives of burghers, as well as widows

and maidens," for this order did not take vows of celibacy, or seclude themselves in cloisters, but were simply bound to submit to certain rules and regulations, training them to do good whenever and wherever called upon; — of the *Sisters of St. Elizabeth* in Hungary and Germany, who, together with the *Beguines* and *Ursulines*, were excepted by Joseph II. from his general proscription of the religious orders, "because of the usefulness of their vocation;" — and, finally, of the *Sisters of Charity*, who originated, as Mrs. Jameson says, rather with Madame Legras than with Vincent St. Paul. What she says with respect to the inception of this last order is of such importance to our general subject that we must extract it.

"While the men who professed the healing art were generally astrologers and alchymists, dealing in charms and nativities, lost in dreams of the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone, and in such mummeries and quackeries as made them favorite subjects for comedy and satire, these simple sisters in their hospitals were accumulating a vast fund of practical and traditional knowledge of the treatment of disease, and the use of various remedies, — knowledge which was turned to account and condensed into rational theory and sound method, when, in the sixteenth century, surgery and medicine first rose to the rank of experimental sciences, and were studied as such. The poor *Hospitalières* knew nothing of Galen and Hippocrates, but they could observe, if they could not describe, and prescribe, if they could not demonstrate. Still, in the course of time, great abuses certainly crept into these religious societies; — not so bad or so flagrant, perhaps, as those which disgraced, within a recent period, many of our own incorporated charities; but bad enough, and vitiating, if not destroying, their power to do good. The funds were sometimes misappropriated, the novices ill-trained for their work, the superiors careless, the sisters mutinous, the treatment of the sick rude and empirical. Women of sense and feeling, who wished to enroll themselves in these communities, were shocked and discouraged by such a state of things. A reform became absolutely necessary.

"This was brought about, and very effectually, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

"Louise de Marillac, better known as Madame Legras, when left a widow in the prime of life, could find, like Angela da Brescia (founder of the Ursulines in 1537), 'no better refuge from sorrow than in active duties undertaken for the love of God.' She desired to join the *Hospitalières*, and was met at the outset by difficulties, and even hor-

rors, which would have extinguished a less ardent vocation, a less determined will. She set herself to remedy these evils, instead of shrinking from them. She was assisted and encouraged in her good work by a man endued with great ability and piety, enthusiasm equal, and moral influence even superior to her own. This was the famous Vincent St. Paul, who had been occupied for years with a scheme to reform thoroughly the prisons and hospitals of France. In Madame Legras he found a most efficient coadjutor. With her charitable impulses and religious enthusiasm, she united qualities not always nor often found in union with them, — a calm and patient temperament, and that administrative faculty indispensable in those who are called to such privileged work. She was particularly distinguished by a power of selecting and preparing the instruments, and combining the means, through which she was to carry out her admirable purpose. With Vincent St. Paul and Madame Legras was associated another person, Madame Gossant, who besieged the Archbishop of Paris till what was refused to reason was granted to importunity, and they were permitted to introduce various improvements into the administration of the hospitals. . . . . A lower class of sisters were trained to act under the direction of the more intelligent and educated women. Within twenty years this new community had two hundred houses and hospitals; in a few years more it had spread over all Europe. Madame Legras died in 1660. Already, before her death, the women, prepared and trained under her instructions, and under the direction of Vincent St. Paul, (and here we have another instance of the successful *communion* of labor,) had proved their efficiency on some extraordinary occasions. In the campaigns of 1652 and 1658, they were sent to the field of battle, in groups of two and four together, to assist the wounded. They were invited into the besieged towns to take charge of the military hospitals. They were particularly conspicuous at the siege of Dunkirk, and in the military hospitals established by Anne of Austria at Fontainebleau. When the plague broke out in Poland in 1672, they were sent to the hospitals in Warsaw, and to take charge of the orphans, and were thus introduced into Eastern Europe; and, stranger than all! they were even sent to the prison-infirmaries, where the branded *forçats* and condemned felons lay cursing and writhing in their fetters. This was a mission for Sisters of Charity which may startle the refined, or confined, notions of Englishwomen in the nineteenth century. . . . . The same experiment has been lately tried, and with success, in the prisons of Piedmont. . . . . The hardest of these wretches had probably some remembrance of a mother's voice and look thus recalled, or he could at least feel gratitude for sym-

pathy from a purer, higher nature. As an element of reformation, I might almost say of regeneration, this use of the feminine influence has been found efficient where all other means have failed."

She goes on to quote authorities on this last point. Howard attributes the superiority of French to English prisons to "the employment and intervention of women in a manner, he says, which has no parallel in England," and Mrs. Jameson laments that the striking remarks and suggestions respecting the influence of women, which abound in Howard's works, do not seem to have been noticed; for he bears testimony not only to the neatness and bodily comfort which the presence of women insures, but to their medical knowledge and pharmaceutic science. In the hospital of Bruges, he says, "they prepare as well as administer medicines. The Directress of the Pharmacy celebrated last year her jubilee, or fiftieth year of residence in the hospital." Describing the principal hospital at Lyons, attended by nine physicians and surgeons, and managed by twelve Sisters of Charity, he says: "There were sisters who made up, as well as administered, all the medicines prescribed; for which purpose there was a laboratory and apothecary's shop, the neatest and most elegantly fitted up that can be conceived."

Mrs. Jameson herself visited a hospital in Vienna of fifty beds, ministered to by the Elizabethan sisters. She says: "On the ground floor was an extensive Pharmacy, a sort of Apothecary's Hall. Part of this was divided off by a long table or counter, and surrounded by shelves filled with drugs, much like an apothecary's shop. Behind the counter, two sisters, with their sleeves turned up, were busy, weighing and compounding medicines with such a delicacy, neatness, and exactitude as women use in such matters. . . . . A physician and surgeon appointed by the government visited this hospital, and were resorted to in cases of difficulty, or where operations were necessary. Here was another instance in which men and women worked together harmoniously and efficiently."

The reformation of the guilty is a kind of work in which there is a crying need of women, not merely or chiefly on account of their tenderness, but because of the strong *moral* characteristic of the female mind. In this department, Catho-

lic women, however, cannot be expected to have especially great results, as the Catholic religion makes small account of moral and intellectual science, and by consequence its devotees know but one method, namely, to quench the passions by superstitious submission, and in an agony of conscience to give up that will which makes men moral agents in the first place. Religious excitement is all the discipline that they can recommend. Our Protestant women have not this subtraction from their resources, and, as Mrs. Jameson says, "the expedient of bringing the female mind and temperament to bear on the masculine brain, (and, of course, *vice versa*,) as a physical and moral resource, is worth a thought; being in accordance with that law of nature, or Divine ordinance, which placed the two sexes under mutual and sympathetic influences; not always, as the stupid and profligate suppose, for evil and temptation, but for good and healing; not in one or two relations of life, but in every possible relation in which they can be approximated."

We must refer our readers to the books of Mrs. Jameson for a large amount of encouraging and excellent remark that we have not space to quote, and which, we think, will convince any one who may be inclined to doubt, that the communion of men and women in the work of medicating both mind and body, when diseased, is altogether more desirable than the employment of only one sex; and that woman should *predominate* in this field of labor.

Nor is it true, as it may be suggested, that women dominated by the Roman Catholic Church are, on that account, better fitted even for hospital charity. There are Protestant associations which prove the contrary. Mrs. Jameson gives the history of Kaiserwerth, where Miss Florence Nightingale went through a regular course of training before she took charge of the Female Sanitarium in London; and similar institutions for the training of Protestant nurses and teachers have been opened at Paris, Strasbourg, Berlin, Dresden, and ten other places, — all emanating from the same source (Kaiserwerth), and counting hundreds of members. This is conclusive, as we wish we could show by extracting all her narrative. For Kaiserwerth was only founded in 1833, and in

1848 the Catholic sisters, in all parts of the world, amounted only to about twelve thousand, — hardly more than a fiftieth part of the surplus female population of Great Britain, although many of the orders are a thousand years old, and many causes besides the mere attractions of charity have contributed to swell their numbers.

"As no inducement," says Mrs. Jameson, "but the gratification of charity is offered to the Protestant sisters, any more than to the Catholic, — no prospect of pecuniary reward, or praise, or reputation, — nothing in short, but the opportunity of working for the sake of God and humanity, so, if this motive does not appear sufficient for them, they are dismissed. When they have been accepted, and act in their profession, they receive yearly a small sum for clothing, — nothing more. They can take from those they serve no fee or reward; but, in age or illness, the parent institution is bound to provide for them."

In the United States, a step has been taken beyond European institutions, whether Catholic or Protestant. The brave Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell have initiated the era of thoroughly educated and equally paid women physicians; and, by the establishment of the Infirmary for women and children in Bleecker Street, New York, to whose wards all women students of medicine are admitted to see the operations and dissections by the masterly hand of Miss Emily, it is made possible that a medical education, equal to that given to men, may be obtained without a European residence like that which the Drs. Blackwell themselves enjoyed. The Philadelphia Medical School for women is illustrated by the genius of Dr. Ann Preston, whose lectures on physiology are often repeated to other audiences than those of the school. The Medical Schools of Geneva and Cleveland, dissecting-room and all, are open to women, and a fully accredited graduate from the last has practised in Boston. Finally, a Medical School for women is opened in Springfield Street, Boston, superintended by Dr. Marie Zakszewska, who was educated by Dr. Schmidt, late of the Royal Medical Institute of Berlin, and intended by him to be his successor, as she was long his assistant demonstrator in anatomy, and his occasional substitute as a lecturer on clinical

science. But his untimely death, by cholera, prevented the consummation of his plan, which required his personal influence with the king. It is, however, an interesting fact, that the foundation for the education of women in clinical science was an old one, dating in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, endowed by a lady of high rank, in consequence of her being indebted for her own life to the science and skill of a woman of that early day.

It was because the obstacles to the general introduction of women to the full privileges of the medical profession in Europe appeared, to her imagination, greater than they could be in America, that Madame Zakszewska resigned her professorship in the Royal Institute, together with many private students; perhaps unadvisedly, for Dr. Schmidt was not alone among the physicians of Berlin to predict, that, in the next century, medical practice would be largely in the hands of women, as thoroughly educated as men for the purpose, and with the advantage of greater natural aptitude.

Paid professional labor in this department is therefore now a mere question of time, for it is initiated as a principle on both sides of the Atlantic. And we can say of the same, in passing, with respect to all branches of science, from the most abstruse, — witness Mary Somerville, of England, and Maria Mitchell, of America, — through all the walks of literature and art.

In this country, besides, it is settled that Labor, in every department, from the digging of the earth to the highest activity of the Fine Arts, through all the pursuits of Science and Philosophy, is the vocation of every human being, the scene of his sovereignty, or divine sonship; and the question of questions is, How is it to be distributed? This question alters as the race advances in civilization, — as science, by inventing machinery, puts most kinds of work within the power of the weakest and most delicate physique. The old plan, of giving to men all the heavy bodily labor, and leaving to women, though only in some departments, the finishing processes, did, in earlier, ruder times, necessarily exclude the latter from the most remunerating occupations. Now, machinery that a woman's hand may set in motion, substituted for the tougher sinew and muscle of man, precludes any reason for making

difference of wages; and the very simple principle of making every kind of labor free to the taste and faculty which is irrespective of sex, settles the question of distribution. As mind is more and more incarnated in human activity, labor tends to become lighter to the flesh, and the old reasons for the division of labor give way to those for communion of exerted power. It is the blind *vis inertiæ* of conservatism that hinders intelligent adjustment of this matter.

We differ with many persons in respect to one remedy suggested, in order to raise the wages and honor of women's work. We do not believe it is to be done by attempting to make rich women work for money. The honor will come of itself whenever the work is done well. Be it merely nursing, like Florence Nightingale's; novel-writing, like Maria Edgeworth's and Harriet Beecher Stowe's; painting, like Rosa Bonheur's; sculpture, like Harriet Hosmer's; the histrionic art, like Mrs. Siddons's, Mrs. Kemble's, Rachel's, or Charlotte Cushman's, — there is no lack of honor without a question or drawback on account of sex when the merit is unquestionable.

Even the question of wages will be settled fairly, as soon as the quality of the work is generally good. Women are rapidly attaining to as high pay for teaching in this country as men, and would have it universally, but for an argument based on the undoubted fact that men more often support women than women support men by their labors. This fallacy, and some conventions of society, and time-honored laws, are to be changed before justice in respect to wages is attained. Men are dominated more than they realize by laws respecting women which originated in a far different society than the present. The laws of coverture and of partial inheritance of property can be traced back, with very small modifications, through the middle ages of Christendom, old Rome, and old Athens, to the Indian code of Menu, where, in so many words, it is stated that women have no immortal destiny unless married; indeed, have one when married only as they serve the individuality of their husbands, dead or alive, with menial labor and self-sacrifice. Hence it is not wonderful that the birth of a daughter is received by the Hindoo in silence and sadness, though the

birth of a son is the most festal occasion; for it is considered so "great a shame" if a daughter is not engaged for marriage at eight years old, that she is sometimes made, when only twelve years old, the hundredth wife of an old man of eighty, that she may have the privilege of dying on his funeral pile; or, since the British have forbidden widow-burning, serving him dead by a life of tortures, prescribed by the priesthood, one item of which is that they shall always be hungry. These laws for the crushing of women are in force to-day in India; and all over Asia are kindred laws, which have never been abrogated in their principle even in progressive Europe. For, though Germanic laws are a great improvement in respect to everything pertaining to human freedom in general, an instinct for freedom having probably, in the first place, produced the emigration of the Germanic race from Asia, yet even they do not allow to women the same privileges of individuality as to men. And although the Christian religion, which knows neither male nor female in Christ, is a full charter for women's soul, yet, because Christianity comes to us practically amalgamated with the Asia-derived Roman life, which, as Dr. Arnold has proved in his History of Rome, made women by law chattel-slaves of their male relations, it has never quite broken the influence of tradition; and thus it is, that European and American women still live under Asiatic laws, while the energy of modern men has entirely thrown off that old sacerdotism from all their own special walks in life.

That this loss to society of women, as a free element, was not the primitive doctrine of the human race, appears from much of opposite significance still preserved in the superstitious practices and most ancient sacred books of India itself. The Goddess of Learning, also the Goddess of the River, for whom their great river Gunga is named, have legendary histories that show that they originated in historical women, at a period when women were not at all subordinated to men, but were looked up to as shrines of the Divinity. But the change had occurred before the laws of Menu were indicted, as any one can see who will examine Sir William Jones's translation of that work.

And to leave consideration of these remote historic investi-

gations, we have seen that, just as society rises in the intellectual scale, the sword giving way to the pen or machinery, and the artisan rising into the artist, the warrior sinks below the civilian; or, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney of the age of Elizabeth, mingles civil with military culture. And just in the same proportion, woman must rise to her natural position beside her brother and husband; for in the intellectual and artistic world she is naturally his equal, being certainly no less ideal.

Recorded history bears us out in this statement on all its pages. When the Grecian world rested from its war-labors in the age of Pericles, we began to hear of Aspasia, his counsellor and wife, whom historic criticism has lately vindicated from the aspersions of her own and Pericles's personal enemies. When Rome had conquered a peace in the first centuries of the empire, Hypatia appeared in the school of Alexandria, inferior to none of her male contemporaries, as a lecturer in philosophy; when the Italian republics were at their intellectual height, the Italian women, especially the female law-lecturers of Bologna, were unsurpassed by the other sex in learning and genius. In diplomatic circles, and on the thrones of modern Europe, women have displayed a grandeur of talent, and wielded a power, that was irrefragable. The late queen of Portugal, the present queen of Spain, Victoria of England, and the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, are no more inferior to Louis Napoleon, the king of Piedmont, the Czar of Russia, than to Isabella of Castile, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa. They are superior to the king of Prussia and the emperor of Austria. If Mrs. Dall's statistics of female poverty and vice are correct, there is no end to the field of charitable labor which immediately opens before the Christian women of our cities. The State institutions for the reformation of young offenders need female officers who love the vocation of charity, as they are paid but little; and there are so few of them to each institution, that either wholly incompetent hirelings or philanthropists must take them. In Lancaster, Mass., for instance, the heroic women that have entered on these labors calmly took into account that, if they do their duty, they must be broken down for life in three years! The

strain upon the mind and nerves of these women, who have truly the spirit of martyrdom, must be seen to be credited. Refuge houses for tempted women, like the one in Philadelphia, of which Mrs. Mira Townsend was the soul and inspiration, should be opened in every city. The "Reports and Realities," which is one of the books that we have set at the head of our article, consists of extracts from Mrs. Townsend's Reports to the persons who supported her enterprise. We wish we could give all the Reports, for they afford a most encouraging, general history of many years of the success of the Rosine, thrilling with interesting memoirs of particular cases. This volume ought to be in the public libraries of all our cities, as a direction to all those women who may choose for their field of labor this division of the great harvest of redemption.

Another large field for the action of women is made by the jails and so-called houses of correction in all our counties and cities. The newspapers of Boston were lately overflowing with details of one species of official abuse, or at least of neglect, that women directors would have remedied at once, if not prevented altogether. Another evil of municipal law, as sometimes administered, is the fact that ten times as many girls as are convicted of the crime of petty larceny are accused and committed to jail every year; and these simply unfortunate persons are thrust in, to await their trials, among the most corrupt specimens of their sex, sometimes of both sexes. In Boston, the Chief of Police informs us, such a thing as this is now impossible; but not, we fear, in some other American cities. "I would rather have followed my girl to the grave," said the mother of an accused waiter at one of the first-class hotels, who was found on trial *not guilty*, "than that she should have been two days in the midst of such wickedness as she had before had no conception of." Many a girl, in short, dates her ruin from such an experience; and multitudes of innocent girls are constantly exposed to it, circumstantial evidence leading to false accusations, which there is no complete remedy for, or means of preventing. Thefts in a house always, in the first place, subject the servants to suspicion, although, in the end, the children of the house, or even the guests, are sometimes found to be the guilty ones. But the exposure of the accused, who may be

guiltless, to enforced companionship of the very bad, can be prevented by love, if not by law. It might be done, in a great degree, by a woman of elevated, disinterested motives, and good judgment of character, who should reside in the jail, and see every accused woman when first brought in, classifying them according to probable character, and always providing for the preservation of the self-respect and courage of the possibly innocent. Is it asked, Who would take such a situation? We know a woman of a family ranked among the first families of Boston, who sighed and worked for years to be appointed to such a place, from her deep conviction of its importance. In any large city or county, among those capable of discharging such a duty, there would perhaps always be found *one* at least, were one called for, — some natural philanthropist, or some bereaved or disappointed soul for whom life has become a pain, and who can only find joy again by acting in those general relations of humanity which Jesus has shown to awaken a love stronger than death. Often a year or two of such life would be a no less salutary experience for a noble woman, than it would be a blessing to the objects of the charity. On the other hand, the possibility of appointments of this kind would abate the nuisance of women sighing for a vocation, — perishing, as has been said at women's conventions, for want of something to do, — not able to be interested in their own education, because they do not see how the resources they gain thereby are to be employed when their studies are finished!

We do not mean to flout women's conventions altogether, for we believe they originated in honest convictions of duty, though we think they might have done more good, and attained the objects of the best of their authors, had they been summoned to consider *duties*, instead of to demand *rights*, making known to each other all social exigencies produced by the imperfect organization of imperfect society. Who would have ridiculed, or could have misrepresented, inquiry into duties? and such a *name* would have precluded the entrance of such women as have disgraced, we think irretrievably, "Womens' Rights Conventions." The committees of inquiry into women's duties might have been related with committees

of remedy. Such committees, being formed irrespective of political sect, could easily gain access to all public institutions, just as the Sisters of Charity do, by simply asking permission. Bands of workers could be made ready to be called on by the committees of remedy, when the latter see that specific things ought to be done. Thus the women of every community would be organized for charity and prevention of internal disorders, just as the men are for more external political interests. Duties involve rights by consequence, and every woman would be recognized as of course to have the right to attend meetings for the charity of purifying society at its fountain-heads, just as every man is recognized as having a right to attend town-meetings and political conventions for the organization of national defence and advancement; and the State would protect the right. There are as many women in our country who have leisure from domestic, as men who have leisure from mercantile and professional business, to serve all these truly conservative social interests, without taking into account their superior tact. If men shrink, as they do, from having their mothers, sisters, and wives *know* what moral abuses hang round all our boasted institutions, does not that very shrinking prove that their presence and this knowledge is necessary? The next thing will be that these sons, brothers, and husbands will shrink from *being* other than they would have their female relations and friends know, — will "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." On the other hand, the moral and social sensibility of women, that, in view of such results, can shrink from such contact, is a misnomer for sentimental nonsense: Did not the Soul whom all women worship as the source and model of their moral tenderness and purity, the Son of man, whom nations and ages of the highest cultivation the world has yet seen have acknowledged to be the Son of God *par excellence*, in the modest consciousness of his divine virtue, go in and sit at meat with the publican and sinner, and soothe with gentle words, instead of shrinking from the contact of "the woman who was a sinner"? You are not purer and tenderer, fair lady, than was he. But if your sphere is so delicate as to shiver and agonize at the external touch of sin and degradation, *fill it out* with the effluence of a purifying Chris-

tian virtue, and it will not only become a wall of adamant round about yourself, but will shine into the thick darkness, and change it, perforce, into the colors of glorious light, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." A virtue will go out of you, as it did out of Christ, palpable to human sense.

We do not speak of what merely might be, but what is. Miss Dix has had no difficulty because she was a woman, in presenting her memorials to legislatures and Congress, but has been treated with respect, and had much success. In England, where social science is now the study of all classes, from Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst down, the communion of men and women has never been disputed. The secretary of the great convention for social science, over which these gentlemen preside, is a woman. In the English Parliament the memorials of such persons as Florence Nightingale, her cousin, Barbara Leigh Bodichon, and Mary Carpenter, are listened to, considered, and acted upon, with as much respect and deference as those of any men whatever; though, except the daughter of Lady Nightingale, they are obliged to overcome, not only the prejudice arising from sex, but that of rank, — being commoners.

We are constantly revising the statutes. Doubtless, whoever has this duty laid upon him consults with merchants and other classes as to the revision of those statutes bearing upon their business; but do we call together and consult with women respecting the laws that are to affect them? We have heard of a distinguished lawyer, in one of our large cities, to whom this grave office of recommending revision was committed, on whose attention a woman, who had no incitement but that of a general sympathy with the sufferers of her sex, pressed the subject of women's having control of their own earnings, and the right to retain their children when separated from vicious, cruel, or improvident husbands by no fault of their own. And this distinguished man did not hesitate to say to his friends, that he owed new and important views to this woman's suggestions. But it should not be one woman's accidental sympathy and courage from which so important a portion of the code should receive its modification. Women

ought always to be consulted, and their consent, as a class, asked, with respect to all laws that bear on themselves, because they can best judge what circumstances will give them most liberty to be useful.

It may be that our great social mistake is in leaving women out of municipal life, which is quite another thing from political life, as politics are understood. In a paper on Municipal Government, published by the Manchester Statistical Society, Mrs. Jameson finds the following observations: —

"In carrying out these and various other objects of importance, I am persuaded that the agency of the female sex is necessary; and that, without the well-organized aid of benevolent and educated women, municipal government will ever remain limited and imperfect. I do not contemplate the formal election of females to municipal offices, although this would appear, from 'Grant on Corporations,' not to be without precedent 'in England, where women, we know, are still *by law* eligible as overseers of the poor, and capable of filling the highest office in the kingdom.'"

An office, it may be added, never filled with greater profit to England and civilization, than when Elizabeth selected and appointed all the great officers of government, and kept them responsible to herself. Sir Walter Scott, in Kenilworth, makes some remarks on Elizabeth's ability in this regard, which proves that he thought one woman capable of it. And how was it with Isabella of Spain? Joanna of Naples? the mother of Francis I. of France? and Catherine II. of Russia? That some active queens have equalled men in knavery and profligacy, as well as talent, is nothing to the purpose here. The point is, that their sex did not disqualify them for political economy and action. It is a modern heresy among the Germanic nations to refuse to woman the meed of ability as a counsellor of government. And all the officers of our Republic may be considered as hardly more than counsellors for the nonce, — their executive terms are so short.

Mrs. Jameson also quotes John Robertson, who says, in his "Suggestions for the Improvement of Municipal Government in Populous Manufacturing Towns":* "A number of years ago, in a paper read before the Society, entitled 'Thoughts

* Published by the Manchester Statistical Society, 1854.

on the Excess of Adult Females in the Population of Great Britain, with Reference to its Causes and Consequences,' I endeavored to show that women in Christian countries are probably designed for duties more in number and in importance than have yet been assigned them." Again: "I own that I cannot but regard the population of our large towns as in a very unsatisfactory state; and feel persuaded that the wisest, the best-devised regulations enforced by the police alone, as is the case at present, will not succeed; but I think that a body of educated ladies for each ward, acting in concert with the legal authorities, would be found of wonderful service in detecting radical evils, especially the sources of preventable poverty; or, what is much the same, the various temptations which beset the laborer's family, from bad laws and defective arrangements of different kinds, — owing to which the amount of sickness, poverty, immorality, and unhappiness is at all times appallingly great."

Legouvé is also quoted by Mrs. Dall, in her book, as asking, "Why should not the immense variety of bureaucratic and administrative employments be given up to women?" Why not, indeed? And if such suggestions are made, and questions asked, in Europe, how much more are they applicable in America? Never, certainly, until these sovereign democratic republics existed, was there such a demand upon the thoughtful to purify and save society from its own dark side, as just here and now. Look at the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and see what they are; and think for a moment of what would probably be the effect of calling a convention of their women to deliberate and take into consideration the various municipal questions which relate to their moral welfare? Suppose them, in the first place, to deliberate in independent assemblies, so that the wisest and best among them might have their natural chance to rise to the leading positions, and give some form and expression to their sense of what part women should take, and to learn an orderly way of doing business. In the Middle States there are Quaker women, taught by their church organization how to do business, who could teach them the way of proceeding, in a quiet and effective way, in municipal meetings; while in all the States there

are fine original minds, whose more vigorous and generous culture could elevate and make practical the last results of human thought.

The counsels and suggestions of these meetings might at first take the form of resolutions, to be submitted to the municipal meetings of men. A generation would hardly pass away before the effect of such a council in each of our great cities would sensibly ameliorate the manners, if not the morals, of the whole country.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

Personal religion has been so real a thing in the better English culture, and has so blended itself with the good sense and the intellectual habit of that people, that we cannot expect their conscience to rest easy, till every effort is exhausted to reconcile the prevailing philosophy — whatever it may chance to be — with the tone of the established faith. We have already recorded a very remarkable essay to this end, the argument of Miss Hennell, to effect it by converting the theses of materialism and necessity into the pabulum of the religious life. We have before us now an essay equally remarkable, of equal ability and sincerity, which aims at the same general result in the exactly opposite direction, — by proving materialism impossible, and sublimating the facts of natural science in the fervor of an intense and glowing piety.*

Of Mr. Poynting we know absolutely nothing but what we gather from his book. Like all religious men who have thought and felt for themselves, he craves some intellectual vision, some *theoria*, which shall bring the hemispheres of truth into harmonious adjustment. He says, very strikingly, "I inquired anxiously with myself why the faith of modern days seemed so weak, puny, and unreal, compared to the faith of earlier times, and I found it was that God has made it the law of the human mind that it shall not be able to have any belief, deep, real, earnest, unless that belief is in *harmony* with the rest of the mind's convictions and feelings; and I saw that in modern times such a flood of new ideas had been poured upon the mind, that the work of harmonizing our faith with knowledge had become gigantic." (pp. 349, 350.)

After setting forth his craving for a higher intellectual, poetic, moral and religious life, he proceeds — often in strains of great beauty and elo-

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* Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us. By T. E. Poynting. London: E. T. Whitfield.

quence — to set forth the results he has attained, in a twofold way, under the two titles, "Seeing with the Imagination" (pp. 3 – 345), and "Verifying by the Reason" (pp. 349 – 432). Under the first, a sort of "hierarchy of the sciences," or view of the highest generalizations of natural fact and human history, is presented in the guise of a vision, and instructions imparted to a disembodied spirit by angelic ministers. A hasty glance at this portion might remind one of a good deal of the recent literature of "Spiritualism," — a style of writing which makes an experiment of this sort rather hazardous. Even a careless reader, however, can see that the underlying truths have been faithfully studied out, and are presented in all earnestness and candor. Even a novice in the sciences can find pleasure in the extremely ingenious and suggestive illustrations which are given of the "circles of organic forms" (p. 82), and the advance through their eleven gradations to their culmination in the human soul, — that "central miracle of this world," which "expresses most directly the central love and goodness of God, to which all his plan refers." And even one who questions the literary form cannot but own the pious fervor, the poetic beauty and life, and the sustained elevation of the tone of thought. Certainly, the attempt is as rare as it is arduous, — a vision of the universe revealed by the wealth of modern science, in all its intricate blendings and subtlest indications of universal law, seen from the point of view of Christian piety, and apprehended as the immediate act and manifestation of the living God. Speaking in his own name, the author says: "There are times — when my soul is sufficiently alive to realize all this truth — that seem to me to bring back the very faith of old. Again God seems to me to walk the earth amid the trees of the garden. He appears again in flaming fire in every tree. His burning footsteps and awful voice are on every mountain. Again he seems to speak directly to the soul as he did to the ancient prophets." In these and similar words he records an experience which we must suppose to be genuine and real. And taking it so, we find a value in it, as testimony, wholly independent of the vision or system of truth on which it rests.

In the systematic or logical portion of his volume, Mr. Poynting lays much stress on his disproof of matter and of so-called material forces. As nearly as we understand his argument, he substitutes (in common with most metaphysicians) for the "atoms" of the physicist, *centres of force*, — the amount of force in each being represented by its chemical "equivalent." He also holds that the converging rays of force acquire a vortical motion about such imaginary centres, and so become repelling forces; moreover, that what we are in the habit of regarding as distinct agencies — fluids, or vibrations — as magnetism, electricity, heat, &c., are only modifications of the one original force, at once centripetal and centrifugal; which, again, he regards as the immediate forth-putting of the personal will of God. The difficulty is not with his argument. Substantially, it is that which most minds find themselves compelled upon, as soon as they undertake to define metaphysically their ideas of matter and of physical powers. The difficulty

is partly with the imagination, which can but rarely and by moments grasp this view as a reality, so as to stand as the actual interpretation of the phenomena of nature; partly with common sense, which clings vigorously to qualitative differences; and partly with the moral sense, which refuses to regard all forces and acts, indiscriminately, as proceeding from the immediate will of a holy Being. It is only in the tensest strain of a poetic, a devout, or a dogmatizing temper, that such a thought of omnipresent divine agency can supplant in our thought the rude grasp of facts and phenomena. And, whatever it may be in strict logical metaphysics, or in the vision of a devout imagination, it would seem as if the normal healthy average mind were compelled to take a less ethereal view. Nay, we question the possibility, to the human intellect, of comprehending the data from which a large part of our author's reasoning proceeds.

This doubt, however, does not impair the value or the delight we are sensible of in so earnest, so devout, and so Christian a contemplation of the science of nature and the facts of human history. The spirit of grateful reverence, of poetic insight, and of spiritual aspiration in which the book is written, gives it a value above and aside from all theoretic argument. And even if we should confess the writer's conception of the immanent personal perpetual agency of the Creator to be beyond the grasp of our limited imagination, or our wavering belief, we yet owe him our thanks for the consistent, firm, and eloquent vindication he has given of the truth that "the powers that work in the objects of creation, and express His thought, are not powers separate from God;" and that, through all diversities of operations, it is "one God that worketh all in all." (Introd., p. xiii.)

We hope, as early as in the next number of the Examiner, to express our welcome and record our judgment of Mr. Alger's long-expected work on the Future Life,* — one of the few works of original investigation and complete scholarship in its department which our American theology has to show. Its appearance has been delayed hitherto by the length of time required to complete a classified bibliography of the subject, prepared by another hand, — a thing unique in books of this class, we believe, and in the author's judgment an essential feature of the plan. To students in the same direction it will no doubt be of invaluable service, well worth the waiting for. But to the general reader, or scholar, nothing is more apparent, at first view, than the exhaustive treatment of the subject in the book itself, and the self-sufficiency of the author's own work. The several departments of his treatise — viz. "Introductory Views," historical and critical, followed by "Ethnic Thoughts," "New Testament Teachings," "Christian Thoughts," and "Historical and Critical Dissertations" concerning a Future Life — leave little to be demanded, except the assurance that the vast bulk of material, thus suggested, has been faithfully dealt with.

* A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. With a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By William Rounseville Alger. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 8vo.

And of this, a single glance at the volume, with its six hundred and sixty closely printed and amply annotated pages, is enough to remove all doubt. Twelve years of leisurely patient and fond application to a topic so fascinating in its large, dim outline, and the resources of a scholarship wide and accurate enough to avail itself, at first or second hand, of the wealth of all known literatures, have their full proof in this crowded volume. Incidental studies and essays — particularly the dissertation prefixed to Mr. Alger's volume of select "Poetry of the East" — had already proved his competency to deal with some of the more remote and less familiar portions of his design. And perhaps no feature is more striking, in the completed work, than the patient industry with which every shred of legend, or hint of philosophy or barbaric dream, touching the vast and unknown realm of Death, has been gathered and wrought into the fabric. We are especially pleased with the clearness and simplicity in statements of facts. In the immense number of them, there was danger of obscurity from mere crowding; but singly, they are made very clear and palpable.

But our purpose now is not to speak of the substance or quality of the work, — which we reserve till it shall have been placed fairly before the public eye, — but to express our great satisfaction that it is brought so near its final issue, and to draw attention, in advance, to the breadth of treatment, and the encyclopedic fulness of detail, which are so essential elements in estimating its value and importance. It is so rare a thing now to be able to refer to a publication that much enlarges our range of knowledge and deepens our thought on topics of theological speculation, that we gladly embrace the promise of its speedy appearing as the occasion of these few preliminary words.

Professor Hackett has availed himself of the interest drawn towards a revised version of the Scriptures, to present a very pleasing monograph upon one of the shortest books of the canon, — Paul's Epistle to Philemon.* On so small a scale it is very pleasant to see exhibited something of the elaborate method and minute detail which are rather depressing when carried out over the whole field of the sacred text. The handsome Greek type of the original deserves special mention, as well as the unobtrusive good sense and taste of the emendations in the rendering of it, and the genial and agreeable tone in the expository portions. No serious question of textual or doctrinal criticism occurs, to prevent it, with any reader, from being what its author meant it, — a model of scholarly and Christian exposition. A series of similar monographs would make a very beautiful and valuable feature in our collections of Biblical literature.

The old suit, "Geology versus Genesis" comes up again in an essay,† in which the attempt is again made to reconcile the two records;

* Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle to Philemon; and a Revised Version, with Notes. New York: American Bible Union.

† The Debate between the Church and Science; or, The Ancient Hebraic Idea of the Six Days of Creation. With an Essay on the Literary Character of Tayler Lewis. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

or rather to show how, if rightly interpreted, there is no variance. The essay is divided into three parts. The first part is a Criticism of the "Criticisms on 'The Six days of Creation,'" a production of Prof. Tayler Lewis, which received rather hard treatment at the hands of Prof. Dana in the Bibliotheca Sacra. We think that Prof. Lewis has been completely vindicated, and the reviewer shown to have been hasty, captious, and prejudiced in his estimate of Lewis's treatise. And although we should be far from setting so high a value upon the actual result of the discoveries of Prof. Lewis as the author of this Essay, we cannot but admire his thorough scholarship, his vigorous style, his deep spiritual method, and his sincere reverence for the Bible and its truths. We think that Prof. Dana's criticism shows a wonderful inability to perceive the drift of the speculations of his opponent, and a singular mental bluntness and philosophical opacity. We fear that the estimate in which Lewis holds science may have served to draw a veil over the scientific Professor's eyes, so that he could not see the real excellences of the book he was reviewing. He plainly regarded as rank heresy the following sensible and true remarks upon the value of science: "Science has indeed enlarged our field of thought. But what can she give us but a knowledge of phenomena, — of *appearances*? What are her boasted laws, but generalizations of such phenomena ever resolving themselves into some one great fact, that *seems* to be an original energy, whilst evermore the application of a stronger lens to our analytical telescope resolves such seeming primal force into an appearance, a manifestation of something still more remote, which in this way alone reveals its presence to our senses. Thus the course of human science has ever been the substitution of one set of conceptions for another. We are still no nearer the remote primal fact. All is still *phenomenal*. The grand old Book of God still stands, and will continue to stand, though science and philosophy are ever changing their countenance and passing away." Now it is certainly a very curious sign of the times, that these words have been denounced, by a man who prides himself upon being a Christian believer, as highly dangerous and infidel. Prof. Dana says: "If such be actually the end of man's contemplations of the works of his Maker, he would be forced to replace the word GOD with that of DEMON." We did not imagine that any one supposed that the physical science of our day had reached the Ultimate Cause, the Absolute Ground of all manifestations. We fear that Prof. Dana is worshipping a gross, material idol, and has lost sight of Him who makes the heavens continually. The Essay before us defends Prof. Lewis most successfully. And we are glad to see this defence coming from Orthodoxy itself. We should be sorry to see it abandoned to the materialism of Prof. Dana's view, or given over to that shallow and superficial religionism called "Natural Theology." It is natural and not spiritual.

Part Second is supplementary, as it were, to Prof. Lewis's treatise on "The Six Days," but contains some novel speculations of the author himself, which are stated clearly and strongly. We think that the author has been very happy in his attempts to show that by

"Light" in the Bible there is meant to be represented "the idea of one force in the inorganic world;" and that science comes to the same conclusion. We thank the writer for bringing so prominently before the community Prof. Lewis's attempts to restore the true Hebraic interpretation of the Scriptures. We do not think that the Christian world is in such great danger, if it does not reconcile Genesis and Geology; but the prosaic and literal version of the Divine record has seemed to us utterly unworthy and unreliable as a statement of what was meant by the writer who penned it. Fabre d'Olivet had some glimpses in the right direction, and we think that Prof. Lewis can hardly be claimed as the restorer of the ancient Hebraic method of interpretation. Fabre d'Olivet translates day, "light manifestation," and this covers the whole ground. "And he assigned for name to the light, day, or universal manifestation; and to the darkness, night, or naught manifested, all-knitting. And there was the light's first manifestation." We shall certainly rejoice when the mind of Western Christendom is delivered from bondage to the superficial literal translation of the grandest book in the world. Yet we cannot believe that "the Scripture professes" to reveal any facts in the natural world; and he who starts upon this assumption to interpret it, we think, must fail of accomplishing the work of reconciling Scripture and Science. It is indeed the claim that is made for Genesis, but it is because its true character of a record of spiritual creations is not recognized. Whatever the Bible professes to teach of the natural world, Prof. Lewis claims to be authoritative. But is it not an inference of our own that it "professes" to teach anything at all in this direction? If a hieroglyphic representation gives to man a hundred arms, shall we assume that it means literally to assert that any man was so created?

Part Third of this treatise is a warm and strong presentation of the literary character and worth of Prof. Tayler Lewis. It contains copious extracts from writings of his but little known, and out of print. We can sympathize with this admiration, though we cannot rate him quite so high in the scale of thinkers, or believe that his work is of such importance to the Church. He is a thorough scholar, and something more. He is a philosophical thinker. He has great power of expressing himself clearly, and penetrating into the inner life of languages and modes of thought of other ages. He has a sympathetic faculty of coming into *rapport* with the spirit of the Hebrew sages. He is, perhaps, the best interpreter of Plato among us. His style is an excellent one for philosophical thought, and often possesses true eloquence. We honor the author of this "Essay" for his enthusiastic zeal in defence of a favorite thinker. We suspect that his book is rather the result of his own private studies, and to satisfy his own idea, than for any end of authorship. We cannot share its fears for the cause of the Church or religion; but we can admire its sincere and earnest advocacy of what is thought to be divine truth.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE tendencies of science, at the present day, are plainly towards the proof of

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

And every statement of the unity of a creative law, as pervading the different spheres of sun, atmosphere, and earth, is, *a priori*, deserving of consideration. The Essay of Mr. Coues* in this direction has some noteworthy traits. Its style is simple, direct, and beautiful; its spirit is admirable for elevation and catholicity of tone; its mathematical calculations exhibit many remarkable coincidences of results in the solar and terrestrial spheres. The author has devoted many years to observation and calculation of phenomena; and sufficient mathematical proof is given of a law of harmonious relation between the astronomical elements of the earth and the order in the structure of the earth's surface, even if some of the deductions shall be proved fanciful and erroneous.

The Essay discusses three topics; — first, that the forms, extents, and relative positions of the land and water divisions on the earth's surface are determined by law; second, that this law is the same as that which determines the astronomical elements of the earth as a planet; and third, that these elements are so correlated, that the value of either one can be calculated from the value of the others, — or, perhaps, more strictly, that each is a *function* of either of the others, — of which many calculations are given at length. Fifty different instances are given by which the values of certain astronomical elements are attained by the use of the values of other elements, — too many, surely, to be ascribed to merely fortuitous numerical coincidences.

The Essay is original in its method of attempting to unite the phenomena of physical geography, geology, and astronomy into one system, as founded upon the fundamental laws of "Affinity of Structure," and "Composition of all Forms by an aggregation of sub-individuals." The author says of his system, that "it differs from the received system only in this, — the application of the law of affinity of form, division of entities, and the general correlation of the parts of the solar system, is further extended, and more thoroughly applied. Nature does not proceed *per saltum;* she advances in close and almost undistinguishable gradation; and hence, the *ellipticity of the earth's figure* is a connecting link between the whole world as a planet and the sub-individualities of the terrestrial surface-masses. A structural affinity is suggested between the ellipticity of the earth's *figure* and the ellipticity of its *orbit*. The Essay seeks to show further how the law of relation between the planetary and solar spheres extends to the surface

* Studies of the Earth: an Essay on the Figure and Surface Divisions of the Earth, its Geological and Meteorological Phenomena, and its Astronomical Elements. By SAMUEL ELLIOTT COUES. Washington: Philp and Solomons. 1860. 4to. pp. 98.

divisions of the earth, the trend of coasts, the divisions of land and water, the upheaval of islands, the position of volcanoes, and the raising and depressing of terrestrial masses. It calculates the solar distances by the structural elements of the earth, and shows "the relation between the measures of the heavenly spaces and the terrestrial spaces."

There is certainly grandeur, as well as simplicity, in the idea of one Law connecting the whole solar system with each atom of the terrestrial mass, so that the solitary rock in mid-ocean has connecting links which can be traced to the Astral Centre of the Universe. And this idea the author of these "Studies of the Earth" not only advances as a theory, but seeks to prove by mathematical calculations. We do not suppose that science will receive it without a fuller and more exact demonstration; yet we cannot but believe that the author has obtained a glimpse, in the right direction, of the harmony of all of nature's laws, and their final reduction to one great law of Force. The entire system of the universe, each world of that system, and the separate elements of each world, and the subdivisions of each element, must form one whole, — one great idea pervading and ruling over the constituent elements and the several parts.

One thought, expressed in a note, is so well wrought out, that we will quote it as a sample of the author's general style of thought in dealing with other than mathematical formulæ.

"Ancient philosophers regarded certain numbers as sacred, and among these the number *seven* was pre-eminently sanctified. This has been regarded, in modern days, as a 'Pythagorean conceit.' It is a fact, however, that the dry husks often remain after the grain once contained in them has perished. So the symbols, as the envelopes of the truth of the olden philosophy, often descend through generation to generation, after the truth itself has been lost to the world. God works by plan, — by method, — by quantities: certain numbers and certain values are of frequent repetition in the structure of the Universe, and thus these numbers became holy as they were associated with the manifestation of God's Creative Wisdom. Religion itself needs its symbols. Science also has ever represented or materialized its abstract truths in numbers and diagrams; and when the truths thus represented are forgotten, the reverence for its material representations appears ridiculous and childish. The Christian need not reluct at the thought of the connection of the dealings of God with the material to the spiritual, as the two phases of one law constituting the union of the results of His sovereign will; and when the Sunday bells sound in his ears, calling men together for a common end, sympathetic worship and communion with God, his religious tone will not be weakened, if, to his ears, the sonorous peal proclaims also the common bond of the spheres of the solar system, and tells of their relations to the great luminary, the Sun, which, at rest in the centre, continually pours forth a flood of light and warmth over its encircling worlds, — the one law applies to the moral nature of man, and is exalted because fitted for intellectual beings, and also because this law over the material has been obeyed forever by the countless worlds spread out over the infinity of space."

The phenomena of Glaciers have a particular fascination for those who, like most of us, stand just outside the penetralia of Science, and

learn of that domain through the imagination, or at second hand. Beyond the bare fact of glacier-motion, little seems to have been known or investigated till within a generation; but in that one fact, what an appeal to the imaginative intellect! To Shelley, in his morbid moods, it was something fateful and horrible, — a type of the gloomy destiny which should one day overwhelm all glory and loveliness; and so squared with the theory he had got from Buffon, that the earth and man are doomed to perish ultimately with cold. To Ruskin, the same agency is what has brought the Alp-region from one desolate wild of ice to its present condition of bold crag upspringing from smiling valley. The Arctic voyagers picture it to us very vividly, on the grandest scale, as the inexhaustible reservoir from which icebergs drop, as frozen cascades, into the polar current which chills our New England spring. To the eye of the geologist it is the visible exhibition of the forces at work in the amazing "Drift-period," when the tide of rock and ice swept irresistibly over the drear expanse of our northern continent. And to most of us, we imagine, its fascination is due to the fact, more or less obscurely seen, that it is, so to speak, an *exhibition of geological processes*, on a scale small enough, and in periods brief enough, and with a material plastic enough, to serve as a convenient transition from the lecture-room to the upheaved strata of the earth.

Prof. Tyndall has very skilfully seized this point of interest, as the starting-place of his volume.* The results of it have been recorded before, and may be found, in brief, in the excellent paper on Glaciers in the New American Cyclopædia. But the method, the style, and the fulness of the work make it quite welcome. It begins by interesting us in the very striking geological fact of *slaty cleavage*, — of which neither the theory of deposition nor that of crystallization at all satisfied Prof. Tyndall's mind. Having convinced himself that the true cause is mechanical pressure, producing a cleavage at right angles to its own direction, he takes this with him as a *thesis*, to be verified in the quasi-geological processes of the Alps. By boldness and practice he becomes an accomplished ice-traveller; and his share is as fresh and vigorous as any in the charming volume of adventure published a year ago by the "Alpine Club." † Half the volume is given to a narrative of his excursions. It differs from most such narratives, chiefly in the clear, vivid, and almost poetic way in which he blends a keen observation and scientific insight of natural facts with the details of personal adventure. The forms of mist, the hues of the sky, the aspect of rock-formations, are given by brief hints, and incidentally, often with a freshness and delicacy very attractive. And while he has a good deal to say about himself and his sensations, — particularly of his muscular vigor and animal spirits among the mountains, — it seems not so much egotistic, as a simple, fresh, first-hand register of phys-

* The Glaciers of the Alps. By JOHN TYNDALL, F. R. S. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers; a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by JOHN BALL, President of the Club. London: Longmans. Fourth edition.

iological facts, deserving a modest place among the more imposing geological ones. One hint we do not remember ever to have seen, — that the contortions of strata, so striking in some of the Alpine valleys, do not absolutely suppose a softer material than the rocks are now: they may have been produced, even in the hardest rock, by the mere thrust and dead-weight of the mountain-masses, only give them time enough to act.

The second part, the scientific, begins with a popular discussion of the principles of light, heat, sound, and other physical properties of matter, to elucidate (in particular) his discussion of the colors of the sky and atmospheric changes. But the part of special interest is the detail of his observations among the glaciers, and his experiments in the lecture-room. The general figure of an "ice-river," by which glacier action has come to be generally known, — in spite of the difficulty one has in realizing it as he strikes his staff in the hard, cold, granular substance of a real glacier, — is illustrated very fully; and the transition from the bleak, dry snow of the summits through the slush of the *nevé* to the compact ice that packs the rocky gorge, is exhibited in a way to make it almost as attractive as if the conception were quite new. A good deal of detail is given to the examination of Prof. Forbes's so-called "viscous" theory. We believe Prof. Forbes is not justly responsible for all the consequences that have been deduced from the phrase; but it was certainly a very unfortunate one to use in speaking of a substance so crystalline, rigid, and slippery as ice. Prof. Tyndall very abundantly illustrates and proves — what has long seemed to us the common sense of the matter — that the dead-weight and downright thrust of a piled-up mass of matter so imperfectly solidified as ice, crushes it out and forces it along, just as a sufficiently high mass of marble or granite would crush out its own bottom, and would make a "stone-river" of it, if you could keep forever adding at the top. This is modified, of course, by many circumstances peculiar to the place or the material, and especially the phenomena of melting and "regelation," which are fully exhibited in this book. Prof. Tyndall has shown, by his experiments, that dry ice may be crushed by hydrostatic pressure into a mould, and will almost instantly become clear, solid, and transparent, taking the form of the mould. This property of the material has a very obvious importance in the discussion.

A feature of the volume which will be interesting to many, is the assigning of the right order of precedence among the explorers of glacial action. We are glad to observe that due honor is given to Prof. Agassiz for his bold and grand pioneering in this field; and to welcome a name new to us, that of Bishop Rendu, a French Catholic prelate, who seems to have had a far clearer insight into the causes and qualities of these phenomena than any of the professed men of science of his day. The volume closes with a lecture, in which the author exhibits, in its mature and fully authenticated form, his theory with regard to the origin of slaty cleavage. Along with Faraday's little volume of lectures on "Physical Forces," it is an admirable example of the popularizing of scientific truth by men of real authority in that domain.

After the American issue of Tyndall's Glacier-book, a lighter and more graceful narrative of Alpine discovery reached our shore,* from the pen of one who shared a most trying ascent recorded in the previous volume, who has become a landed proprietor in the little-known valley of Sixt, and has contributed in this third publication a delightful addition to our knowledge of the most romantic region in Europe. This richly illustrated record of Alpine enterprise is intended to bring to notice the hidden beauties of the unvisited Sixt, a valley within a day's ride of Geneva, to the north of Chamouni, where Alfred Wills, Esq., of the Middle Temple, has erected the *chalet* from which the name of Eagle's Nest is given to his charming book, — a region marvellously rich in cascades, fossils, mountain scenery, noble pines, and everything which can reward the curious traveller. Mr. Wills evinces not only consummate hardihood as a mountaineer, but the cultivated eye of a man of taste, and the devout spirit of an habitual Christian, in these sublime cloisters of Nature's grand temple. Affectionate memorials of a wife, who assisted in these exquisite illustrations, and has now passed on into far higher scenes, enrich the narrative with tender sentiment, and inspire it with a thoroughly religious tone.

One of the first and one of the best introductions to the study of Natural History published among us was Dr. Ware's edition of Smellie's "Philosophy" of the subject, prepared in 1824. The very great advance in this department of knowledge since then has required further and still more extensive revision. In its amended form,† it is, in fact, almost a new work. Much the larger portion has been rewritten, and the honors of the authorship are fairly due to the American Professor. Among the crowd of books upon this subject, we cannot recall one which is at once so clear in its method, so full in its exposition of the grand outlines of the animal kingdom, so pleasing in style, so combining scientific fact with anecdote and illustration, and pervaded by so healthful a moral and religious tone. It is carefully prepared — with questions to guide teacher and pupil — as a text-book for higher classes in schools or college, a service for which the qualities we have named make it admirably fit.

Along with this we wish to call attention to a more full and labored text-book of systematic zoölogy,‡ prepared by a lady in a neighboring State, and illustrated by a magnificent colored chart, five feet by four, in which the divisions and subdivisions of the animal races are brought in very picturesque groupings before the eye. Singular ingenuity and skill, with ten years of labor, have given an extraordinary degree of

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* The Eagle's Nest in the Valley of Sixt. By Alfred Wills, Author of Wanderings among the High Alps, &c. London: Longmans. 1860.

† The Philosophy of Natural History. By John Ware, M. D. Boston: Brown and Taggard.

‡ Zoölogical Science; or, Nature in Living Forms. Illustrated by numerous Plates. Adapted to elucidate the Chart of the Animal Kingdom. By A. M. Redfield (of Syracuse, N. Y.). New York: E. B. & E. C. Kellogg. 12mo. pp. 706.

completeness and beauty to this chart, which, for the uses of a school or lecture-room, or for the humbler service of entertainment in a household, is quite beyond comparison with anything in its kind we know. The accompanying book, along with a brief but sufficient view of comparative anatomy, as a key to the classification, is extremely full in detail; and for popular use is as nearly exhaustive and complete as is desirable.

We have received also a few numbers of a work,* which promises to be the most complete and fully illustrated popular cyclopædia of the subject in the field. The abundance and general excellence of the wood-cuts, and the amount of agreeable anecdotic information, make it an especially companionable and pleasant visitor in a household of young persons, for which we give it most cordial commendation.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Mr. William Arthur cannot keep out of any book which comes from his pen a certain sanctimoniousness of religious talk. His Calvinism always thrusts itself forward, whatever the subject. The Vicarious Atonement comes into every company, and he seems hardly satisfied anywhere, unless he has pressed upon his audience the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ. This excrescence of pious talk is the only serious deformity in his new book of Italian travels.† In other respects that book is remarkably interesting, fresh, and original. It is the result of personal observation by a very inquisitive and sagacious traveller, and it is written in an admirably clear and readable style, fine in description, without any redundance of epithet, or any attempt at fine writing. Beginning with Savoy and ending with the Roman State, Mr. Arthur sketches the scenery, manners, social and political feeling of all the intervening Italian provinces, as he saw them in the spring of the present year. His pictures of the numerous celebrations, illuminations, and triumphal welcome to the King of Sardinia and his ministers, in the various Italian capitals, Turin, Milan, Bologna, and Florence, are worthy of William Russell; while his keen examination of the follies and cruelties of the Austrian and Papal governments fully confirms the statements of M. About. The extreme, almost bigoted, Protestant zeal of Mr. Arthur might make some of his assertions questionable, if he had not so amply fortified them by documentary evidence. The conversations with the people which he reports, bating his imperfect comprehension of the dialects, justify his belief that they are equally weary of the bad government and the

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* Cassell's Popular Natural History. New York: Cassell, Potter, and Galpin.

† Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur, M. A. New York: Harpers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 428.

superstitious religion which has kept them in bondage. We do not wonder, however, that Mr. Arthur found it difficult to make them understand his Bibliolatry, or accept his narrow assumption, that the miseries of Italy are all owing to its Romanism, and that the Bible owned by the people is the source of all material prosperity.

Mr. Arthur is generally accurate in his facts. Once or twice, however, he has erred, or has been misled by the errors of the guide-books; as when (p. 285) he reckons the Trastevere Church of St. Mary, in Rome, among the "Seven Basilicas," or limits to these "Basilicas" the power of granting "plenary indulgence." The title of the "Borgo San Spirito," "Street of the Holy Spirit," which shocks him from its blasphemy, seems no worse than many titles which Protestant England allows. Has it not "Trinity Bay," and the like?

As a sign of the times, the work of the Abbé Michon * is perhaps the most remarkable of the many recent books about Italy. Here is a learned, sagacious, and zealous Catholic, devoted to the Papacy and to the forms of the Church, who not only sees and laments the corruptions in the Church, the abuses of the hierarchal power, and the cheats which it practises upon the people, but ventures to say his thought in very eloquent phrase, and to point out boldly what seems to him departure from sound policy and Christian justice in the administration of the Roman power. This priest can kneel before the altars, and can be moved by the holy symbols, yet is not afraid to satirize the miracle of St. Gennaro, and to criticise the acts of bishops and cardinals. He is a liberal in his politics, and advocates not only the sundering of the Papal authority from all temporal rule, but its removal to Jerusalem as far the fittest place for a consistent Papal residence and centre. He thinks that the Pope could do more missionary work at Jerusalem than at Rome, and that he would command there much more effectually the respect of the faithful. His arguments are earnest, and not without plausibility. Yet they will hardly convince those who know what ecclesiastical dignitaries are and require, and who have seen Jerusalem. It is not to be expected that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will soon become the cathedral of the Christian world, or that the mean and dirty "mosque of Nebi David," on Mount Zion, will be the welcome exchange for the Vatican with its libraries, galleries, gardens, and chapels. The Abbé Michon has not considered the difficulties in the way of his proposition.

We have no doubt, however, that Italy abounds in priests who hold the opinions which Michon has here dared to express, and who wait only for the chance to avow them. The revolution which we are now witnessing, and which, in its details even, is predicted by Michon's volume, is bringing to light the wide scepticism in the Catholic Church, not only concerning its right to temporal rule, but concerning its pretended miracles. There are many zealous adherents of that Church,

* L'Italie, Politique et Religieuse. Suivie de la Papauté à Jérusalem. Par L'Abbé J. H. Michon. Bruxelles et Leipsig: E. Hatau. 1859. 8vo. pp. 263.

as the divinely authorized Church of God, who make no secret of their disbelief in its legends, and their rationalist ideas in judging its doctrines. We are expecting developments of rationalism in Italy, when the burden of the censorship is lifted off from its freedom of thought, quite as remarkable as those which have appeared in the English Church. Already they are beginning to praise Lamennais, and the preaching of Gavazzi at Naples finds a response.

Miss Horner is favorably known as the translator of Colletta's History of Naples, published last year by Constable. The sketch, in her new volume, of the Bourbon dynasty,* which began in 1759, and has now, after a century of existence, finally been cast off, is more than a dry abstract of Colletta's chapters upon that period: it is a clear, concise, and admirably prepared monograph. The characters of the Ferdinands, grandfather and grandson, and of the intervening Francis, are impartially drawn, and it is only to be regretted that the second Francis, *Bombalino*, could not have been favored with a short supplementary chapter. Miss Horner confirms, by the testimony of authentic documents, the worst charges which have been made against the race of Neapolitan tyrants. Their crimes have been partly the result of a naturally cruel temper, partly of an imbecile fear, and partly of a policy rooted in the traditions of the race. A "liberal Bourbon king" seems to be a contradiction in terms; and when a Bourbon king concedes anything to popular clamor, allows the rights of the people, grants a constitution, or does anything to conciliate the better class, it may safely be affirmed that his act is a cheat, and that he means treachery. The trial of that race has been long, complete, and disastrous, and has proved that no one of them, whatever his profession, is to be trusted. The private morality of the Neapolitan Bourbons has not been lower than that of many other races, certainly not lower than the morality of the Hanoverian kings of England. George IV. was a more profligate man than any of the monarchs of the two Sicilies. But the kingcraft of the Bourbons is the meanest which modern history records.

The only long episode in this century of tyranny, corruption, and imbecility is the decade which was filled by the sway of Napoleon's viceroys, Joseph and Murat. There is no attempt in the volume which we notice to make the short reign of Murat the contrast and foil to the long reign of the elder Ferdinand. Miss Horner is not a partisan of the French soldier, though she compassionates his misfortunes and honors his chivalry. Only half a dozen pages are given to the republic of 1799, that brief spasm of liberty in the South of Italy. The larger half of the volume is devoted to the ways and works of that unrelenting oppressor who earned by his crimes the ludicrous nickname of Bomba. We know not where to find more accurate information about this personage in so accessible a form.

* A Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily. By Susan Horner. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860. 16mo. pp. 231.

NOVELS AND TALES.

"THE Northern Light"* is the seventeenth of a series of cheap historical tales, which are issued in England "to popularize a knowledge of Church history and the love of Church principles." "Pervert" here might be substituted for "popularize," as a more accurate description. The ingenuity of compilers is exercised, not to bring out from history what it contains, but to weave into it threads which discolor the whole tissue. The story before us is one of ancient Iceland and Greenland. But the opinions and dogmatism are those of modern Oxford. Aslrand sensibly remarks to Bishop Isleif, as a reason why he should obey the impulse of his heart, and go off at once to preach the Gospel: "Surely, one need not become a priest in order to tell poor heathen men of Christ and his kingdom. For the knowledge that is required to bring home these truths to the saving of souls is by no means beyond that which even such men as myself have." But the stiff Isleif answers, in the true Oxford style, that "it is very unwise to send out any preacher of the Gospel who is not a priest, or at least a deacon. For laymen are not under the same discipline as *churchmen* are, and if they go about preaching, they are too often wont to clash with the duties of the clergy. Besides all this, mere preaching, though it may do much good in bringing the knowledge of Christ to those who have before known him not, yet how short does this stop if he who preaches cannot minister to his hearers. How small the profit for the heathen to hear of Christ's blood washing away the sins of the world, if their sins cannot be washed away by the holy waters of baptism; to listen to the story of Christ's death and priceless blood-shedding, if that death and blood-shedding cannot be commemorated by their drinking his blood and eating his body to the saving of their souls!" The argument is decisive. Aslrand apologizes, and consents, like a true Episcopal convert, to wait six months and get regular ordination before he goes out as shepherd of any spiritual fold in Iceland. He sees the propriety of having the proper and stated initiation into "Church principles," before he undertakes to save the heathen.

No salvation can amount to much which does not come through the "Catholic Church," which, in the view of this writer, does not mean the Roman, but the Anglican and the Swedish Church. He graciously allows that the other kingdoms "have produced many learned and pious men," but laments that these have lost their stability of purpose by cutting loose from the hierarchy, and by becoming "tainted with those modern ideas which are so absurdly called rational."

IF we may trust public rumor, Charlotte Chanter is the pseudonyme which the sister of Charles Kingsley has adopted to hide the authorship of her first elaborate work of fiction. "Over the Cliffs"† bears

* The Northern Light; a Tale of Iceland and Greenland in the Eleventh Century. London: J. H. and J. Parker. 16mo. pp. 128.

† Over the Cliffs. By CHARLOTTE CHANTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 400.

the mark of very faithful and careful elaboration. No exception can be taken to the ease or strength of its style, or to its moral tone. It is as healthy as any production of the author of Alton Locke. It is a romance of external life altogether, not attempting to deal with any question of politics, social science, or religion, indulging in no disquisition, but confining itself altogether to the incidents and fortunes of the many men and women which its somewhat loosely constructed plot undertakes to deal with. The principal fault of the novel is want of unity and concentration. In no one of the characters do we get any absorbing interest, and the transitions from one critical epoch to another are not well marked. The villains, too, are rather in excess, and it is provoking to find that the hope which we form of some beautiful children is disappointed, and that several turn out badly who ought to have turned out well. The last impression of the whole story is rather painful, though it ends with the prosperity and happiness of the hero and heroine. Nevertheless, it will be fascinating to the reader; and as a specimen of the author's power, it gives promise of better things to come.

"WHEAT and Tares"* is a capital story. Fresh, sparkling, and cheerful as a summer's morning, it has also the higher elements of a first-class novel, in its striking delineations of character, in its fidelity to actual life, and in the essential nobleness of its sentiment and its philosophy. With some free and easy conversations, which may scandalize those who would treat the Church and all its adjuncts as especially sacred, it has a good sense in its view of things sacred, as well as things worldly, which is very refreshing after the cant of so-called religious novels. It may not increase reverence for bishops, deans, archdeacons, or popular preachers, but it will foster respect for manliness, generosity, frankness, and all Christian virtues. Its vivacity never degenerates into slang, nor does it overstate the graces or faults of any of its personages. It is, we have no doubt, a very faithful daguerrotype of the life in an English sea-side town. The author's name is not given: but if it be a first effort, it is certainly a remarkable success. It is very difficult to decide from internal evidence the sex of the author; the male and female characters are drawn with equal ability. We shall welcome any new story that may come from this hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Life of Washington has been written so often, and from such abundant materials, that no one can now hope to bring forward any new details, or to place the recognized facts of his career in a new light. But, notwithstanding the labors of Marshall, Sparks, Irving, and the innumerable hosts of biographers of lesser note, there was still room for a compendious Life, which, without entering into minute statements or attempting a history of the age of Washington, should include all the essential facts, and present a well-considered estimate of his

* Wheat and Tares. New York: Harpers. 1860. pp. 280.

character. This want has been fully satisfied by Mr. Everett's "Life of Washington," written at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay for the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* Moderate in compass, orderly in arrangement, and lucid in statement, it presents a cabinet portrait of Washington, at once vivid and truthful, in which every important feature is admirably delineated. Its narrative, though rapid, is luminous and exact, while its portraiture of the character of Washington is singularly felicitous. With little of the splendid imagery which adorned Mr. Everett's Oration on Washington, the style is always harmonious and graceful, and often picturesque. To the memoir are appended a monograph on the disease of which Washington died, by the honored and venerable head of the medical profession in this city, Dr. James Jackson, and copies of the inventory of Washington's personal property, and of Mrs. Washington's will, neither of which, it is believed, has been printed before.

WHETHER Captain Henry Shakespear is a descendant of the great dramatist, we are not informed. But we may say that, if his English style be less accurate than the style of "As You Like It," his knowledge of wild animals would have prevented him from expecting the roar of lions in the forest of Ardennes. The Captain is a poor writer, but a daring and accomplished sportsman. We can forgive his disregard of the plural number, in consideration of the quality of his game, and can allow that bears may be "*bear*," and hogs "*hog*," to one who has run such risks in *bagging* them. It does, however, sound rather odd when a sportsman talks about "*bagging*" an elephant or a buffalo.

The only table of contents to Captain Shakespear's book† is the title-page. A short Preface modestly disclaims all pretension to skill in composition, and wisely forewarns the reader that he must not demand the phrases of a ready writer from a hand so wonted to the knife and rifle. An introductory chapter initiates the neophyte into the secret of high Indian sports, and tells him what are the most approved weapons. And the nine succeeding chapters treat in order of the several sorts of wild game that a sportsman in India may naturally hunt, — hogs, tigers of two kinds, the man-eating and the cattle-eating, — panthers, bears, wild elephants, buffalos and bisons, and the smaller game, such as the several kinds of deer, goats, and wild dogs. General directions about hunting these are given; the risks, the precautions, the proper time of day, the habits of the various animals, are stated at length; and all are illustrated by copious extracts from Captain Shakespear's own note-book of adventure. He does not vaunt his own prowess, but he tells enough to make it very evident that he has a right to be con-

* The Life of George Washington. By EDWARD EVERETT. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 348.

† The Wild Sports of India; with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain HENRY SHAKESPEAR, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

sidered an authority in the matter of the Indian chase. If his encounters and escapes are not in all respects as striking as those of Jules Gerard or Gordon Cumming, they are sufficient to excite the imagination, and to satisfy those who must have tales of peril in their books of sport. They will not excite boys like Mayne Reid's fictitious adventures; but they will give new proof of the capacity of man to overcome difficulties in the gratification of a ruling passion.

Valuable supplementary chapters on the breed of Indian horses, especially on the characteristics, marks, and management of the Arab horse, and upon the value of Light Cavalry in India, show Captain Shakespear to be more than a mere sportsman, — to be a wise and shrewd observer and an accomplished officer.

In exact proportion to the increase of the number of our historical and antiquarian societies — whether their objects be general and comprehensive, or special and local — is the discovery and publication of the most valuable materials, the primary sources of history. Many dubious and sceptical reflections have been thrown out, from time to time, upon the wisdom of multiplying such societies, as if their tendency would be to exaggerate their objects, to waste time or materials, or at least to interfere with each other's province. But they have all, so far as we know, without a single exception, vindicated the wisdom of their foundation, and fully justified and rewarded all the zeal and labor which have been engaged in them. The subdivision of their objects, and the restriction of the field assumed by some of those societies which have devoted themselves to the specialities of archæology, have tended to concentrate inquiry, to encourage pains-taking research, and to insure accuracy. Each one of these societies has thus been the agency of bringing to the light and authenticating some important document that was either not known as having ever existed, or that was supposed to have been irrecoverably lost. And we may add, that each of these societies has substituted positive fact for fiction, or rectified an error in one or more of the generally accepted records relating to the characters or incidents of past time. The Antiquarian Society, whose valuable collections are gathered in the noble hall at Worcester, in this State, on an original deposit made by the worthy Isaiah Thomas, and which holds its annual meeting on the anniversary of the discovery made by Christopher Columbus, is the pioneer in its own great work, and continues to assert and prove its claims upon our confidence and gratitude. It it eminently favored in having for its Librarian Samuel F. Haven, Esq., a man whose zeal, intelligence, devotion, persistency, and courtesy in connection with the objects and prosperity of the institution and the treatment of its visitors, demand our warmest tribute of acknowledgment. The Society is also favored in being served by a most accomplished and devoted body of officers, all working heartily in a cause which their zeal alone would make a praiseworthy one.

What we have said about the rewarding results of these many societies, in the discovery and improvement of the primary materials of history, and in the rectification of erroneous readings of its annals, is

very strikingly confirmed by the contents of the new volume now before us.* The papers contained in it are fresh and interesting; they are original materials, — in the main now put into print for the first time, — and they communicate many new facts, or rectify some errors in connection with the times, the men, and the incidents to which they relate. Four distinct editors have contributed the apparatus and the illustrative matter connected with the original documents here brought before us. The first series of these documents in the new volume, gathered from the State-Paper Office and the British Museum, in London, illustrate the history of Raleigh's first American Colony and the Colony at Jamestown. We have here letters of Sir Ralph Lane, the first Governor of the Colony of Roanoke, 1585 – 6, addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney, with notes, and a most diligently wrought Memoir of the Governor, by Rev. E. E. Hale. These papers are followed by another series from the State-Paper Office, relating to the discoveries and the colonization, made under Captain Newport, in Virginia, in 1607, with a description of the country. Next comes "A Discourse of Virginia," by Edward Maria Wingfield, the first President of the Colony, now first printed from a manuscript in the Lambeth Library, edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Mr. Charles Deane. These graphic, quaint, and candid pages make a plain revelation of the bickerings and cross-schemes that vexed the early adventurers in those parts. Our old friend, Captain John Smith, figures by no means to his credit when another pen than his own deals with his achievements. And we are sorry to have to say that the romantic episode about Pocahontas, as having saved his life, which makes such a pretty wild-woods picture, and has drawn so many admiring tears, is constructively shown to be — a myth. Then the volume presents us with a reprint of "New England's Rarities Discovered, by John Josselyn, Gent." (1672.) Mr. Edward Tuckerman has bestowed great pains upon the editing and annotating of this rare old document, and in his Introduction to it he gives us a chronological and biographical sketch of the men who paid any attention to the natural history, and especially to the botany, of New England, while those sciences were in their infancy everywhere. Gentleman Josselyn's Rarities are well worthy of diligent perusal for amusement, though by no means without a view to their instruction also. His frequent recipes and nostrums for medicinal and curative purposes will hardly have a trial in our day; not, however, because they are more absurd or fanciful than some which have the confidence of modern simpletons. The last piece in the volume is the transcript from an original manuscript, containing a Narrative of a Voyage to Spitzbergen in 1613, at the charge of the old English "Muscovy Company," with a description of the country and the operations of the whale-fishery. This highly interesting relic of ancient adventure and enterprise, illustrated with antique cuts, is prefaced and explained by an Introductory Essay by Mr. Haven. The editor reviews briefly, yet

* Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society. Volume IV. Printed for the Society. 1860. 8vo. pp. 356.

evidently only after very laborious investigations, the history of Arctic adventure, and the zealous enterprise of the English patrons of that arduous service.

MRS. DALL'S new work, "Historical Pictures Retouched," has not only a happy title, but also more *unity* than is usual in a volume of miscellanies. The leading idea of the book is still "Justice to Woman." But the argument is conducted not polemically, but historically, and so is likely to reach and convince more minds. It is hard to get angry with a fact, as we often do with an argument. There is a cluster of biographies, or biographical sketches, of women illustrious in Science, Medicine, and other leading human pursuits. But gracefully intertwined with these are other pleasing articles, touching other points of life and manners. Thus the book, good to keep as a work of reference, on account of its numerous details concerning distinguished women, is also good to read, because of its entertaining and brilliant sketches, or, as Mrs. Dall prefers to call them, fancies. It is her best work, — an advance, it strikes us, on the last, "Woman's Right to Labor," which it pleases us to see has gone to a second edition. We can give no very good reasons for saying that this book is better than that. But the tone is more serene; less tending to denunciation or righteous indignation. The wine is more mellow, the ebullition of feeling less profuse, the sediment deposited. *That* had to be drunk hastily, its bubbling pathos brought disagreeable mist into the eyes; but *this* glass we can hold calmly up, and watch the sunshine through its topaz clearness. The names of these studies are attractive, gentle reader. See them, — "Aspasia," "Hypatia," "The Countess Matilda," "Cassandra Fedele," "The Women of the House of Montefeltro," "The Women of Bologna" (seventeen names are given), "The Contributions of Women to Medical Science" (thirty-seven names), "The Duties and Influence of Women" (illustrated by reference to thirty women). Add papers on "Marie Cunitz," "Madame de Staël," "Margaret Fuller," "The Great Lawsuit," "The Fancies," and an excellent tribute to Dr. Lowell, — and you see that this is a book to interest you.

THE thoroughly established reputation of Dr. Worcester's series of Dictionaries, and the almost universal testimony of scholars, placing his recent great work at the head of existing authorities of the English tongue, leave us little to say of the compact revision just issued,* except that it is printed from new plates, faithfully prepared on the basis of the quarto, and contains, in a form very convenient for use, the tables which add so much value to that, — occupying, in this edition, more than a hundred and thirty pages. As a manual of constant reference and popular use, it will of course command a wide and steady circulation.

THE small, but handsomely printed volume, entitled "A Voice from

* A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Revised, with important Additions. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. pp. 608.

the Newsboys," * is in more than one respect a remarkable book. Were there not a respectable voucher in the Preface, we should doubt the possibility of such a production from such a source. The author is a newsboy of sixteen years, whose mode of life has been very unfavorable to literary acquirements, whose associations, until very recently, have been of a coarse and hard kind, and whose education has been picked up, rather than given systematically. Yet no graduate of our High Schools could write better English, and few graduates of College could write their own lives in such maturity of style. The incidents of the life, less tragic than those of many lives which the charities of our cities are continually rescuing, are yet sufficiently varied to be interesting. There is no over-statement of suffering, and no under-statement of sin; the facts are left to tell their own tale. The work is sold by its author to enable him to procure a college education. It is fairly entitled to be called a "literary curiosity."

A LITTLE volume † has appeared from the Riverside Press to the memory of John W. Browne. It is no ordinary tribute to no ordinary man, which the church, the platform, the bar, and the press have united to render. It is the more appropriate, because the fall from the platform of a railroad car, which occasioned his immediate death, has been attributed to another cause than the jar of a sudden turn of the train, just as he had raised his hand to secure his hat. But most appropriate, because Mr. Browne was distinguished in a way which earns no distinction, by qualities as rare as they are valuable,— by a very sensitive conscience which his profession was never suffered to impair; by a manful independence, which early rejected the prize of party preferment; by an earnest philanthropy, which enlisted hand, voice, and purse in the service of the slave, the criminal, and the fallen; and the conquest of an impulsive spirit, by a gentleness like that of a woman, and a tenderness as of a mother. Messrs. Sumner, Andrew, and Dana, Wendell Phillips and C. C. Shackford, have well united in an expression of feeling as graceful as it is true.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us. By T. E. Poynting. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 432. (See p. 451.)

Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to Philemon, as the Basis of a Revision of the Common English Version; and a Revised Version, with Notes. New York: American Bible Union. 24mo. pp. 90. (See p. 454.)

Commentary on Ecclesiastes, with other Treatises. By E. W. Hengsten-

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* A Voice from the Newsboys. Published for the Benefit of the Author. 1860. 12mo. pp. 135.

† In Memoriam J. W. B. Boston: Published for his Friends. Crosby & Co. 1860.

berg. Translated from the German by D. W. Simon. Philadelphia: Smith English, & Co. 8vo. pp. 488.

Pulpit Themes, and Preacher's Assistant. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 441.

The Beautiful City and the King of Glory. By Woodbury Davis. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 255.

Recent Inquiries in Theology, by eminent English Churchmen. Being "Essays and Reviews," reprinted from the Second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 480. (Reviewed, p. 351.)

Notes on the Parables of our Lord. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Condensed. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 288.

Love and Penalty; or Eternal Punishment consistent with the Fatherhood of God. By Joseph P. Thompson. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 358.

The Benefit of Christ's Death. Originally written in Italian, by Aonio Paleario. Reprinted from an ancient English Translation, with an Introduction by Rev. John Ayer. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 160.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By Joguth Chunder Gangooly (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 306.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Lectures on Logic. By Sir William Hamilton. Edited by Rev. Henry L. Mansel and John Veitch. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 715.

The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical; with Quotations and References for the Use of Students. By William Fleming, D. D. With an Introduction, Chronology of the History of Philosophy brought down to 1860, Bibliographical Index, Synthetical Tables, and other Additions. By Charles P. Krauth. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 662.

The Glaciers of the Alps; being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 446. (See p. 459.)

The Philosophy of Natural History. By John Ware, M. D. Prepared on the Plan, and retaining Portions, of the Work of William Smellie. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 448. (See p. 461.)

The Works of Francis Bacon. Collected and revised by James Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. Vol. XII. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 461.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter, and their Relations to each other. By Michael Faraday. Edited by William Crookes. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 198.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Text-Book of Church History. By Dr. John Henry Kurtz. Vol. I. To the Reformation. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo pp. 534.

Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. IV. Printed for the Society. 8vo. pp. 355. (See p. 468.)

The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton. With some Account of the Author and his Writings, by Thomas Zouch. (One of the beautiful new Boston series of reprints.) Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 386.

The Life of George Washington. By Edward Everett. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 348. (See p. 466.)

The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily E. Judson. By A. C. Kendrick. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 426.

The History of Herodotus, a new English Version. By George Rawlinson, M. A. Vol. IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 465. (Noticed in July.)

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles. With Steel Portraits. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 517. (Needing no commendation to those who know Mr. Smiles's previous books.)

A History and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States. By Nathaniel C. Towle. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo. pp. 444.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860, illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 429. (See p. 462.)

Reminiscences of an Officer of the Zouaves. Translated from the French. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 317.

The Wild Sports of India; with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. pp. 283. (See p. 467.)

The Kangaroo Hunters; or Adventures in the Bush. By Anne Bowman. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 16mo. pp. 463.

Odd People. Being a popular Description of Singular Races of Men. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 445.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Woman in White. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated by John McLenan. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 260.

Chapters on Wives. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 358.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. Part 8.

The Household of Bouverie; or, The Elixir of Gold. A Romance by a Southern Lady. New York: Derby and Jackson. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 373, 413.

My Novel. By Pisistratus Caxton. Or, Varieties in English Life. Library Edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 589, 581.

Wheat and Tares. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 280. (See p. 466.)

Miss Gilbert's Career. An American Story. By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 476.

JUVENILE.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Vol. II. Discovery of America. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 288.

A Treasury of Scripture Stories, abundantly illustrated with colored Plates. NewYork: Sheldon & Co. pp. 16.

Primary History of the United States, made easy and interesting for Beginners. By G. P. Quackenbos. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 192.

Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 239.

The Fairy Nightcaps. (pp. 215.) — The Little Nightcap Letters. (pp. 178.) — A Year with Maggie and Emma. (pp. 137.) — New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo.

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